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The Main Road to Zanzibar.

ALONG THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA

By Richard Harding Davis

IF a man were picked up on a flying carpet and dropped without warning into Lorenzo Marquez he might guess for a day before he could make up his mind where he was, or determine to which nation the place belonged.

If he argued from the adobe houses with red-tiled roofs and walls of cobalt blue, the palms, and the yellow custom-house, he might think he was in Santiago; the Indian merchants in velvet and gold embroideries seated in deep, dark shops which breathe out dry, pungent odors, might take him back to Bombay; the Soudanese and Egyptians in long blue night-gowns and freshly ironed fezzes would remind him of Cairo; the dwarfish Portuguese soldiers, of Madeira, Lisbon, and Madrid, and the black, bare-legged policemen in khaki with great numerals on their chests, of Benin, Sierra Leone, or Zanzibar. After he had noted these and the German, French, and English mer-

chants in white duck, and the Dutch-men-of-warsmen, who look like ship's stewards, the French marines in coal-scuttle helmets, the British Jack-tars in their bare feet, and the native Kaffir women wrapped in a single, gorgeous shawl with a black baby peering from between their shoulder-blades, he would justly decide, by using the deductive methods of Sherlock Holmes, that he was just aft of the Dahomey Village in the Midway Plaisance of the Chicago Fair.

Since the beginning of the Boer War Lorenzo Marquez has risen into a prominence which, judging from its face value and not from its geographical position, it does not seem to deserve. Several hundred years ago Da Gama sailed into Delagoa Bay and founded the town of Lorenzo Marquez, and since that time the Portuguese have always felt that it is only due to him and to themselves to remain there. They have great pride of race,

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Beira.

and they like the fact of their possessing and governing a colony; so up to the present time, in spite of many temptations to dispose of it, they have made the ownership of Delagoa Bay an article of their national religion. But their national religion does not apparently require of them to improve their property. And to-day, it is much as it was when the sails of Da Gama's fleet first stirred its poisonous vapors.

The harbor itself is an excellent one and the bay is twenty-two miles long, but there is only one landing-pier, and that such a pier as would be considered inconsistent with the dignity of the Larchmont Yacht Club. To the town itself Portugal has been content to contribute as her share the gatherers of taxes, collectors of customs and dispensers of official seals. She is indifferent to the fact that almost all of the enormous quantities of general merchandise, wine, and machinery that enter her port is brought there by foreigners; she only asks to be allowed to sell them stamps. Her importance in her own colony is that of a toll-gate at the entrance of a great city.

Lorenço Marquez is not a city, either from its physical or moral advantages, which one would select for a home. When I was first there, the deaths from fever were averaging fifteen a day, and men

who dined at the club one evening were buried hurriedly before midnight, and when I returned in the winter months, the fever had abated, but twenty men were robbed on the night we arrived. The fact that we complained to the police about one of the twenty robberies struck the commandant as an act of surprising and unusual interest. We gathered from his manner that the citizens of Lorenço Marquez look upon being robbed as a matter too personal and selfish with which to trouble the police. It was perhaps credulous of us, as our hotel was liberally labelled with notices warning its patrons that "Owing to numerous robberies in this hotel, our guests will please lock their doors." This was one of three hotels owned by the same man; one of the others has been de-



One-half of the Street Cleaning Department of Mozambique.

scribed as the "tough" hotel, and at the other, a few weeks previous, a friend had found a puff-adder barring his bed-room door. The choice was somewhat difficult.

On her way from Lorenzo Marquez to Beira the Kanzlar kept close to the shore, and showed us low-lying banks of yellow sand and coarse green bushes. There was none of the majesty of outline which

sands, with a low stone breakwater, but without a pier or jetty, the lack of which gives it a temporary, casual air as though it were more a summer resort than the one port of entry for all Rhodesia. It suggested Coney Island to one, and to others Asbury Park and the board-walk at Atlantic City. When we found that in spite of her Portuguese flags and naked blacks, Beira reminded us of nothing except an



Going Visiting in Her Private Tram-car.

reaches from Table Bay to Durban, none of the blue mountains of the Colony, nor the deeply wooded table-lands and great inlets of Kaffraria. The rocks which stretch along the southern coast and against which the waves break with a report like the bursting of a lyddite shell, had disappeared, and along Gazaland and the Portuguese territory only swamps and barren sand-hills accompanied us in a monotonous yellow line. From the bay we saw Beira as a long crescent of red-roofed houses, many of them of four stories with verandas running around each story, like those of the summer hotels along the Jersey coast. It is a town built upon the

American summer-resort; we set to discovering why this should be, and decided it was because we saw again stretches of white sand, after the red dust of the Colony and the Transvaal, and instead of corrugated zinc, flimsy houses of wood, which you felt were only opened for the summer season and which for the rest of the year remained boarded up against driven sands and equinoctial gales. Beira need only to have added to her "Sea-View" and "Beach" hotels, a few bathing suits drying on a clothes-line, a tin-type artist, and a merry-go-round, to have made us feel perfectly at home. Beira being the port on the Indian Ocean which feeds

Mashonaland and Matabeleland and the English settlers in and around Buluwayo and Salisbury, English influence has proclaimed itself there in many ways. When we touched, which was when the British soldiers were moving up to Rhodesia, the place, in comparison with Lorenzo Mar-

quez, was brisk, busy, and clean.

Although both are ostensibly Portuguese, Beira is to Lorenzo Marquez what the cleanest street of Greenwich Village, of New York City, is to "Hell's Kitchen" and the Chinese Quarter.

The houses were well swept and cool, the shops were alluring, the streets were of clean shifting white sand, and the sidewalks, of gray cement, were as well kept as a Philadelphia doorstep.

The most curious feature of Beira is her private tram-car system. These cars run on tiny tracks which rise out of the sand and extend from one end of the town to the other, with

branch lines running into the yards of shops and private houses. The motive power for these cars is supplied by black-boys who run behind and push them. Their trucks are about half as large as those on the hand-cars we see flying along our railroad tracks at home, worked by gangs of Italian laborers. On some of the trucks there is a bench only, others are shaded by awnings, and a few have carriage-lamps and cushioned seats and carpets. Each of them is a private conveyance; there is not one which can be hired by the public. When a merchant wishes to go down town to the port, his

black boys carry his private tram-car from his garden and settle it on the rails, the merchant seats himself, and the boys push him and his baby carriage to whatever part of the city he wishes to go. When his wife is out shopping and stops at a store the boys lift her car into the sand in

order to make a clear track for any other car which may be coming behind them. One would naturally suppose that with the tracks and switch-boards and sidings already laid, the next step would be to place cars upon them for the convenience of the public, but this is not the case, and the tracks through the city are jealously reserved for the individuals who tax themselves five pounds a year to extend them and to keep them in repair. After the sleds on the island of Madeira these private street-cars of Beira struck me as being the most curious form of conveyance I had ever seen.

Beira was occupied by the Companhia de Mozambique with the idea of feeding Salisbury and Buluwayo from the north, and drawing away some of the trade which at that time was monopolized by the merchants of Cape Town and Durban. But the tse-tse fly belt lay between Beira on the coast and the boundary of the Chartered Company's possessions, and as neither oxen nor mules could live to cross this, it was necessary, in order to compete with the Cape-Buluwayo line to build a railroad through the swamp and jungle. This road is now in operation. It is two hundred and twenty miles in length



The High White-walled Streets of Zanzibar.



The Sultan of Zanzibar in his State Carriage.

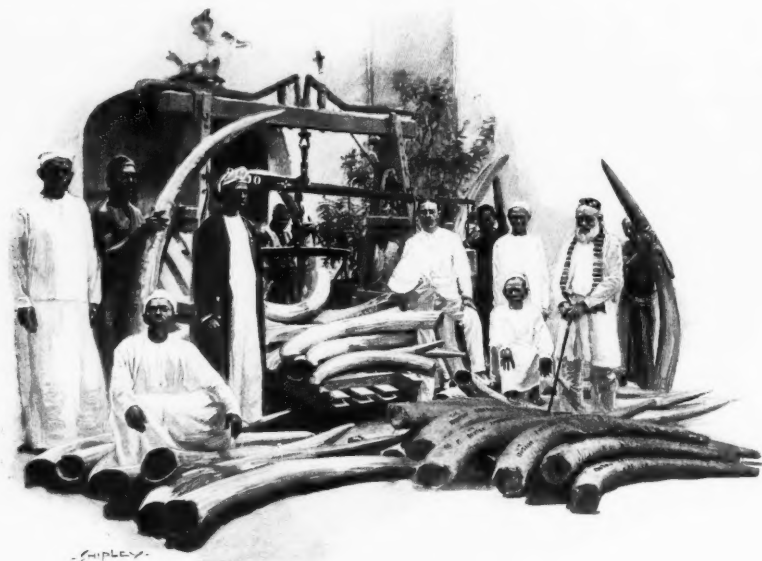
and in the brief period of two months, during the long course of its progress through the marshes, two hundred of the men working on it died of fever. Some years ago, during a boundary dispute between the Portuguese and the Chartered Company, there was a clash between the Portuguese soldiers and the British South African police. How this was settled and the honor of the Portuguese officials satisfied, Kipling has told us in the delightful tale of "Judson and the Empire." It was off Beira that Judson fished up a buoy and anchored it over a sand-bank upon which he enticed the Portuguese gunboat. A week before we touched at Beira, the Portuguese had rearranged all the harbor buoys, but, after the casual habits of their race, had made no mention of the fact. The result was that the *Kanzlar* was hung up for twenty-four hours. We tried to comfort ourselves by thinking that we were undoubtedly occupying the same mud-bank which had been used by the strategic Judson to further the course of empire.

The *Kanzlar* could not cross the bar to go to Chinde, so the Adjutant, which belongs to the same line and which was created for these shallow waters, came to the

Kanzlar, bringing Chinde with her. She brought every white man in the port, and those who could not come on board our ship, remained contentedly on the Adjutant, clinging to her rail as she alternately sank below, or was tossed high above us. For three hours they smiled with satisfaction as though they felt that to have escaped from Chinde, for even that brief time, was sufficient recompense for a thorough ducking and the pains of sea-sickness. On the bridge of the Adjutant, in white duck and pith helmets, were the only respectable members of Chinde society. We knew that they were the only respectable members of Chinde society, because they told us so themselves. On her lower deck she brought two French explorers, fully dressed for the part as Tartarin of Tarascon might have dressed it in white havelocks, and gaiters buckled up to the thighs, and clasp express rifles in new leather cases. From her engine-room came stokers from Egypt, and from her forward deck Malays in fresh white linen, Mohammedans in fez and turban, Portuguese officials, chiefly in decorations, Indian coolies and Zanzibari boys, very black and very beautiful, who wound and

unwound long blue strips of cotton about their shoulders, or ears, or thighs as the heat, or the nature of the work of unloading required. Among these strange peoples were goats, as delicately colored as a meerschaum pipe, and with the horns of our red deer, strange white oxen with humps behind the shoulders, those that are exhibited in cages at home as "sacred

If they wish a better proof of how really small it is, how closely it is knit together, how the existence of one canning-house in Chicago supports twenty stores in Durban, they must follow, not the missionary, nor the explorers, not the punitive expeditions, but the man who wishes to buy, and the man who brings something to sell. Trade is what has brought the lati-



An Ivory Warehouse, Zanzibar.

These tusks are worth from five hundred to two thousand dollars each.

buffalo," but which here are only patient beasts of burden, and gray monkeys, wild-cats, snakes and crocodiles in cages addressed to "Hagenbeck, Hamburg." The freight was no less curious; assegais in bundles, horns stretching for three feet from point to point, or rising straight, like poignards; skins, ground-nuts, rubber, and heavy blocks of bees-wax wrapped in coarse brown sacking and which in time will burn before the altars of Roman Catholic churches in Italy, Spain, and France.

People who met a friend from their own city at the Exposition in Paris last year would say, "Well, to think of meeting *you* here. How small the world is after all!"

tudes together and made the world the small department store it is, and forced one part of it to know and to depend upon the other.

The explorer tells you, "I was the first man to climb Kilamajaro." "I was the first to cut a path from the shores of Lake Nyassa into the Congo Basin." He even lectures about it, in front of a wet sheet in the light of a stereopticon, and because he has added some miles of territory to the known world, people buy his books and learned societies place initials after his distinguished name. But before his grandfather was born and long before he ever disturbed the waters of Nyassa the Arabs



Custom house, Zanzibar.



Chain-gangs of Petty Offenders Outside of Zanzibar.



Native Huts Outside of Tanga.

and Phoenicians and Portuguese and men of his own time and race had been there before him to buy ivory, both white and black, to exchange beads and brass bars and shaving-mirrors for the tusks of elephants, raw gold, copra, rubber, and the feathers of the ostrich. Statesmen will modestly say that a study of the map showed them how the course of empire must take its way into this or that undiscovered wilderness, and that in consequence, at their direction, armies marched to open these tracts which but for their prescience would have remained a desert. But that was really not the reason the armies went there. A woman wanted three feathers to wear at Buckingham Palace, and to oblige her a few unimaginative traders, backed by a man who owned a tramp steamer, opened up the east coast of Africa; another wanted a sealskin sacque, and fleets of ships faced floating ice and cold and destruction under the Northern Lights. The bees of the Shire Riverway help to illuminate the cathedrals of St. Peters and Notre Dame, and back of Mozambique thousands of rubber-trees are being planted to-day, because, at the other end of the globe, people want tires

for their bicycles; and because the fashionable ornament of the natives of Swaziland is, for no reason, no longer blue-glass beads, manufacturers of beads in Switzerland and Italy find themselves out of pocket by some thousands and thousands of pounds.

The traders who were making the world smaller by bringing cotton prints to Chinde to cover her black nakedness, her British Majesty's consul at that port, and the boy lieutenant of the paddle-wheeled gunboat which patrols the Zambesi River, were the gentlemen who informed me that they were the only respectable members of Chinde society. They came over the side with the gratitude of sailors the Kanzlar might have picked up from a desert island, where they had been marooned and left to rot. They observed the gilded glory of the Kanzlar smoking-room, its mirrors and marble-topped tables, with the satisfaction and awe of the California miner, who found all the elegance of civilization in the red plush of a Broadway omnibus. The boy-commander of the gunboat gazed at the refugees from Johannesburg in the ladies' saloon with fascinated admiration.

"I have never," he declared, breath-



H. S. H. Hamud bin Muhamad bin Said, the Sultan of Zanzibar.

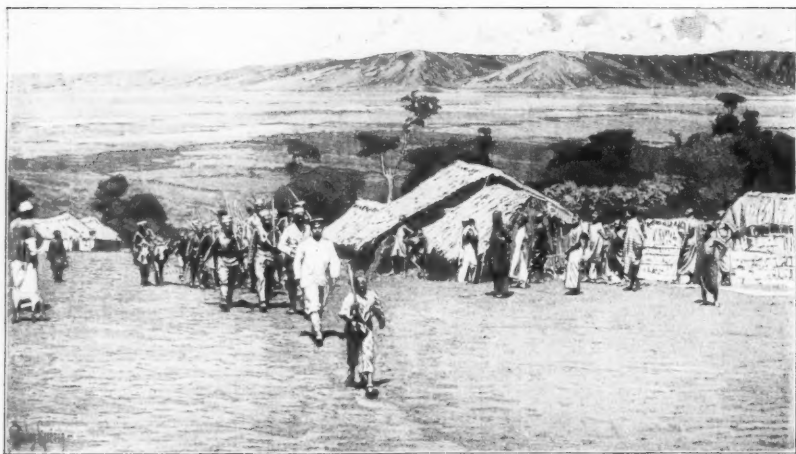
(Autograph and portrait presented to the author.)

lessly. "I have never seen so many beautiful women in one place at the same time! I'd forgotten that there were so many white people in the world."

"If I stay on board this ship another minute I shall go home," said Her Majesty's consul, firmly. "You will have to hold me. It's coming over me—I feel it coming. I know I shall never have the strength to go back." He appealed to the sympathetic lieutenant. "Let's desert together," he begged.

In the swamps of the east coast the white exiles lay aside the cloaks and masks of crowded cities. They do not try to conceal their feelings, their vices, nor

their longings. They talk to the first white stranger they meet of things which in the great cities a man conceals even from his room-mate, and men they would not care to know, and whom they would never meet in the fixed social pathways of civilization, they take to their hearts as friends. They are too few to be particular, they have no choice, and they ask no questions. It is enough that the white man, like themselves, is condemned to exile. They do not try to find solace in the thought that they are the "foretrekkers" of civilization, nor take credit to themselves because they are the pathfinders and the pioneers who bear the



Soudanese Soldiers with a German Officer on the Outskirts of Tanga.

heat and burden of the day. They are sorry for themselves, because they know, more keenly than any outsider can know, how good is the life they have given up, and how hard is the one they follow, but they do not ask anyone else to be sorry. They would be very much surprised if they thought you saw in their struggle against native and Portuguese barbarism, fever, and savage tribes, a life of great good and value, full of self-renunciation, heroism, and self-sacrifice.

On the day they boarded the *Kanzlar* the pains of nostalgia were sweeping over the respectable members of Chinde society like waves of nausea, and tearing them. They smiled mockingly at the ladies on the quarter-deck, as you have seen prisoners grin through the bars with a grim appreciation of their own condition; they were even boisterous and gay, but their gayety was that of children at recess, who know that when the bell rings they are going back to the desk again.

A little English boy ran through the smoking-room, and they fell upon him, and quarrelled for the privilege of holding him on their knees. He was a shy, coquettish little English boy, and the boisterous, noisy men did not appeal to him. To them he meant home and family and the old nursery, papered with colored pictures from the *Christmas Graphic*. His stout, bare-legs and tangled curls and

sailor's hat, with H. M. S. Mars across it, meant all that was clean and sweet-smelling in their past lives.

"I'll arrest you for a deserter," said the lieutenant of the gunboat. "I'll make the consul send you back to the Mars." He held the boy on his knee fearfully, handling him as though he were some delicate and precious treasure that would break if he dropped it.

The agent of the Oceanic Development Company, Limited, whose business in life is to drive savage Angonis out of the jungle, where he hopes in time to see the busy haunts of trade, begged for the boy with eloquent pleading.

"You've had the kiddie long enough now," he urged. "Let me have him. Come here, Mr. Mars, and sit beside me, and I'll give you fizzy water—like lemon-squash, only nicer." He held out a wet bottle of champagne alluringly.

"No, he is coming to his consul," that youth declared. "He's coming to his consul for protection. You are not fit characters to associate with an innocent child. Come to me, little boy, and do not listen to those degraded persons." So the "innocent child" seated himself between the consul and the chartered trader, and they patted his fat calves and red curls and took his minute hands in their tanned fists, eying him hungrily, like two cannibals. But the little boy was quite

unconscious and inconsiderate of their hunger, and, with the cruelty of children, pulled himself free and ran away.

"He was such a nice little kiddie," they said, apologetically, as though they felt they had been caught in some act of weakness.

"I haven't got a card with me; I haven't needed one for two years," said the lieutenant, genially. "But fancy your knowing Sparks! He has the next station to mine; I'm at one end of the Shire River and he's at the other; he patrols from Fort Johnson up to the top of the lake. I suppose you've heard him play the banjo, haven't you? That's where we hit it off—we're both terribly keen about the banjo. I suppose if it wasn't for my banjo, I'd go quite off my head down here. I know Sparks would. You see, I have these chaps at Chinde to talk to, and up at Tete there's the Portuguese Governor, but Sparks has only six white men scattered along Nyassa for three hundred miles."

I had heard of Sparks and the six white men. They grew so lonely, that they agreed to meet once a month at some central station and spend the night together, and they invited Sparks to attend the second meeting. But when he arrived he found that they had organized a morphine club, and the only six white men on Lake Nyassa were sitting around a table with their sleeves rolled up, giving themselves injections. Sparks told them it was a "disgusting practice," and put back to his gunboat. I recalled the story to the lieutenant, and he laughed mournfully.

"Yes," he said; "and what's worse is

that we're here for two years more, with all this fighting going on at the Cape and in China. Still, we have our banjos, and the papers are only six weeks old, and the steamer stops once every month."

Fortunately there were many bags of bees-wax to come over the side, so we had time in which to give the exiles the news of the outside world, and they told us of their present and past lives: of how one as an American filibuster had furnished coal to the Chinese Navy; how another had sold "ready to wear" clothes in a New York department store, and another had been attaché at Madrid, and another in charge of the forward guns of a great battle-ship. We exchanged addresses

and agreed upon the restaurant where we would meet two years hence to celebrate their freedom, and we emptied many bottles of iced-beer, and the fact that it was iced seemed to affect the exiles more than the fact that it was beer.

But at last the ship's whistle blew with raucous persistence. It was final and heartless. It rang down the curtain on the mirage which once a month comes to mock Chinde with memories of English villages, of well-kept lawns melting into the Thames, of London asphalt and flashing hansoms. With a jangling of bells in the engine-room the mirage disappeared, and in five minutes the Kanzlar became a gray tub with a pennant of smoke on the horizon line.

I have known some men for many years, smoked and talked with them until improper hours of the morning, known them well enough to borrow their money,



A Typical Slave Dhow.



A German Store at Tanga, the Warehouse Below, the Living-rooms Above.

their razors even, and parted from them with never a pang. But when our ship abandoned those boys to the unclean land behind them, I could see them only in a blurred and misty group. We raised our hats to them and tried to cheer, but it was more of a salute than a cheer. I had never seen them before, I shall never meet them again—we had just burned signals as our ships passed in the night—and yet, I must always consider among the friends I have lost, those white-clad youths who are making the ways straight for others through the dripping jungles of the Zambesi, “the only respectable members of Chinde Society.”

The profession of the slave-trader, unless it be that of his contemporary, the pirate preying under his black flag, is the one which holds you with the most gruesome and fascinating interest. Its inhumanity, its legends of predatory expeditions into unknown jungles of Africa, the long return marches to the coast, the captured blacks who fall dead in the trail, the dead pulling down with their chains those who still live, the stifling holds of the slave-ships, the swift flights before pursuing ships-of-war, the casting away, when too closely chased, of the ship's cargo, and the sharks that followed, all of these come back to one as he walks the shore-wall of Mozambique. From there he sees the slave-dhows in the harbor, the jungles on the mainland through which the slaves came by the thousands, and still come

one by one, and the ancient palaces of the Portuguese governors, dead now some hundreds of years, to whom this trade in human agony brought great wealth, and no loss of honor.

Mozambique in the days of her glory was, with Zanzibar, the great slave-market of East Africa, and the Portuguese and the Arabs who fattened on this traffic built themselves great houses there, and a fortress capable, in the event of a siege, of holding the garrison and all the inhabitants as well. To-day the slave-trade brings to those who follow it more of adventure than of financial profit, but the houses and the official palaces and the fortress still remain, and they are, in color, indescribably beautiful. Blue and pink and red and light yellow are spread over their high walls, and have been so washed and chastened by the rain and sun, that the whole city has taken on the faint, soft tints of a once brilliant water-color. The streets themselves are unpeopled, empty and strangely silent. Their silence is as impressive as their beauty. In the heat of the day, which is from sunrise to past sunset, you see no one, you hear no foot-fall, no voices, no rumble of wheels nor stamp of horses' hoofs. The bare feet of the native, who is the only human being who dares to move abroad, makes no sound, and in Mozambique there are no carriages and no horses. Two bullock-carts which collect scraps and refuse from the white staring streets are the only carts

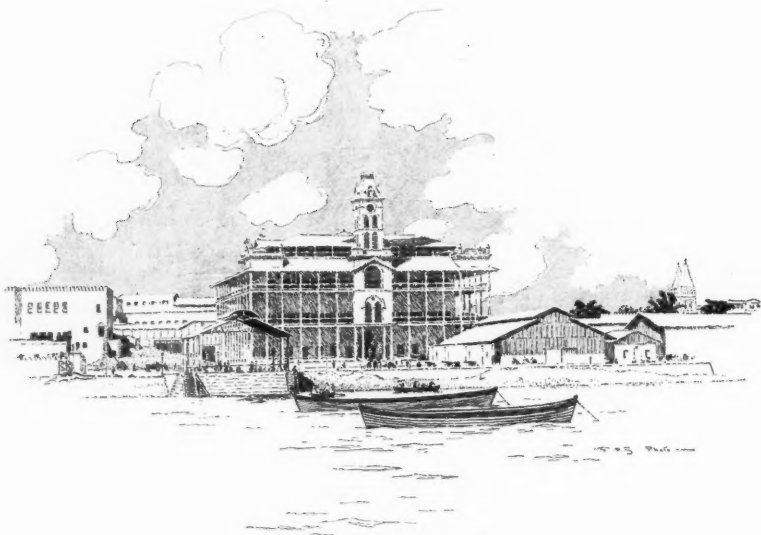
in the city, and with the exception of a dozen 'rikshas are the only wheeled vehicles the inhabitants have ever seen. I have never visited a city which so impressed one with the fact that, in appearance, it had remained just as it was four hundred years before. There is no decay, no ruins, no sign of disuse; it is, on the contrary, clean and brilliantly beautiful in color, with dancing blue waters all about it, and with enormous palms moving above the towering white walls and red tiled roofs, but it is a city of the dead. The openwork iron doors, with locks as large as letter-boxes, are closed, the wooden window-shutters are barred, and the wares in the shops are hidden from the sidewalk by heavy curtains. There is a park filled with curious trees and with flowers of gorgeous color, but the park is as deserted as a cemetery; along the principal streets stretch mosaic pavements formed of great blocks of white and black stone, they look like elongated checker-boards, but no one walks upon them, and though there are palaces painted blue, and government buildings in Pompeian red, and churches in chaste gray and white, there are no sentries to guard the palaces, nor no black-robed priests enter or leave the churches. They are like the palaces of a theatre, set on an empty stage, and waiting for the actors. It will be a long time before the actors come to Mozambique.

It is, and will remain, a city of the fifteenth century. It is now only a relic of a cruel and barbarous period, when the Portuguese governors, their "gentlemen adventurers," and the Arab slave-dealers, under its blue skies, and hidden within its barred and painted walls, led lives of magnificent debauchery, when the tusks of ivory were piled high along its water-front, and the dhows at anchor reeked with slaves, and when in the market-place, where the natives now sit bargaining over a bunch of bananas or a basket of dried fish, their forefathers were themselves bought and sold.

In the five hundred years in which he has claimed the shore line of East Africa from south of Lorenzo Marquez to north of Mozambique, and many hundreds of miles inland, the Portuguese has been the dog in the manger among nations. In all that time he has done nothing to help the land or the people which he pretends to protect, and he keeps those who would improve both from gaining any hold or influence over either. It is doubtful if his occupation of the East Coast can endure much longer. The English and the Germans now surround him on every side. Even handicapped as they are by the lack of the seaports which he enjoys, they have forced their way into the country which lies beyond his and which bounds his on every side. They have opened up this



The Residence of the German Governor at Tanga.



The Sultan's New Palace, Zanzibar.

country with little railroads, with lonely lengths of telegraph wires, and with their launches and gunboats they have joined, by means of the Zambesi and Chinde Rivers, new territories to the great Indian Ocean. His strip of land, which bars them from the sea, is still unsettled and unsafe, its wealth undeveloped, its people untamed. He sits at his café at the coast and collects custom-dues and sells stamped paper. For fear of the native he dares not march five miles beyond his sea-port town, and the white men who venture inland for purposes of trade or to cultivate plantations do so at their own risk, he can promise them no protection. The land back of Mozambique is divided into "holdings," and the rent of each holding is based upon the number of native huts it contains. The tax per hut is one pound a year, and these holdings are leased to any Portuguese who promises to pay the combined taxes of all the huts. He also engages to cut new roads, to keep those already made in repair, and to furnish a sufficient number of police to maintain order. The lessees of these holdings have given rise to many and terrible scandals. In the majority of cases, the lessee, once out of reach of all authority and of public opinion, and wielding the power of life and

death, becomes a tyrant and task-master over his district, taxing the natives to five and ten times the amount which each is supposed to furnish, and treating them virtually as his bondsmen. Up along the Shire River, the lessees punish the blacks by hanging them from a tree by their ankles and beating their bare backs with rhinoceros hide, until, as it has been described to me by a reputable English resident, the blood runs in a stream over the negro's shoulders, and forms a pool beneath his eyes.

You hear of no legitimate enterprise fostered by these lessees, of no development of natural resources, but, instead, you are told tales of sickening cruelty, and you can read in the consular reports, others quite as true; records of heartless treatment of natives, of neglect of great resources, and of hurried snatching at the year's crop and a return to the coast, with nothing to show of sustained effort or improvement or steady development. The incompetence of Portugal cannot endure. Now that England has taken the Transvaal from the Boer, she will find the seaport of Lorenzo Marquez too necessary to her interests to leave it much longer in the itching palms of the Portuguese officials. Beira she also needs to feed Rhodesia, and

the Zambesi and Chinde Rivers to supply the British Central African Company. Farther north, the Germans will find that if they mean to make German Central Africa pay, they must control the seaboard. It seems inevitable that, between the two great empires, the little kingdom of Portugal will be crowded out, and having failed to benefit either herself or anyone else in South Africa, she will withdraw from it, in favor of those who are fitter to survive her.

There is no more interesting contrast along the coast of East Africa than that presented by the colonies of England, Germany, and Portugal. Of these three, the colonies of the Englishmen are, as one expects to find them, the healthiest, the busiest, and the most prosperous. They thrive under your very eyes; you feel that they were established where they are, not by accident, not to gratify a national vanity or a ruler's ambition, but with foresight and with knowledge, and with the determination to make money; and that they will increase and flourish because they are situated where the natives and settlers have something to sell, and where the men can bring, in return, something the natives and colonials wish to buy. Port Elizabeth, Durban, East London, and Zanzibar belong to this prosperous class, which gives good reason for the faith of those who founded them.

On the other hand, as opposed to these, there are the settlements of the Portuguese, rotten and corrupt, and the German settlements of Dar Es Salaam and Tanga which have still to prove their right to exist. Outwardly, to the eye, they are model settlements. Dar Es Salaam, in particular, is a beautiful and perfectly appointed colonial town. In the care in which it is laid out, in the excellence of its sanitary arrangements, in its cleanliness, and in the magnificence of its innumerable official residences, and in their sensible adaptability to the needs of the climate, one might be deceived in believing that Dar Es Salaam is the beautiful gateway of a thriving and busy colony. But there are no ram-parts of merchandise along her wharves, no bulwarks of strangely scented bales blocking her water-front; no lighters push hurriedly from the shore to meet the ship, although she is a German ship, or to receive her cargo of articles "made in Ger-

many." On the contrary, her freight is unloaded at the English ports, and taken on at English ports. And the German traders who send their merchandise to Hamburg in her hold come over the side at Zanzibar, at Durban, and at Aden, where the English merchants find in them fierce competitors. There is nothing which goes so far to prove the falsity of the saying that "Trade follows the flag" as do these model German colonies with their barracks, governor's palace, officers' clubs, public pleasure parks, and with no trade; and the English colonies, where the German merchants remain, and where, under the English flag they grow steadily rich. The German Emperor, believing that colonies are a source of strength to an empire, rather than the weakness that they are, has raised the German flag in Central East Africa, but the ships of the German East African Company, subsidized by him, carry their merchandize to the English ports, and his German subjects remain where they can make the most money. They do not move to those ports where the flag of their country would wave over them.

Dar Es Salaam, although it lacks the one thing needful to make it a model settlement, possesses all the other things which are needful, and many which are pure luxuries. Its residences, as I have said, have been built after the most approved scientific principles of ventilation and sanitation. In no tropical country have I seen buildings so admirably adapted to the heat and climatic changes and at the same time more in keeping with the surrounding scenery. They are handsome, cool-looking, white and clean, with broad verandas, high walls, and false roofs under which currents of air are lured in spite of themselves. The residences are set back along the high bank which faces the bay. In front of them is a public promenade, newly planted shade-trees arch over it, and royal palms reach up to it from the very waters of the harbor. At one end of this semicircle are the barracks of the Soudanese soldiers, and at the other is the official palace of the Governor. Everything in the settlement is new, and everything is built on the scale of a city, and with the idea of accommodating a great number of people. Hotels and cafés, better than any one finds in the older settle-

ments along the coast, are arranged on the water-front, and there is a church capable of seating the entire white population at one time. If the place is to grow, it can do so only through trade, and when trade really comes all these palaces and cafés and barracks which occupy the entire water-front will have to be pushed back to make way for warehouses and custom-house sheds. At present it is populated only by officials, and, I believe, twelve white women.

You feel that it is an experiment, that it has been sent out like a box of children's building blocks, and set up carefully on this beautiful harbor. All that Dar Es Salaam needs now is trade and emigrants. At present it is a show place, and might be exhibited at a world's fair as an example of a model village.

In writing of Zanzibar I am embarrassed by the knowledge that I am not an unprejudiced witness. I fell in love with Zanzibar at first sight, and the more I saw of it the more I wanted to take my luggage out of the ship's hold and cable to my friends to try and have me made Vice-Consul to Zanzibar through all succeeding administrations.

Zanzibar runs back abruptly from a white beach in a succession of high white walls. It glistens and glares, and dazzles you; the sand at your feet is white, the city itself is white, the robes of the people are white. It has no public landing-pier. Your rowboat is run ashore on a white shelving beach, and you face an impenetrable mass of white walls. The blue waters are behind you, the lofty fortress-like façade before you, and a strip of white sand is at your feet.

And while you are wondering where this hidden city may be, a kind friend takes you by the hand and pilots you through a narrow crack in the rampart, along a twisting fissure between white-washed walls where the sun cannot reach, past great black doorways of carved oak, and out suddenly into the light and laughter and roar of Zanzibar.

In the narrow streets are all the colors of the Orient, gorgeous, unshaded, and violent; cobalt blue, greens, and reds on framework, windows, and doorways; red and yellow in the awnings and curtains of the bazaars, and orange and black, red and

white, yellow, dark blue, and purple, in the long shawls of the women. It is the busiest, and the brightest and richest in color of all the ports along the East African coast. Were it not for its narrow streets and its towering walls it would be a place of perpetual sunshine. Everybody is either actively busy, or contentedly idle. It is all movement, noise, and glitter, everyone is telling everyone else to make way before him; the Indian merchants beseech you from the open bazaars; their children, swathed in gorgeous silks and hung with jewels and bangles, stumble under your feet, the Sultan's troops assail you with fife and drum, and the black women, wrapped below their bare shoulders in the colors of the butterfly, and with teeth and brows dyed purple, crowd you to the wall. Outside the city there are long and wonderful roads between groves of the bulky mango-tree of richest darkest green and the bending palm, shading deserted palaces of former Sultans, temples of the Indian worshippers, native huts, and the white walled country residences and curtained verandas of the white exiles. It is absurd to write them down as exiles, for it is a Moham-medan Paradise to which they have been exiled. The exiles themselves will tell you that the reason you think Zanzibar is a paradise, is because you have your steamer ticket in your pocket. But that retort shows their lack of imagination, and a vast ingratitude to those who have preceded them. For the charm of Zanzibar lies in the fact that while the white men have made it healthy and clean, have given it good roads, good laws, protection for the slaves, quick punishment for the slave-dealers, and a firm government under a benign and gentle Sultan, they have done all of this without destroying one flash of its local color, or one throb of its barbaric life, which is the showy, sunshiny, and sumptuous life of the Far East. The good things of civilization are there, but they are unobtrusive, and the evils of civilization appear not at all, the native does not wear a derby hat with a kimona, as he does in Japan, nor offer you souvenirs of Zanzibar manufactured in Birmingham; Reuter's telegrams at the club and occasional steamers alone connect his white master with the outer world, and so infrequent is the visiting stranger that the local

phrase-book for those who wish to converse in the native tongue, seems to be compiled chiefly for the convenience of midshipmen on boarding a slaver.

Zanzibar is an "Arabian Nights" city, a comic-opera capital, a most difficult city to take seriously. There is not a street, nor any house in any street, that does not suggest in its architecture and decoration the untrammelled fancy of the scenic artist. You feel sure that the latticed balconies are canvas, that the white adobe walls are supported from behind by braces, that the sunshine is a carbon light, that the chorus of boatmen who hail you on landing will reappear immediately costumed as the Sultan's body-guard, that the women bearing water-jars on their shoulders will come on in the next scene as slaves of the harem, and that the national anthem will prove to be Sousa's Typical Tune of Zanzibar.

Several hundred years ago the Sultans of Zanzibar grew powerful and wealthy through exporting slaves and ivory from the mainland. These were not two separate industries, but one was developed by the other and was dependent upon it. The procedure was brutally simple. A slave-trader, having first paid his tribute to the sultan, crossed to the main land, and marching into the interior made his bargain with one of the local chiefs for so much ivory, and for so many men to carry it down to the coast. Without some such means of transport there could have been no bargain, so the chief who was anxious to sell would select a village which had not paid him the taxes due him, and bid the trader help himself to what men he found there. Then would follow a hideous night attack, a massacre of women and children, and the taking prisoner of all able-bodied males. These men, chained together in long lines, and each bearing a heavy tooth of ivory upon his shoulder, would be whipped down to the coast. It was only when they had carried the ivory there, and there was no further use for them that the idea presented itself of selling them as well as the ivory. Later, these bearers became of equal value with the ivory, and the raiding of native villages and the capture of men and women to be sold into slavery developed into a great industry. The industry continues fit-

fully to-day, but it is carried on under great difficulties, and at a risk of heavy punishments. What is called "domestic slavery" is recognized on the Island of Zanzibar, the vast clove plantations which lie back of the port employing many hundreds of these domestic slaves. It is not to free these from their slight bondage, but to prevent others from being added to their number that the efforts of those who are trying to suppress the slave-trade is to-day directed. What slave-trading there is at present is by Arabs and Indians. They convey the slaves in dhows from the mainland to Madagascar, Arabia, or southern Persia, and to the Island of Pemba, which lies north of Zanzibar, and only fifteen miles from the mainland. If a slave can be brought this short distance in safety he can be sold for five hundred dollars; on the mainland he is not worth more than fifteen dollars. The channels, and the mouths of rivers, and the little bays opening from the Island of Pemba are patrolled more or less regularly by British gunboats, and junior officers in charge of a cutter and a crew of half a dozen men, are detached from these for a few months at a time on "boat service." It seems to be an unprofitable pursuit, for one officer told me that during his month of boat service he had boarded and searched three hundred dhows, which is an average of ten a day, and found slaves on only one of them. But as, on this occasion, he rescued four slaves, and the slavers, moreover, showed fight, and wounded him and two of his boat's crew, he was more than satisfied.

The trade in ivory, which has none of these restrictions upon it, still flourishes, and the cool, dark ware-rooms of Zanzibar are stored high with it. In a corner of one little cellar they showed us twenty-five thousand dollars worth of these tusks piled up as carelessly as though they were logs of wood in a wood-shed. One of the most curious sights in Zanzibar is a line of Zanzibari boys, each balancing a great tusk on his shoulder, worth from five hundred to two thousand dollars, and which is unprotected except for a piece of coarse sacking.

The largest exporters of ivory in the world are at Zanzibar, and though probably few people know it, the firm which

carries on this business belongs to New York City, and has been in the ivory trade with India and Africa from as far back as the fifties. In their house at Zanzibar they have entertained every distinguished African explorer, and the stories its walls have heard of native wars, pirate dhows, slave-dealers, the English occupation, and terrible marches through the jungles of the Congo, would make valuable and picturesque history. The firm has always held a semi-official position, for the reason that the United States Consul at Zanzibar, who should speak at least Swahili and Portuguese, is invariably chosen for the post from a drug-store in Yankton, Dak., or a post-office in Canton, O. Consequently, on arriving at Zanzibar he becomes homesick, and his first official act is to cable his resignation, and the State Department instructs whoever happens to be general manager of the ivory house to perform the duties of acting-consul until further notice. So, with the exception of a month or two every four years the ivory house has always held the eagle of the consulate over its doorway. The acting-consul at the present time, and the manager of the ivory house, is Harris Robbins Childs. Mr. Childs is well known in New York City, is a member of many clubs there, and speaks at least five languages. He understands the native tongue of Zanzibar so well that when the Prime Minister of the Sultan took us to the palace to pay our respects, Childs talked the Sultan's language so much better than did his own Prime Minister that there was much joking and laughing in consequence. The present Sultan is a most dignified, intelligent, and charming old gentleman. He is popular both with his own people, who love him with a religious fervor, and with the English, who unobtrusively conduct his affairs. He has a great admiration and respect for Queen Victoria, and Her Majesty's representative, Sir Arthur Hardinge, who is of the Alfred Milner type of administrator, and one of the broadest-minded and ablest of English diplomats, finds that in his efforts for the good of the protectorate the Sultan meets him half way.*

There have been sultans who have acted

*Since this article was written Sir Arthur Hardinge has been promoted to a more important post.

less wisely than does Hamud bin Muhammad bin Said. A few years ago one of these, Said Khaled, defied the British Empire as represented by several gunboats, and dared them to fire on his ship of war, a tramp steamer which he had converted into a royal yacht. The gunboats were anchored about two hundred yards from the palace, which stands at the water's edge, and at the time agreed upon, they sank the sultan's ship of war in the short space of three minutes, and in a brief bombardment destroyed the greater part of his palace. The ship of war still rests where she sank, and her topmasts peer above the water only three hundred yards distant from the windows of the new palace. They serve as a constant warning to all future sultans.

The new palace, which has been built for the present sultan, is of somewhat too modern architecture, and is not nearly as dignified as are the massive white walls of the native houses which surround it. But within it is a fairy palace, hung with silk draperies, tapestries, and hand-painted curtains; the floors are covered with magnificent rugs from Persia and India, and the reception-room is crowded with treasures of ebony, ivory, lacquer work, and gold and silver. There were two thrones, which I especially remember, made of silver dragons, with many scales, and studded with jewels. The Sultan did not seem to mind our openly admiring his treasures, and his attendants, who stood about him in gorgeous-colored silks heavy with gold embroideries, were evidently pleased with the deep impression they made upon the visitors. The Sultan was very gentle and courteous and human, especially in the pleasure he took over his son and heir, who is at school in England. He seemed very much gratified when we suggested that there was no better training-place for a boy than an English public school. He seemed to think that as Americans such an opinion must be unprejudiced. Before he sent us away, he gave Childs, and each of us, one of the photographs which is reproduced with this article.

The German settlement of Tanga was our next port. We arrived there just as a blood-red sun was setting behind great and gloomy mountains. The place itself was bathed in damp hot vapors, and sur-

rounded even to the water's edge by a steaming jungle. It was more like what we expected Africa to be than was any other place we had visited, and the proper touch of local color was supplied by a trader, who gave, as his reason for leaving us so early in the evening, that he needed sleep, as at his camp the night before, three lions had kept him awake until morning.

The bubonic plague prevented our landing at Mombassa, Aden, Suez, and Port Saïd. We saw them only through field-glasses from the ship's side, so that there is, in consequence, much that I cannot write of the East Coast of Africa. But the trip, which allows one merely to

nibble at the coast, is worth taking again when the bubonic plague has passed away. It is certainly worth taking once. If this article has failed to make that apparent, the fault lies with the article and the writer. It is certainly not the fault of the East Coast, not the fault of the Indian Ocean, that "sets and smiles, so soft, so bright, so blooming blue," nor the fault of the busy coast towns, nor of the exiles and "remittance men" who are dragging the telegraph wire from Cape Town to Cairo, nor of any lack of interest which the East Coast presents in its problem of trade, of conquest, and of the survival of the fittest among nations.

THE FATE OF FAUSTINA

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

"Mar—ga—rl,
e perzo a Salvatore!
Mar—ga—rl,
Ma l'ommo è cacciatore!
Mar—ga—rl,
Nun ce aje corpa tu!
Chello ch' è fatto, è fatto, un ne parlammo cchieù!"

A PIANO-ORGAN was pouring the metallic music through our open windows, while a voice of brass brayed the words, which I have since obtained, and print above for identification by such as know their Italy better than I. They will not thank me for reminding them of a tune so lately epidemic in that land of aloes and blue skies; but at least it is unlikely to run in their heads as the ribald accompaniment to a tragedy; and it does in mine.

It was in the early heat of August, and the hour that of the lawful and necessary siesta for such as turn night into day. I was therefore shutting my window in a rage, and wondering whether I should not do the same for Raffles, when he appeared in the silk pajamas to which the chronic solicitude of Dr. Theobald confined him from morning to night.

"Don't do that, Bunny," said he. "I

rather like that thing; and want to listen. What sort of fellows are they to look at, by the way?"

I put my head out to see, it being an obvious rule of our quaint establishment that Raffles must never show himself at any of the windows. I remember now how hot the sill was to my elbow, as I leant upon it and looked down, in order to satisfy a curiosity in which I could see no point.

"Dirty-looking beggars," said I, over my shoulder: "dark as dark; blue chins, oleaginous curls, ear-rings; ragged as they make them, but nothing picturesque in their rags."

"Neapolitans all over," murmured Raffles behind me; "and that's a characteristic touch, the one fellow singing while the other grinds; they always have that out there."

"He's rather a fine chap, the singer,"

said I, as the song ended. "My hat, what teeth! He's looking up here, and grinning all round his head; shall I chuck them anything?"

"Well, I have no reason to love the Neapolitans; but it takes me back—it takes me back! Yes, here you are, one each."

It was a couple of half-crowns that Raffles put into my hand, but I had thrown them into the street for pennies before I saw what they were. Thereupon I left the Italians bowing to the mud, as well they might, and I turned to protest against such wanton waste. But Raffles was walking up and down, his head bent, his eyes troubled; and his one excuse disarmed remonstrance.

"They took me back," he muttered. "My God, how they took me back!"

Suddenly he stopped in his stride.

"You don't understand, Bunny, old chap; but, if you like, you shall. I always meant to tell you some day, but never felt worked up to it before, and it's not the kind of thing one talks about for talking's sake. It isn't a nursery story, Bunny, and there isn't a laugh in it from start to finish; on the contrary, you've often asked me what turned my hair gray, and now you're going to hear."

This was promising, but Raffles's manner was something more. It was unique in my memory of the man. His fine face softened and set hard by turns. I never knew it so hard. I never knew it so soft. And the same might be said of his voice, now tender as any woman's, now flying to the other extreme of equally unwonted ferocity. But this was toward the end of his tale; the beginning he treated characteristically enough, though I could have wished for a less cavalier account of the island of Elba, where, upon his own showing, he had met with much humanity.

"Deadly, my dear Bunny, is not the word for that glorified snag, or for the mollusks, its inhabitants. But they started by wounding my vanity, so perhaps I am prejudiced after all. I sprang myself upon them as a ship-wrecked sailor—a sole survivor—stripped in the sea and landed without a stitch—yet they took no more interest in me than you do in Italian organ-grinders! They were decent enough. I didn't have to pick and steal

for a square meal and a pair of trousers; it would have been more exciting if I had. But what a place! Napoleon couldn't stand it, you remember, but he held on longer than I did. I put in a few weeks in their infernal mines, simply to pick up a smattering of Italian; then got across to the mainland in a little wooden timber-tramp; and ungratefully glad I was to leave Elba blazing in just such another sunset as the one you won't forget.

"The tramp was bound for Naples, but first it touched at Baia, where I carefully deserted in the night. There are too many English in Naples itself, though I thought it would make a first happy hunting-ground when I knew the language better and had altered myself a bit more. Meanwhile I got a billet of several sorts on one of the loveliest spots that ever I struck on all my travels. The place was a vineyard, but it overhung the sea, and I got taken on as tame sailor-man and emergency bottle-washer. The wages were the noble figure of a lira and a half, which is just over a bob, a day, but there were lashings of sound wine for one and all, and better wine to bathe in. And for eight whole months, my boy, I was an absolutely honest man. The luxury of it, Bunny! I out-heroded Herod, wouldn't touch a grape, and went in the most delicious danger of being knifed for my principles by the thieving crew I had joined.

"It was the kind of place where every prospect pleases—and all the rest of it—especially all the rest. But may I see it in my dreams till I die—as it was in the beginning—before anything happened at all! It was a wedge of rock sticking out into the bay, thatched with vines, and with the rummiest old house on the very edge of all, a devil of a height above the sea: you might have sat at the windows and dropped your Sullivan-ends plumb into blue water a hundred and fifty feet below.

"From the garden behind the house—such a charming old garden, Bunny—oleanders and mimosa, myrtles, rosemary and red tangles of fiery, untamed flowers—in a corner of this garden was the top of a subterranean stair down to the sea; at least there were nearly two hundred steps tunnelled through the solid rock; then an iron gate, and another eighty steps in the open air; and last of all a cave fit for

pirates a-penny-plain-and-twopence-colored. This cave gave upon the sweetest little thing in coves, all deep blue water and honest rocks; and here I looked after the vineyard shipping, a pot-bellied tub with a brown sail, and a sort of dingy. The tub took the wine to Naples, and the dingy was the tub's tender.

"The house above was said to be on the identical site of a suburban retreat of the admirable Tiberius; there was the old sinner's private theatre, with the tiers cut clean to this day, the well where he used to fatten his lampreys on his slaves, and a ruined temple of those ripping old Roman bricks, shallow as dominos and ruddier than the cherry. I never was much of an antiquary, but I could have become one there if I'd had nothing else to do; but I had lots. When I wasn't busy with the boats I had to trim the vines, or gather the grapes, or even help make the wine itself in a cool, dark, musty vault underneath the temple, that I can see and smell as I jaw. And can't I hear it and feel it too! Squish, squash, bubble; squash, squish, guggle; and your feet as though you had been wading through slaughter to a throne. Yes, Bunny, you mightn't think it, but this good right foot, that never was on the wrong side of the crease when the ball left my hand, has also been known to

. . . crush the lees of pleasure
From sanguine grapes of pain."

He made a sudden pause, as though he had stumbled on a truth in jest. His face filled with lines. We were sitting in the room that had been bare when first I saw it; there were basket-chairs and a table in it now, all meant ostensibly for me; and hence Raffles would slip to his bed, with schoolboy relish, at every tinkle of the bell. This afternoon we felt fairly safe, for Theobald had called in the morning, and Mrs. Theobald still took up much of his time. Through the open window we could hear the piano-organ and "Mar—ga—ri" a few hundred yards farther on. I fancied Raffles was listening to it while he paused. He shook his head abstractedly when I handed him the cigarettes; and his tone hereafter was never just what it had been.

"I don't know, Bunny, whether you're a believer in transmigration of souls. I

have often thought it easier to believe than lots of other things, and I have been pretty near believing in it myself since I had my being on that villa of Tiberius. The brute who had it in my day, if he isn't still running it with a whole skin, was or is as cold-blooded a blackguard as the worst of the emperors, but I have often thought he had a lot in common with Tiberius. He had the great high sensual Roman nose, eyes that were sinks of iniquity in themselves, and that swelled with fatness, like the rest of him, so that he wheezed if he walked a yard; otherwise rather a fine beast to look at, with a huge gray mustache, like a flying gull, and the most courteous manners, even to his men; but one of the worst, Bunny, one of the worst that ever was. It was said that the vineyard was only his hobby; if so, he did his best to make his hobby pay. He used to come out from Naples for the week-ends in the tub when it wasn't too rough for his nerves—and he didn't always come alone. His very name sounded unhealthy—Corbucci. I suppose I ought to add that he was a count, though counts are two-a-penny in Naples, and in season all the year round.

"He had a little English, and liked to air it upon me, much to my disgust; if I could not hope to conceal my nationality as yet, I at least did not want to have it advertised; and the swine had English friends. When he heard that I was bathing in November, when the bay is still as warm as new milk, he would shake his wicked old head and say, 'You are very audashuss—you are very audashuss!' and put on no end of side before his Italians. By God, he had pitched upon the right word unawares, and I let him know it in the end!

"But that bathing, Bunny; it was absolutely the best there ever was. I said just now the water was like wine; in my own mind I used to call it blue champagne, and was rather annoyed that I had no one to admire the phrase. Otherwise I assure you that I missed my own particular kind very little indeed, though I often wished that *you* were there, old chap; particularly when I went for my lonesome swim; first thing in the morning, when the Bay was all rose-leaves, and last thing at night, when your body caught phos-

phorescent fire ! Ah, yes, it was a good enough life for a change ; a perfect paradise to lie low in ; another Eden until . . .

"My poor Eve !"

And he fetched a sigh that took away his words ; then his jaws snapped together, and his eyes spoke terribly while he conquered his emotion. I pen the last word advisedly. I fancy it is one which I have never used before in writing of A. J. Raffles, for I cannot at the moment recall any other occasion upon which its use would have been justified. On resuming, however, he was not only calm, but cold ; and this flying for safety to the other extreme is the single instance of self-distrust which the present Achates can record to the credit of his impious Æneas.

"I called the girl Eve," said he. "Her real name was Faustina, and she was one of a vast family who hung out in a hovel on the inland border of the vineyard. And Aphrodite rising from the sea was less wonderful and not more beautiful than Aphrodite emerging from that hole !

"It was the most exquisite face I ever saw or shall see in this life. Absolutely perfect features ; a skin that reminded you of old gold, so delicate was its bronze ; magnificent hair, not black but nearly ; and such eyes and teeth as would have made the fortune of a face without another good point. I tell you, Bunny, London would go mad about a girl like that. But I don't believe there's such another in the world. And there she was wasting her sweetness upon that lovely but desolate little corner of it ! Well, she did not waste it upon me. I would have married her, and lived happily ever after in such a hovel as her people's—with her. Only to look at her—only to look at her for the rest of my days—I could have lain low and remained dead even to you ! And that's all I'm going to tell you about that, Bunny ; cursed be he who tells more ! Yet don't you run away with the idea that this poor Faustina was the only woman I ever cared about. I don't believe in all that 'only' rot ; nevertheless I tell you that she *was* the one being who ever entirely satisfied my sense of beauty ; and I honestly believe I could have chuckled the world and been true to Faustina for that alone.

"We met sometimes in the little temple

I told you about, sometimes among the vines ; now by honest accident, now by flagrant design ; and found a ready-made rendezvous, romantic as one could wish, in the cave down all those subterranean steps. Then the sea would call us—the sweetest sea in all this world—and there was the dingy ready to our hand. Oh, those nights ! I never knew which I liked best, the moonlit ones when you sculled through silver and could see for miles, or the dark nights when the fishermen's torches stood for the sea, and a red zig-zag in the sky for old Vesuvius. We were happy. I don't mind owning it. We seemed not to have a care between us. My mates took no interest in my affairs, and Faustina's family did not appear to bother about her. The Count was in Naples five nights of the seven ; the other two we sighed apart.

"At first it was the oldest story in literature—Eden *plus* Eve. The place had been a heaven on earth before, but now it was heaven itself. So for a little ; then one night, a Monday night, Faustina burst out crying in the boat ; and sobbed her story as we drifted without mishap by the mercy of the Lord. And that was an older story still.

"She was engaged—what ! Had I never heard of it ? Did I mean to upset the boat ? What was her engagement beside our love, 'Niente, niente,' crooned Faustina, sighing yet smiling through her tears. No, but what did matter was that the man had threatened to stab her to the heart—and would do it as soon as look at her—that I knew.

"I knew it merely from my knowledge of the Neapolitans, for I had no idea who the man might be. I knew it, and yet I took this detail better than the fact of the engagement, though now I began to laugh at both. As if I was going to let her marry anybody else ! As if a hair of her lovely head should be touched while I lived to protect her ! I had a great mind to row away to blazes with her that very night, and never go near the vineyard again, or let her either. But we had not a lira between us at the time, and only the rags in which we sat barefoot in the boat. Besides, I had to know the name of the animal who had threatened a woman, and such a woman as this.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"We met . . . sometimes among the vines."—Page 230.

"For a long time she refused to tell me, with splendid obduracy; but I was as determined as she; so at last she made conditions. I was not to go and get put in prison for sticking a knife into him—he wasn't worth it—and I did promise not to stab him in the back. Faustina seemed quite satisfied, though a little puzzled by my manner, having herself the racial tolerance for cold steel; and next moment she had taken away my breath. 'It is Stefano,' she whispered, and hung her head.

"And well she might, poor thing! Stefano, of all creatures on God's earth—for her!

"Bunny, he was a miserable little under-sized wretch—ill-favored—servile—surly—and second only to his master in bestial cunning and hypocrisy. His face was enough for me; that was what I read in it, and I don't often make mistakes. He was Corbucci's own confidential body-servant, and that alone was enough to damn him in decent eyes: always came out first on the Saturday with the *spese*, to have all ready for his master and current mistress, and stayed behind on the Monday to clear and lock up. Stefano! That worm! I could well understand *his* threatening a woman with a knife; what beat me was how any woman could ever have listened to him; above all, that Faustina should be the one! It passed my comprehension. But I questioned her as gently as I could; and her explanation was largely the threadbare one you would expect. Her parents were so poor. They were so many in family. Some of them begged—would I promise never to tell? Then some of them stole—sometimes—and all knew the pains of actual want. She looked after the cows, but there were only two, and brought the milk to the vineyard and elsewhere; but that was not employment for more than one; and there were countless sisters waiting to take her place. Then he was so rich, Stefano.

"'Rich?' I echoed. 'Stefano?'

"'Si, Arturo mio.'

"Yes, I played the game on that vineyard, Bunny, even to going by my own first name.

"'And how comes he to be rich?' I asked, suspiciously.

"She did not know; but he had given

her such beautiful jewels; the family had lived on them for months, she pretending an avocat was taking care of them for her against her marriage. But I cared nothing about all that.

"'Jewels! Stefano!' I could only mutter.

"'Perhaps, the Count has paid for some of them. He is very kind.'

"'To you, is he?'

"'Oh, yes, very kind.'

"'And you would live in his house afterwards?'

"'Not now, mia cara—not now!'

"'No, by God you don't!' said I in English. 'But you would have done so, eh?'

"'Of course. That was arranged. The Count is really very kind.'

"'Do you see anything of him when he comes here?'

"Yes, he had sometimes brought her little presents, sweetmeats, ribbons, and the like; but the offering had always been made through this toad of a Stefano. Knowing the men, I now knew all. But Faustina, she had the pure and simple heart, and the white soul, by the God who made it, and for all her kindness to a tattered scapegrace who made love to her in broken Italian between the ripples and the stars. She was not to know what I was, remember; and beside Corbucci and his henchman I was the Archangel Gabriel come down to earth.

"Well, as I lay awake that night, two more lines of Swinburne came into my head, and came to stay:

God said "let him who wins her take
And keep Faustine."

"On that couplet I slept at last, and it was my text and watchword when I awoke in the morning. I forget how well you know your Swinburne, Bunny; but don't you run away with the idea that there was anything else in common between his Faustine and mine. For the last time let me tell you that poor Faustina was the purest and the best I ever knew.

"Well, I was strung up for trouble when the next Saturday came, and I'll tell you what I had done. I had broken the pledge and burgled Corbucci's villa in my best manner, during his absence in Naples. Not that it gave me the slightest trouble;



Brought him down with a bullet.—Page 289.

but no human being could have told that I had been in, when I came out. And I had stolen nothing, mark you, but only borrowed a revolver from a drawer in the Count's desk, with one or two trifling accessories; for by this time I had the measure of these damned Neapolitans. They are spry enough with a knife, but you show them the business end of a shooting-iron, and they'll streak like rabbits for

the nearest hole. But the revolver wasn't for my own use. It was for Faustina, and I taught her how to use it in the cave down there by the sea, shooting at candles stuck upon the rock. The noise in the cave was something frightful, but high up above it couldn't be heard at all, as we proved to each other's satisfaction pretty early in the proceedings. So now Faustina was armed with munitions of self-



"He had let me in before he knew who was finished."—Page 289.

defence; and I knew enough of her character to entertain no doubt as to their spirited use upon occasion. Between the two of us, in fact, our friend Stefano seemed tolerably certain of a warm week-end.

"But the Saturday brought word that the Count was not coming this week, being in Rome on business, and unable to return in time; so for a whole Sunday we were promised peace; and made bold plans

accordingly. There was no more merit in hushing this thing up. 'Let him who wins her take and keep Faustine.' Yes, but let him win her openly, or lose her and be damned! So on the Sunday I was going to have it out with her people—with the Count and Stefano as soon as they showed their noses. I had no inducement, remember, ever to return to surreptitious life within a cab-fare of

Wormwood Scrubbs. Faustina and the Bay of Naples were quite good enough for me. And the prehistoric man in me rather exulted in the idea of fighting for my desire.

"On the Saturday, however, we were to meet for the last time as heretofore—

him to his face if it was not the case. And it was; he admitted it with many shrugs; being a conveniently weak person, whom one felt almost ashamed of bullying as the occasion demanded.

"The fact was, however, that the Count had sent for him on finding he had



"As tight as man was ever gagged or bound."—Page 289.

just once more in secret—down there in the cave—as soon as might be after dark. Neither of us minded if we were kept for hours; each knew that in the end the other would come; and there was a charm of its own even in waiting with such knowledge. But that night I did lose patience: not in the cave but up above, where first on one pretext and then on another the direttore kept me going until I smelt a rat. He was not given to exacting overtime, this direttore, whose only fault was his servile subjection to our common lord. It seemed pretty obvious, therefore, that he was acting upon some secret instructions from Corbucci himself, and, the moment I suspected this, I asked

to go to Rome, and had said he was very sorry to go just then, as among other things he intended to speak to me about Faustina. Stefano had told him all about his row with her, and moreover that it was on my account, which Faustina had never told me, though I had guessed as much for myself. Well, the Count was going to take his jackal's part for all he was worth, which was just exactly what I expected him to do. He intended going for me on his return, but meanwhile I was not to make hay in his absence, and so this tool of a direttore had orders to keep me at it night and day. I undertook not to give the poor beast away, but at the same time told him I had not the

faintest intention of doing another stroke of work that night.

"It was very dark, and I remember knocking my head against the oranges as I ran up the long, shallow steps which ended the journey between the direttore's lodge and the villa itself. But at the back of the villa was the garden I spoke about, and also a bare chunk of the cliff where it was bored by that subterranean stair. So I saw the stars close overhead, and the fisherman's torches far below, the coastwise lights and the crimson hieroglyph that spelt Vesuvius, before I plunged into the darkness of the shaft. And that was the last time I appreciated the unique and peaceful charm of this outlandish spot.

"The stair was in two long flights, with

an air-hole or two at the top of the upper one, but not another hole till you came to the iron gate at the bottom of the lower. As you may read of an infinitely lighter place, in a finer work of fiction than you are ever likely to write, Bunny, it was 'gloomy at noon, dark as midnight at dusk, and black as the ninth plague of Egypt at midnight.' I won't swear to my quotation, but I will to those stairs. They were as black that night as the inside of the safest safe in the strongest strong-room in the Chancery Lane Deposit. Yet I had not got far down them with my bare feet before I heard somebody else coming up in boots. You may imagine what a turn that gave me! It could not be Faustina, who went barefoot three seasons of the four, and yet there



"I saw a white-headed old chap looking at me through a shop-window."—Page 290.

was Faustina waiting for me down below. What a fright she must have had! And all at once my own blood ran cold: for the man sang like a kettle as he plodded up and up. It was, it must be, the short-winded Count himself, whom we all supposed to be in Rome!

"Higher he came and nearer, nearer, slowly yet hurriedly, now stopping to cough and gasp, now taking a few steps by elephantine assault. I would have enjoyed the situation if it had not been for poor Faustina in the cave; as it was I was filled with nameless fears. But I could not resist giving that grampus Corbucci one bad moment on account. A crazy handrail ran up one wall, so I carefully flattened myself against the other, and he passed within six inches of me, puffing and wheezing like a brass band. I let him go a few steps higher, and then I let him have it with both lungs.

"Buona sera, eccellenza signori!' I roared after him. And a scream came down in answer—such a scream! A dozen different terrors were in it; and the wheezing had stopped, with the old scoundrel's heart.

"Chi sta la?' he squeaked at last, gibbering and whimpering like a whipped monkey, so that I could not bear to miss his face, and got a match all ready to strike.

"Arturo, signori."

"He didn't repeat my name, nor did he damn me in heaps. He did nothing but wheeze for a good minute, and when he spoke it was with insinuating civility, in his best English.

"Come nearer, Arturo. You are in the lower regions down there. I want to speak with you."

"No, thanks. I'm in a hurry," I said, and dropped that match back into my pocket. He might be armed, and I was not.



He was peeping through the blind.—Page 290.

"So you are in a hurry!' and he wheezed amusement. 'And you thought I was still in Rome, no doubt; and so I was until this afternoon, when I caught train at the eleventh moment, and then another train from Naples to Pozzuoli. I have been rowed here now by a fisherman of Pozzuoli. I had not time to stop anywhere in Naples, but only to drive from station to station. So I am without Stefano, Arturo, I am without Stefano.'

His sly voice sounded preternaturally sly in the absolute darkness, but even through that impenetrable veil I knew it for a sham. I had laid hold of the handrail. It shook violently in my hand; he also was holding it where he stood. And these suppressed tremors, or rather their detection in this way, struck a strange chill to my heart, just as I was beginning to pluck it up.

The Fate of Faustina

"'It is lucky for Stefano,' said I, grim as death.

"'Ah, but you must not be too 'ard on 'im,' remonstrated the Count. 'You have stole his girl, he speak with me about it, and I wish to speak with you. It is very audashuss, Arturo, very audashuss! Perhaps you are even going to meet her now, eh?'"

"I told him straight that I was.

"'Then there is no 'urry, for she is not there.'

"'You didn't see her in the cave?' I

cried, too delighted at the thought to keep it to myself.

"'I had no such fortune,' the old devil said.

"'She is there, all the same.'

"'I only wish I 'ad known.'

"'And I've kept her long enough!'

"In fact I threw this over my shoulder as I turned and went running down.

"'I 'ope you will find her!' his malicious voice came croaking after me. 'I 'ope you will—I 'ope so.'

"And find her I did."



The organ and the voice once more beneath our very windows.—Page 290.

Raffles had been on his feet some time, unable to sit still or to stand, moving excitedly about the room. But now he stood still enough, his elbows on the cast-iron mantelpiece, his head between his hands.

"Dead?" I whispered.

And he nodded to the wall.

"There was not a sound in the cave. There was no answer to my voice. Then I went in, and my foot touched hers, and it was colder than the rock Bunny, they had stabbed her to the heart. She had fought them, and they had stabbed her to the heart!"

"You say 'they,'" I said gently, as he stood in heavy silence, his back still turned. "I thought Stefano had been left behind?"

Raffles was round in a flash, his face white-hot, his eyes dancing death.

"He was in the cave!" he shouted. "I saw him—I spotted him—it was broad twilight after those stairs—and I went for him with my bare hands. Not fists, Bunny; not fists for a thing like that; I meant getting my fingers into his vile little heart and tearing it out by the roots. I was stark mad. But he had the revolver—hers. He blazed it at arm's length, and missed. And that steadied me. I had smashed his funny-bone against the rock before he could blaze again; the revolver fell with a rattle, but without going off; in an instant I had it tight, and the little swine at my mercy at last."

"You didn't show him any?"

"Mercy? With Faustina dead at my feet? I should have deserved none in the next world, if I had shown him any in this! No, I just stood over him, with the revolver in both hands, feeling the chambers with my thumb; and as I stood he stabbed at me; but I stepped back to that one, and brought him down with a bullet."

"And I can spare you two or three more," I said, for my poor girl could not have fired a shot. "Take that next one with you—and that—and that!"

"Then I started coughing and wheezing like the Count himself, for the place was full of smoke. When it cleared my man was very dead, and I tipped him into the sea, to defile that rather than Faustina's cave. And then—and then—we were alone for the last time, she and I, in our own pet haunt; and I could scarcely

see her, yet I would not strike a match, for I knew she would not have me see her as she was. I could say good-by to her without that. I said it; and I left her like a man, and up the first open-air stairs with my head in the air, and the stars all sharp in the sky; then suddenly they swam, and back I went like a lunatic, to see if she was really dead, to bring her back to life. . . . Bunny, I can't tell you any more."

"Not of the Count?" I murmured at last.

"Not even of the Count," said Raffles, turning round with a sigh. "I left him pretty sorry for himself; but what was the good of that? I had taken blood for blood, and it was not Corbucci who had killed Faustina. No, the plan was his, but that was not part of the plan. They had found out about our meetings in the cave: nothing simpler than to have me kept hard at it overhead and to carry off Faustina by brute force in the boat. It was their only chance, for she had said more to Stefano than she had admitted to me, and more than I am going to repeat about myself. No persuasion would have induced her to listen to him again; so they tried force; and she drew Corbucci's revolver on them, but they had taken her by surprise, and Stefano stabbed her before she could fire."

"But how do you know all this?" I asked Raffles, for his tale was going to pieces in the telling, and the tragic end of poor Faustina was no ending for me.

"Oh," said he, "I had it from Corbucci at his own revolver's point. He was waiting at his window, and I could have potted him at my ease where he stood against the light listening hard enough but not seeing a thing. So he asked whether it was Stefano, and I whispered, 'Sì, signore'; and then whether he had finished Arturo, and I brought the same shot off again. He had let me in before he knew who was finished and who was not."

"And did you finish him?"

"No; that was too good for Corbucci. But I bound and gagged him about as tight as man was ever gagged or bound, and I left him in his room with the shutters shut and the house locked up. The shutters of that old place were six inches thick, and the walls nearly six feet; that was on the Saturday night, and the Count

wasn't expected at the vineyard before the following Saturday. Meanwhile he was supposed to be in Rome. But the dead would doubtless be discovered next day, and I am afraid this would lead to his own discovery with the life still in him. I believe he figured on that himself, for he sat threatening me gamely till the last. You never saw such a sight as he was, with his head split in two by a ruler tied at the back of it, and his great mustache pushed up into his bulging eyes. But I locked him up in the dark without a qualm, and I wished and still wish him every torment of the damned."

"And then?"

"The night was still young, and within ten miles there was the best of ports in a storm, and hundreds of holds for the humble stowaway to choose from. But I didn't want to go farther than Genoa, for by this time my Italian would wash, so I chose the old Norddeutscher Lloyd, and had an excellent voyage in one of the boats slung inboard over the bridge. That's better than any hold, Bunny, and I did splendidly on oranges brought from the vineyard."

"And at Genoa?"

"At Genoa I took to my wits once more, and have been living on nothing else ever since. But there I had to begin all over again, and at the very bottom of the ladder. I slept in the streets. I begged. I did all manner of terrible things, rather hoping for a bad end, but never coming to one. Then one day I saw a white-headed old chap looking at me through a shop-window—a window I had designs upon—and when I stared at him he stared at me—and he wore the same rags. So I had come to that! But one reflection makes many. I had not recognized myself; who on earth would recognize me? London called me—and here I am. Italy had broken my heart—and there it stays."

Flippant as a schoolboy one moment, playful even in the bitterness of the next, and now no more giving way to the feeling which had spoiled the climax of his tale, Raffles needed knowing as I alone knew him for a right appreciation of those last words. That they were no mere words I know full well. That, but for the tragedy of his Italian life, that life would have sufficed him for years, if not for ever, I did and do still believe. But I alone see him

as I saw him then, the lines upon his face, and the pain behind the lines; how they disappeared, and what removed them, you will never guess. It was the one thing you would have expected to have the opposite effect, the thing indeed that had forced his confidence, the organ and the voice once more beneath our very windows:

"Margarita de Parete,
era à sarta d'è signore;
se pugneva sempe e ddetè
pe pensare a Salvatore!

"Mar—ga—ri,
e perzo e Salvatore!
Mar—ga—ri,
Ma l' ommo è cacciatore!

Mar—ga—ri,
Nun ce aje corpa tu!

Chello ch' è fatto, è fatto, un ne parlammo cchieù!"

I simply stared at Raffles. Instead of deepening, his lines had disappeared. He looked years younger, mischievous and merry and alert as I remembered him of old in the breathless crisis of some mad-cap escapade. He was holding up his finger; he was stealing to the window; he was peeping through the blind as though our side street were Scotland Yard itself; he was stealing back again, all revelry, excitement, and suspense.

"I half thought they were after me before," said he. "That was why I made you look. I daren't take a proper look myself, but what a jest if they were! What a jest!"

"Do you mean the police?" said I.

"The police! Bunny, do you know them and me so little that you can look me in the face and ask such a question? My boy, I'm dead to them—off their books—a good deal deader than being off the hooks! Why, if I went to Scotland Yard this minute, to give myself up, they'd chuck me out for a harmless lunatic. No, I fear an enemy nowadays, and I go in terror of the sometime friend; but I have the utmost confidence in the dear police."

"Then whom do you mean?"

"The Camorra!"

I repeated the word with a different intonation. Not that I had never heard of that most powerful and sinister of secret societies; but I failed to see on what grounds Raffles should jump to the conclusion that these every-day organ-grinders belonged to it.

"It was one of Corbucci's threats," said he. "If I killed him the Camorra would certainly kill me; he kept on telling me so; it was like his cunning not to say that he would put them on my tracks whether or no."

"He is probably a member himself!"

"Obviously, from what he said."

"But why on earth should you think that these fellows are?" I demanded, as that brazen voice came rasping through a second verse.

"I don't think. It was only an idea. That thing is so thoroughly Neapolitan, and I never heard it on a London organ before. Then again, why have they come back?"

I peeped through the blind in my turn; and, to be sure, there was the fellow with the blue chin and the white teeth watching our windows, and ours only, as he bawled.

"And why?" cried Raffles, his eyes dancing when I told him. "Why should they come streaking back to us? Doesn't

that look suspicious, Bunny; doesn't that promise a lark?"

"Not to me," I said, having the smile for once. "How many people, should you imagine, toss them five shillings for as many minutes of their infernal row? You seem to forget that that's what you did an hour ago!"

Raffles had forgotten. His blank face confessed the fact. Then suddenly he burst out laughing at himself.

"Bunny," said he, "you've no imagination, and I never knew I had so much! Of course you're right. I only wish you were not, for there's nothing I should enjoy more than taking on another Neapolitan or two. You see, I owe them something still! I didn't settle in full. I owe them more than ever I shall pay them on this side Styx!"

He had hardened even as he spoke: the lines and the years had come again, and his eyes were flint and steel, with an honest grief behind the glitter.

A BATTLE AND A QUARREL

By Frederick Palmer



HE nickname of "Plain John Dobbins," which he acquired at the Academy, and also the essentials of his sober yeomanry stock, still clung to him as a captain of regular cavalry twenty years after his graduation. If he had been as good in his first year at West Point as he was in his second in mathematics he would have been in the Engineers. Poor in the theories at the Riley war school, he invariably won victories in practice.

So it was with his courtship. He began by fairly dogging the footsteps of a very beautiful and popular girl, who deprecated his suit only to accept him when she had sounded the depths of his character with the deep-sea lead of a love whose existence she had been slow to recognize. Their friends, at first wondering how long before Mary would be flirting with other men and a home would be ruined, eventually spoke of Mrs. Dobbins as a woman who was a little too orthodox for an army post.

"Even if you do believe it," as the Colonel's wife said, "there's no need of

drumming it into the ears of others that the sun rises and sets under your husband's hat and the buttons on his blouse are the sole remaining members of the planetary system."

The Spanish War found them fifteen years married. She followed him to Tampa; and met him, his arm in a sling, at Montauk, with her hair almost white from having killed him at least twice a day and ten times a night during his absence. The joy of having him back buried any bitterness that had risen in her heart because he had received no recognition.

"I know I'm foolish about John," she told a young officer in the Adjutant-General's office, "but I just can't help it."

After Montauk there was a period of rest in the home barracks in Dakota, and then orders to the wearing business of making our hold on new tropical possessions more than titular. Two months after the captain had sailed for the Philippines she left San Francisco. If she had not been a day at sea when his troop (dismounted), attached to the Sixty-third Volunteer Infantry, was ordered to the Camarines Provinces, which are two days' sail

A Battle and a Quarrel

from Manila, he would have cabled her to remain in the States. He left a letter with a friend telling her to wait for further word as to the practicability of joining him. She arrived to find that one woman had already gone to the Camarines. This was the wife of her husband's old lieutenant, who had a "Mex" commission as major in the Sixty-third.

"Where Mrs. Lane can go, I can go," said Mrs. Dobbins.

A kindly quartermaster, without asking the commanding general for permission (because he knew that it would be refused), put her aboard a transport which was sailing immediately. In four days after she had set foot in Manila she was at Brigade Headquarters in Nueva Caceres. On the afternoon of the fifth day, after a ride of thirty miles in dust and heat, the driver of the army wagon which carried her and the mail drove into the little plaza of the town of Lingat in a dramatic manner worthy of the occasion, pulling up short with the side of the seat occupied by Mrs. Dobbins next to the door of the municipal building.

When the group of men in the shade of the trees saw that a white woman was in the wagon, two or three who were in undershirts bolted into their quarters, while the others tried to slick up their clothes by a spasmodic brushing with their hands. When they saw that the white woman was the Captain's wife, they were prevented from cheering only by the instinctive realization that the Captain disliked demonstrations.

"Well, I'm—well, I never!" said the Sergeant, who was with the troop before the Captain himself. Consequently he enjoyed certain privileges.

"Tell me quick, Sergeant," she said, as he assisted her to alight, "where's my husband? I didn't wire for fear he might telegraph me to wait until he could come for me. Don't say a word to him. I want to give him a surprise."

"We're expecting him back every minute. He's been over to one of his other towns, Daet. He's got the troop in three towns now, forty men to a town. Oh, they spread out the regulars just as far as they'll go, as usual, Mrs. Dobbins."

Before the Sergeant had finished speaking they heard the sound of hoofs, and the "big Captain who rides the big Amer-

ican horse and eats in a hurry and never sleeps," as the natives described him, rode into the plaza. The next moment his wife was in his arms.

"You're awfully thin, John!" she exclaimed, as she looked up through her tears at her idol.

"Worked off my fat, girl," he said. "That's all. I'm as tough and healthy as a cayuse. As long as I get enough saddle it doesn't matter, whether I'm in the Dakotas at forty below, or in the Camarines at a hundred in the shade."

He did not notice that she had grown more gray and wrinkled since he last saw her. She would always be young to him.

Picking their way among the quartermaster's stores and the troop equipments in the basement, he led her up the rickety stair into the four living-rooms, where the Filipino servants, who had watched from the window with many wriggles and gesticulations the embrace of a strange white "Americano" lady—the first they had ever seen—by their master, now stood in a line of grins, white shirts and trousers, and naked brown feet and greeted her with profound bows and "Good-day, Señora!"

"So this is our palace and these are our dependents, John!" she said, as she began to look the place over. Palace! A mental note of the shabbiness of the quarters, compared to those of Mrs. Lane at Bigao, made her hasten to say the more cheerfully: "We shall be as comfortable as two bugs in a rug—I mean as comfortable as bugs on ice. Heavens! Isn't it scorching! I made the driver start at 2 A.M., so that I wouldn't have to stop at Mrs. Lane's for tiffin, and could be with you. I'm hungry as a bear."

John bounded into the kitchen, whereupon the three servants ceased staring and hastened the preparation of the meal.

"And so you didn't want to tiffin with Mrs. Lane?" he asked, in order to hear her say again how anxious she was to be with him.

"No. I wanted to have a look at my big husband again. And I don't like Mrs. Lane. Why, that young thing is putting on the airs of a General's wife over her Mex rank! Is it true, John, that you are supposed to salute him?"

"Yes, his volunteer commission makes him my superior officer."

"That boy, whom you taught all the soldiering that he knows! And do you actually have to take orders from him?"

"Yes—in a way."

"It's outrageous!"

"But he tries to be very nice about it," he added, permitting himself this little stroke of diplomacy to cover his wounded pride, for her sake. At the same time he looked at her questioningly, wondering if, after all, even Mary was not a little disappointed with him for failing of promotion. She set all doubts at rest by springing into his arms.

"It's no matter if you're a sergeant. It's no matter if you're a private in the rear ranks!"

"I know that. I know that, Mary. If I didn't know it—I would lose heart."

A flurry at the door interrupted them. They looked around to see the Presidente and two members of the Common Council, as elected under General Order No. 43, standing, hats in hand, in a state of doubt and embarrassment. The great news had travelled fast, and they had come to pay their respects to the wife of the Captain. The Presidente placed his rickety carriage, the only one in town, at Mrs. Dobbins's service to drive in every evening. After him, more deliberately, the next day, came the leading Chinese merchants with presents of silk and pina cloth. Both offers were refused by the Captain himself, as a matter of official discretion. But Mrs. Dobbins, though she did not mean to, recalled that Mrs. Lane spoke of driving in the Presidente's carriage and of the beautiful presents which she had received from the local officials. In fact, Mrs. Lane might have been expected to speak of such things to the wife of the man who formerly had ranked her husband. In the old days on the plains Mrs. Dobbins had more than once put young Mrs. Lane "in her place."

"You see, Mary," explained the Captain, "I'm trying to teach these people what honest government is. When I refused their first lot of gifts they came again with more elaborate ones. When I refused again they asked me how much money I wanted, or what it was that I wanted. I told them that I wanted to be honest and I wanted them to be honest. That's the way I read the Presi-

dent's proclamation and General Order No. 43."

The Chinese, who had heard of the English methods in Hong-Kong, concluded that this must be the peculiar characteristic of all big white men with blond hair, and proceeded to adapt themselves to the new conditions and make the best of them—as they always do abroad and never at home. But the little Presidente had not heard of the English methods in Hong-Kong. He knew only the Spanish method, which was his method—his civilization—and that of those beneath him. So he secretly thought that the Captain was a dunce, who would be recalled in disgrace some day by the American don who was at the head of affairs in Manila. Even as little *presidentes* go, the little Presidente of Lingat was a bad man.

Noblesse oblige compelled Mrs. Dobbins to go to a ball at the Presidente's house, where she tried to talk "pidgin" Spanish with mestiza ladies and to eat six courses of pork with potatoes boiled in grease; and then gave a ball at her own house with a supper which was just as detestable to her half-breed guests as theirs had been to her. With that, the social possibilities of the place were fully exploited.

The life of one white man in a Filipino town can never be as lonely as that of a lone white woman. Even if he accepts the Spanish habit of overfed siestas, which was not the habit of the early Spanish conquerors and cannot agree with the constitutions of a vigorous young people rejoicing in their strength, it cannot be.

Work was wine and meat to John. The details of company command divided into three garrisons, with only a second lieutenant fresh from the Academy to assist him, were five times as great as in a post at home, and yet far less onerous than the new experience of civil administration, which he followed with the interest of a mathematician in a problem. He was never talkative. When he was with his wife he read and smoked, resting supremely happy in the consciousness of her presence.

At first, she had taken some interest in studying Spanish, which her husband had mastered well enough to speak with the Presidente without the aid of an interpreter. At first, she had tried to prepare

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dishes which she knew that her husband liked. But what was the use of learning Spanish which was only provincial? What was the use of cooking when she was never sure whether or not John would be home to a meal? He had hired the Presidente's carriage for her, but what was the use of driving in clouds of dust to look at banana-trees, bamboo-groves, paddy-fields, and lumbering caribao? There came a time when John unknowingly irritated her if he spoke of the glorious tropical sunrises that he had seen from the back of his horse on his morning tour.

It was her first experience away from a post where there was not some society. She had always thought that John alone would be sufficient to her happiness. In truth, he had been a foil to the rest of the world. She had come back to her quiet, forceful husband as to a retreat from the talk and gossip of the post. She had not foreseen that a retreat becomes a hermitage if you are restricted to it.

As the days wore on she did little but lie on a long chair, with thoughts passing through her mind which used to have no place there. She grew sick of the sight of brown faces and bare limbs; of naked infants dying of small-pox in their mothers' arms; of children, with shirts reaching only to their navels, wriggling up the bamboo rungs of the ladders leading to nipa huts. Or, to be diagnostic, she was suffering from the little liver devils of the tropics which fatten on lassitude and starve on exercise.

One unusually hot morning John came in with a map of Africa in perspiration on the back of his blouse and his hair gray with dust and matted to his head. He had his mail, which he had just received, in his hand. He dropped into a chair, called to the houseboy to make sure that the tank supplying the shower-bath was full, and began to read the orders from Head-quarters as if they were the gospel as well as the law. His wife looked at him and then at some bits of paper, the remains of a letter which she and the little devils had torn to pieces in exasperation as soon as she had read it. Mrs. Lane had written to say:

"We expected you up to see us before this. The Major was speaking only to-day about how lonesome you must be. He says that you can come on the mail wagon

any time you wish, and he will see that you are escorted back. Regimental head-quarters is here now, you know, and we have the band to play every evening. We have had two balls, and, of course, being the only white woman here with twelve officers, I danced till I was like a rag."

John was unusually absorbed. He had just been told again that the Presidente, while so fawningly loyal, was plotting to deliver the town over to an insurgent attack; and he had caught a Chinese trader cheating the people with false weights. Moreover, a communication in his hand held out no hope of detaching any of Major Lane's battalion as reinforcements for his three towns. Perhaps he was abrupt in reply to his wife's questions. At all events, the time had come for the outburst which she had long been holding back.

"The Presidentes may amuse you, but they don't amuse me," she said. "Think what my life is here—Dreyfused—with no hope of anything better if I depend on you! Yes, Dreyfused! With the chances that the whole parcel of volunteers will be taken into the regulars as they stand, while I have to courtesy to school-girls who rank me out of quarters! Look at your own classmates who are colonels and lieutenant-colonels! Look at your own lieutenant who is a major! You haven't even written to the senators from your own State! You seem to like to vegetate in this ghastly place, while I suffer!"

Her angrily spoken sentences came as so many blows in the face to her husband. He slowly and mechanically folded up his letters, rose and took three or four steps toward the bathroom, before he found a few poor words.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Mary," he said.

She was already repentant of her abrupt complaint. At tiffin she vainly looked for him to say something upon which she could, with a show of self-respect, hang her plea for forgiveness. After an awkward moment of silence, when he rose from a meal of a few mouthfuls, he said:

"Mary, perhaps a trip to Japan would do you good. You may go, if you wish—or to the States, or anywhere. My expenses are nothing here. You will have most of our income."

He spoke so coldly, so definitely, that

she was instantly in a temper of independence.

"Yes, I will," she said. "I'll go and enjoy myself as other women do. This life of devotion is all very well, but it brings precious little reward, I notice."

"Very good. To-morrow, or next day, or whenever you wish, we can start you off with an escort to Nueva Caceres."

For the moment the woman was bolstered up with her own anger. The man? He passed down the stairs in a daze. To him her words were final. For he knew only how to fight, not how to quarrel.

As he left the building without any particular destination in view he was conscious only of a wish that he might be spared the misery of seeing her again, now that he knew that repugnance had taken the place of love in her heart. He was too preoccupied to notice that the figure coming across the square was running. He did not even recognize it as the familiar one of Juan Mendez, a Filipino property-holder whose blood had not been poisoned by a Spanish strain, until two agitated brown hands were actually under his nose.

"They are coming!" cried Mendez. "I have been up the road and seen them! Four or five hundred, with rifles! They have gathered from all the bands in the country around. The Presidente is guiding them! He hates you! All the drones and schemers hate you! You have not let them make us pay taxes. They know that you have few men. Now they have come for revenge—to burn my home—to kill me—to kill all who are honest! Let me have a rifle! Let me help you!"

The sound of a shot from an outpost put the seal to Mendez's statement.

"No. You go tell the people to take cover, Juan. And tell them that there is no danger. The Americanos will protect them."

"But there are hundreds and you are only a handful!"

"Then we shall get the more rifles."

"Ah, Capitan, you are not 'Spanish—you are not Spanish!" said Mendez, laughing hysterically and becoming quite confident.

While the bugle was sounding to "fall in" and the men were rushing from the shady places where they were resting to

their accoutrements, the Captain went up the bamboo ladder two steps at a time to the tower of the church, which commanded a view of the surrounding country.

He took it for granted that Mendez's numbers could be divided by two, and of this only half would be armed. His vision flew over the foliage in which nestled the nipa roofs of the town, past the open stretch of paddy-field to the bamboo-grove which bordered it. Just beyond, hugging the cover of the river-bank and apparently intending to debouch from the grove and charge across fatal open ground with Oriental perversity, was a column of white figures. Through the glasses each seemed to be carrying a black stick, which was, of course, a rifle. When his practised eye told him that there were actually three if not four hundred, he only smiled a little more grimly and confidently. During his rides he had mapped the country in his mind. His plan for dealing with such an emergency as this had been made long ago. After scanning the horizon to make sure that an attack was not to be directed from two sides he hastened back down the stairs.

His wife was standing by the entrance. He started, and paused long enough to say, in a tone distinctly military:

"Yes, the church is the best place for you. Stray bullets might go through the walls of the house. There is no danger. The affair will be over in half an hour."

And then he passed on.

Her anger going as quickly as it had come, Mrs. Dobbins had hurried from the table to the window and had watched her husband cross the square, his erect figure bearing no sign of his distress of mind. She had overheard Juan's excited tale, and had corroboration of the overwhelming force of the enemy from the outpost who came running into the square after the Captain had entered the church. As an army woman she knew what such odds meant; as a wife she knew that her husband would attack in flank, no matter what the force against him, and that failure meant annihilation, with him cheerfully exposing himself to the last moment. Yet the only sign that she longed for forgiveness before he went into action was the imploring gesture of arms outstretched toward his retreating back.

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As the Captain stopped in front of his waiting garrison, two pale, almost emaciated creatures, wavering under the load of their rifles, came out of the barracks and took their places in the line of forty men, each of whose faces bore that individual realization of what was before him and that stern intention to go through with it which are so characteristic of the American soldier.

"Stoke and Leman," he said to the sick ones, "I thought you were in hospital with dysentery."

"We was, sir," said Stoke, "but if you're willing, we ain't now."

The Captain divided the force into two parts, one part under the Sergeant, with Gelley, the surgeon, attached, and the other under his own command.

"I'm going to take my men," he said to the Sergeant, "and pass under cover of a path, to the west of the main road leading north, then come out on the road so as to be at right angles with the bamboo and with your position. You are to go to the northern outskirts of the town, and as our friends come out of the bamboo you are to hold them back and not let them get near enough to become overconfident. If they come too near, understand, they'll get a grip and their numbers will count. When we begin firing from the roadway, throw it into 'em till your rifles blister your hands. When we charge, you charge. Mind your sights and don't fire high. We'll get 'em all right."

Thereupon, he gave the word and the two columns started off at the double. After he had taken three or four steps with his column he stopped suddenly at the thought of the danger to his wife from some sniper in the town who might bring his rifle out of hiding and begin to throw bullets about among the women and children. He detached Stoke and Leman from the ranks.

"You will stand guard over Mrs. Dobbins," he said. "Search anyone for arms who wants to enter the church."

"Yes, sir," they replied, in broken voices, while he hurried on to catch up with his command.

To them this disappointment meant as much as for a playwright to have his play rehearsed up to the night of presentation and then refused a hearing. Still, they had

the satisfaction of the philosophy which lies behind the Sergeant's saying, that "orders 's orders, and you can usually rely on 'em to be disagreeable."

When they reported themselves with a statement of their duty to Mrs. Dobbins, she bade them, with great asperity, to go to the front, where they were needed. They stood stock-still and merely repeated the Captain's words.

"But won't you do this for me—for a woman—your Captain's wife?" she pleaded. "Every man, every rifle, ought to be out yonder."

"We'd do 'most anything for the Captain's wife," Stoke replied, "except not do as we're told by the Captain in a fight."

"Very well, then," she said, "if you have to stay, I don't."

She started in the direction which her husband had taken.

"Don't, Mrs. Dobbins!" they begged. "Bullets is going to be perty thick here in a minute. Think how the Captain would worry! Don't!"

She did not even give their protests the deference of arresting her steps.

The two sick men looked at each other for a minute, in doubt. Then Stoke had a flash of wisdom.

"We was left to guard her, not to guard the church," he said. "My God! If anything happened to her I wouldn't face the Captain for Rockefeller's fortune."

Then, following correct tactics, one went to the right and the other to the left of Mrs. Dobbins, as if she were a column and they her flankers. So they followed her by the road and by the path her husband had taken, until all instinctively halted as they heard the crash of a Krag volley.

"It's the Sergeant's line, not his," Mrs. Dobbins thought, pressing on.

Immediately the answering bullets of the insurgents began thripping through the banana-trees. At first they were few; then a storm. When Stoke saw two spits of dust in the road in front of her, he rushed to her side, crying, in a tone of command:

"Mrs. Dobbins, you must take cover! If you don't we'll have to carry you by force."

"I'll go if you'll go to the front," she replied.

"One of us will," he answered, as he almost carried her behind the protecting trunk of a big mango-tree. "Leman," he added, as he drew his hand out of his pocket, "odd or even? The fellow who goes has to tell the Captain that he did it on his own."

Leman won. With an exclamation of joy he started on the run, blowing the dust out of his sights as he went. He was ten yards away when he fell in a heap. Stoke ran to him and found him already unconscious, with a hole over the heart. Another waif of the world, taken by the regular recruiting office from a life of uselessness and turned into a man and an expert—who had learned how to smile when he heard the cry of loafers in garrison towns, "Will you work, soldier?" and had still smiled when the volunteers told him how they carried San Juan Hill—had fallen doing his duty in the simple way of the Service. Stoke picked up his dead comrade's rifle and laying it on the big root of the mango-tree beside him, looked out into the thicket with flashing eyes, as confident of the power of the instrument in his hands as any white man ever was in a brown man's country.

There is no suspense like the suspense of being under fire out of sight of the combatants. After the first Krag volley, all the firing had come from the insurgent side. Mrs. Dobbins, as she listened to the passing of the bullets, imagined the worst.

For an explanation, we must turn to the Sergeant, who, at this juncture, was as airy as the belle of a ball. His men were barely on their bellies scanning the line of earth over their sights, when the white figures broke out of the bamboo. He waited for them to come within seven hundred yards. Then, in answer to his volley, they passed out of sight as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

"Oh, ho, my gugu callers, so you've laid down behind a paddy dyke to take account of stock, have you?" he called. "Get down, clear down, boys, and don't shoot till the target's up again."

After firing for five minutes without hitting anyone except poor Leman, the insurrectos rose and began to advance by rushes. Our men now had to rise on their

elbows and return the fire. Butts was the first man wounded. He got "it" in the shoulder at the same moment as a complaint from the Sergeant for exposing himself unnecessarily. Then Stanley's head dropped down on his rifle stock with a bullet hole between the eyes. No one noticed these incidents besides the Sergeant and the Surgeon.

Many insurgents were falling, many were wavering, and others kept on less surely but, nevertheless, gaining ground. When they were within three hundred yards their bugle bade them halt. Our men, whose rifle-barrels hissed if touched by a perspiring hand, knew that the supreme moment was yet to come.

As the insurgents crawled forward to reform their line, their officers recalled to them all the encouragements of the weeks in which this "grand attack" by the mobilization of small guerilla bands and individuals with hidden rifles had been preparing. They told them again of the weakness of the garrison and fanned their wrath against the American Captain who had been making the people trust him. They shouted the prospect of the American supplies and money in the town; of the award of the Captain's watch to the man who killed or captured him; of the loot of Mendez's house and the killing of the traitorous citizens who had failed to pay their taxes to the Republic. The absence of fire from our side encouraged them to think that we had fled. So they rose again with the confidence of the first charge, and all the bullets which the Sergeant's little corps could throw seemed to have no effect upon them.

"Pot those in front!" the Sergeant called. "Then the others will see 'em fall. Leave that officer who's waving his sword to me!"

He aimed at the officer and missed. He fired again with greater care and the officer dropped. Still other officers sprang forward, and there was now no cessation in the movement, which seemed to have the grip of a charge which feels that it is going home and becomes reckless of the cost.

"Is that all you can do?" asked the Sergeant, awakening from the absorption of his own sharpshooting to notice that the fire from his men was slackening.

There was no reply. Not even the man next to him had heard him speak.

"Burleigh!" he shrieked, turning his attention entirely from the field to his men, "Burleigh, what are you doing behind that root? Funking it?"

Then he saw that Burleigh was dead; and he saw that he had only eight men firing—eight men whose faces were set with the purpose of making the most of the inevitable.

"If any man opens the clip to his magazine 'fore there's a gugu within ten foot of him, I'll pommel him till he's black and blue. Pump it into 'em! Pump——" the Sergeant's yell was drowned by the triumphing cry of the Filipinos of "Gangway Americanos!" as they started forward at a dead run.

As if in answer to the insurrectos's taunt, the broken volley of men falling into position in haste spoke from the side of the road. The insurrectos stopped with the shock of the flank fire like a beast wounded in the side as it is about to reach its prey. "Plain John Dobbins" never looked finer than now, his face lighted with the enthusiasm and the preoccupation of the business at hand, which was to maintain the accuracy of the fire of twenty excited men; for that, and not shouting or the beating of drums, is the art of company command, and, therefore, the way of the Service. With the instinct of the animal, the insurgents turned in the direction from which the wound had been inflicted and desperately replied to the fire.

It was then that the Captain, who was standing erect despite his preachings about the necessity of a line officer taking cover, whirled half round with the impact of a blow that stung his left forearm. He looked down to see blood, and immediately forgot the wound in watching for the moment when the enemy's fire should be so far reduced as to warrant a charge with the minimum of exposure. So short was the range that he drew his revolver and emptied its chambers with the zest of personal encounter.

It is not in the blood and marrow under brown skins to grapple with a flank fire. The insurgents' impulse of desperation did not last long. They imagined that there were a thousand Americans, instead of a handful which they could easily sweep

away with the bayonet. When they saw the big forms in blue shirts and khaki spring out of the rut by the roadway, everyone sought to save his own life—if his legs were too weak with fear to carry him, by lying prone on the ground and crying for mercy; if not, by running for the bamboo.

Without his charge the Captain would not have considered that he had administered a "licking." He stopped in the middle of the field with his bugler at his elbow, while his men went in chase. As he looked around at the dead and the dying and the prisoners, he heard a familiar voice crying, "Medico!" (surgeon). Its source was the parched lips of the Presidente—a bullet through his shoulder and a Mauser rifle on the ground by his side.

"Mercy! mercy!" he begged. "The wicked ones kidnapped me and forced me to fight."

"Yes," the Captain replied, "you've made a great fool of yourself. However, you mustn't think that I believe your lie."

And the little Presidente nestled closer to the earth for fear of accidents as the Sergeant and his eight remaining men, who had charged with the moral force of a division, came hurrying forward to catch the rest of the line. The Captain stopped them.

"What are your casualties?" he asked.

"Well, Stanley, Burleigh, and Smith are dead and Swanson's perty bad. The others 'll recover, I guess—great guns, sir! Don't you know that you've been hit in the arm?"

"I should say he had!" said Surgeon Gelley, coming up and instantly ripping open the Captain's sleeve with his knife.

"Not much," said the Captain. "Went clean through."

"I suppose if two went clean through you wouldn't have it bandaged," said Gelley, applying a "first aid." "Blood trickling off your fingers—not much! Nipped an artery—not much! Here, put this sling over your head; that'll do for the present. If you don't go back to the house I'll order you. Now you're sick, I'm your boss."

"I don't want the men to get too far afield," the Captain told the Sergeant. "Call them in. Make the Presidente's house a hospital and have the prisoners carry in their wounded."

And the little Presidente was already proudly thinking that our victory did not count, because we were such fools as not to take advantage of it.

As he walked unsteadily across the field so as to have the shade of the trees back to the plaza, the Captain began to feel the effects of reaction. He involuntarily put his free arm to his head as if to steady it. At the roadside he met his wife, whom Stoke could hold back no longer after the fire had diminished. The sight of her brought up the events of the morning and all its contingent misery, which had been momentarily forgotten.

"John," she asked, "is it bad?"

"We've licked them good and hard," was the reply, "but we had to pay a price. Four killed——"

"Not them! Your arm, I mean."

"That's nothing."

"But there's a great red spot on the bandage."

"Always is, Mary. It doesn't stop bleeding the minute that you slap a 'first aid' onto it."

Meanwhile he had continued to walk. Now he stopped suddenly and, staggering almost to the point of falling, asked, in a military manner:

"What are you doing here? I thought I left you at the church."

What she wanted to reply was, "Because I loved you and couldn't wait for you to forgive me." But he seemed at once too weak and too formidable in his dusty khaki and flapping, bloody sleeve to recur to the subject.

"I wanted to—to see," she stammered.

"To see!" he repeated. "And if we had been driven back?"

She made no reply.

They went on in silence, save for the plunking of their feet in the thick, hot dust—until, without any warning, there was a sharp report from the roadside, followed by the peculiar thud of a bullet striking flesh.

The Captain whirled and fell, with the blood gushing from his leg, but facing his antagonist. The instinct of his profession gave him strength for the time being. His vision was quite clear again. Only a few yards away he saw peering over the root of a mango-tree a black, pock-marked face. The assassin had partly risen on

his elbow while his rifle rested on the root, as if entranced by the effect of his deed. Then he seemed to comprehend that it was life for life and took aim again as the Captain reached for his revolver only to remember that the chambers were empty. There followed a report, the sound of a bullet going high over the Captain's head in the bamboo, and a blow with the stock of a rifle which crushed in the Filipino's skull.

"There, you swine!" Stoke said.

"You ain't worth a cartridge."

Then he went to the assistance of Mrs. Dobbins, who had her thumb pressed with all the strength of her arm just above the wound. With his bayonet Stoke made a tourniquet and applied his own first-aid bandage. He was about to start back to the field for a stretcher when he espied a full-grown manikin peeking out of a nipa hut. So he and the native bore the prostrate man to the house on a piece of nipa thatch.

It seemed to the Captain that his bearers were travelling up and down the swells of a rolling sea of dust, as through a hot fog which stifled him he saw his wife hurrying ahead to prepare the way. His racing thoughts again dwelt entirely upon what had passed between them in the morning.

"How old she looks! Grown old suffering under a yoke. She's trying to do her duty," he told himself. "That's what she has been doing for years, in contrition, with all the love out of her heart. And I have never known it until to-day! Never knew it until when she let the mask fall I saw that she loathed the sight of me. How easy it would be—an artery, Stoke said—and save further trouble. I would leave her sufficient income, and——"

The next that he knew he was drinking iced water out of a glass held by Gelley, while his wife was at the surgeon's elbow.

"Hemorrhage stopped, all right, old chap," Gelley said, cheerfully. "You'd have been done for in two minutes if Stoke hadn't put the tourniquet on. I'm not going to have you undressed or excited in any way till all danger is passed. I'll peep in at the door again in ten minutes and want to find you sound asleep. Meanwhile, I'm going back to poor Swanson and try to save him."

Contrary to expectations, the iced water had revived the Captain and taken him back to the train of irrational thought which he was following when he had become unconscious. As the resultant determination gained force in his mind he said, abruptly :

"Mary, I can sleep easier if you will go outside and lie down and rest."

"Then I will," she said, cheerfully, not daring to excite him by any protest, much less relieve herself of the burden of self-blame which lay heavier and heavier upon her heart.

The subterfuge served his purpose. His strength grew with his idea.

"She will have income enough and both of us will have peace. No one—will suspect a suicide," he whispered. "They—will—say—I was delirious, as Smith was when he tore his bandages off in Cuba. In two minutes, Gelsey said—"

With an effort he reached the knot of the bandage around his leg, but he could not untie it. He fumbled in his pocket, took out his knife, leaned against the pillow while he laboriously opened it. He slipped the blade under the outside strand of the bandage. Then he suddenly recalled, smiling in the cynicism of his conception, that he had not yet written the report of his action.

"I'll make it a true report," he said, in a mocking whisper.

He took a piece of paper and a pencil from the table at the head of his bed and wrote, in trembling characters :

"For four months I have been holding three towns with one hundred men, while I have been denied reinforcements from the full battalion at Bigao. I do not consider my losses against four hundred unreasonably heavy, considering that the enemy was organized in, and marched unnoticed from, the battalion's sphere of influence."

"And now," he thought. Once he bent over, only to fall back in exhaus-

tion. The second attempt was more successful. He laid his hand upon the knife.

Again he was arrested in the execution of his purpose: this time by a sob from the adjoining room. His wife, who had been suppressing her emotion, had now involuntarily put her agony into words. He listened.

"Oh, if he only could understand!" she was saying. "If he only knew how I love him and hate myself for what I said!"

His delirium had passed. He fell back upon his pillow with the smile of one who has found life worth living again.

"Mary!" he called.

She came on tiptoe.

"Mary," he said, "I think that I could sleep better if you were in the room with me."

The wife picked up that novel report, and, before her husband thought of it again, had sent it to the patient and well-abused one in Manila.

"As if I had anything to do with promotions," he remarked, grimly.

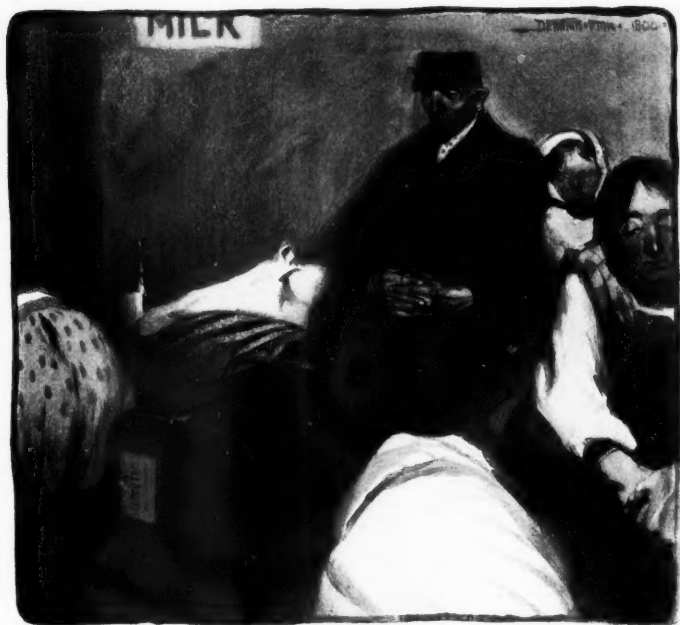
He smiled to himself—for his American sense of humor never deserted him—and enclosing the letter, wrote on his familiar pad :

"This is not military and was written by Captain Dobbins in a delirium. However, it states the truth. Confidential."

The Adjutant-General, who opened this letter after one from a Congressman's wife pleading that her son be sent home, remarked :

"Why will such men always hide themselves when they ought to know that we are looking for them? Can't they read in the newspapers that it pays to advertise?"

Wherefore, he wrote a two-months' extension of leave for an officer who, under the devoted ministrations of his wife, was happily convalescing in the mountains of Japan.



Some sat wearily on the benches, their hands clasped in their laps.—Page 304.

AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS

By Arthur Henry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

I WAS standing one day last winter at the Barge Office, when a boat full of immigrants arrived. A strong wind was blowing from the sea, and the water of the harbor was tossing savagely. It was a bitter day for the three hundred and more creatures packed like cattle on the barge, for most of them were venturing alone into an unknown country. There were very few with more than ten dollars. Some knew that relatives were waiting for them, but to many more the future was all uncertain. They knew no one here, had no place to go, and were landing with only a few coins in their pockets. But it was plain enough that none of these people anticipated evil. No one can watch a load of immigrants land, without being struck by the astonishing signs of hope and confidence about them all. There has never been any exag-

geration of this. Incredible as it may seem to one who knows how grim is the struggle for life among the masses in America, it is evident that this is still the land of promise to the poor of Europe. They trooped up the gang-plank, dragging their great bags of luggage behind them or bearing it strapped to their backs. Most of the women wore thick boots and short calico dresses, with shawls over their heads and shoulders. The children, clinging to their skirts, looked as if they had never cried nor asked for anything. They were nearly all Russians from the southern provinces, and Russian Poles. Even the babies of this race seem to bear whatever comes to them with a calm and sturdy patience. The men, as they hurried past the officers at the entrance, made a hasty obeisance, ducking their bodies and uncovering their heads.



Men, women, and children of every tribe and race.—Page 304.

The officers, to whom all this is a part of the day's grind, only answered with loud orders to "move along," to "get on," to "shove ahead with you there;" but the eager faces, the strange manners and costumes got into my wits, and I found myself bowing and smiling in answer. A number of them, catching my eye, trotted over to shake hands with me and cry, "Jacksemas."

The crowd was kept moving rapidly, until they stood in a close herd before the door leading to the floor above—an immense hall—where the first inspection takes place. Admitted here, they passed in single file along a way between two railings. Close by the door stood a physician who pounced upon the heads of the passing immigrants and, pulling them toward him, rumpled the hair and peered closely at the scalp for favus. If no disease was found, they were passed on to the next

physician, whose duty it is to detect trachoma.

This inspector has acquired an amazing speed and accuracy. He stands directly in the path of the approaching immigrant, holding a little stick in his hand. By a quick movement and the force of his own compelling gaze, he catches the eyes of his subject and holds them. You will see the immigrant stop short, lift his head with a quick jerk, and open his eyes very wide.

The inspector reaches with a swift movement, catches the eye-lash with his thumb and finger, turns it back, and peers under it. If all is well, the immigrant is passed on to the civil examiners. Most of those detained by the physicians are Jews. It is pitiful to see the look of apprehension or terror that flashes into the faces of those who are detained. They have evidently known nothing of the restrictions. News travels slowly among the cabins on the Russian plains, and although the steamship companies are obliged to return all properly



They trooped up the gang-plank, dragging their great bags of luggage.—Page 301.

excluded immigrants, free of charge, and are supposed to refuse passage to them on the other side, about three in every hundred are barred for one cause or another. But these immigrants seem to know nothing of all this. America has always been for them the free country—the paradise that it was possible, perhaps, to some time reach before death. For this they have toiled and saved and suffered patiently. Among these that I watched was a family of five. They were Polish peasants.

The father was fifty, but he looked ten years older. His long white hair fell from his fur cap almost to his shoulders. His face was peaked and lined with a net-work of wrinkles, but they seemed more like the dimples of age than its ravages. He smiled at whoever looked at him, and peered up from under his gray eyebrows, from the simple blue eyes of a child. He could not lift his head, for his shoulders were bent and stiff. The mother was a little, slender, old woman of forty. She carried a boy of six in her arms, closely wrapped in a blanket. Another boy of twenty-two or -three and a girl of nineteen followed. They all seemed very much surprised when their heads were seized and examined, and the girl's cheeks, plump and rosy before, became very red. The boy scowled and muttered some protest, but the old man bobbed his head and laughed. He had worked for twenty years and saved a few cents every week, by depriving himself of everything, to reach America. His troubles were over now. He had sold everything he owned, and having travelled to the seaport and bought passage for his family, and lived on the way, had arrived with a little money left, tied in one corner of a red cotton handkerchief. A little rumpling of his hair now would not hurt him. As they were passing the last physician, they were stopped.

"What's this?" said the doctor. "Let me see the boy."

He took the little fellow from his mother,



Peering wistfully at the officials and visitors.—Page 304.

threw off the blanket, and looked at his legs. He stood him on his feet. He could not walk. "I thought so," said he, and passed them all into the little pen with the detained.

The woman caught the boy and held him close in her arms, murmuring softly to him and paying little heed to anything about her. The old man seemed a little bewildered, and questioned those in the pen with him. None of them seemed to know why they were kept there, while the others passed on.

"What is the matter with the boy?" I asked the inspector.

"Paralysis."

"Will that be sufficient to exclude him?"

"Not that in itself. It is only contagious diseases that would directly bar anyone from entrance."

"Then, why have you stopped them?"

"We must find out if there is any danger of this boy's becoming a public charge. This family will have to show what resources they have. If they are all poor and have no relatives here who will guarantee to take care of the child, it will have to go back."

"And the whole family with it?"

"They will arrange that to suit themselves. The mother, of course, would have to go with it. If the older boy and girl want to stay and the parents are willing, we will probably admit them, but if they have no money and no responsible friends, the old man, his wife, and the cripple will have to go."

"Do they know this?"

"Probably not."

"How long will it be before this case is disposed of?"

"Two or three days. They will have to wait until the court of inquiry can reach them. All those others are ahead of them."

He pointed to the great pens that surrounded us, and which, sunk half a story lower than the floor where we were standing, looked like long, wide pits, filled with restless animals. There were hundreds of them—men, women, and children of every tribe and race. Some sat wearily on the benches, their hands clasped in their laps, their eyes fixed upon the floor. As many as could reach the barred partitions leaned

against them, peering wistfully at the officials and visitors.

A tall young Russian mountaineer, with a high fur hat, felt boots, and long coat

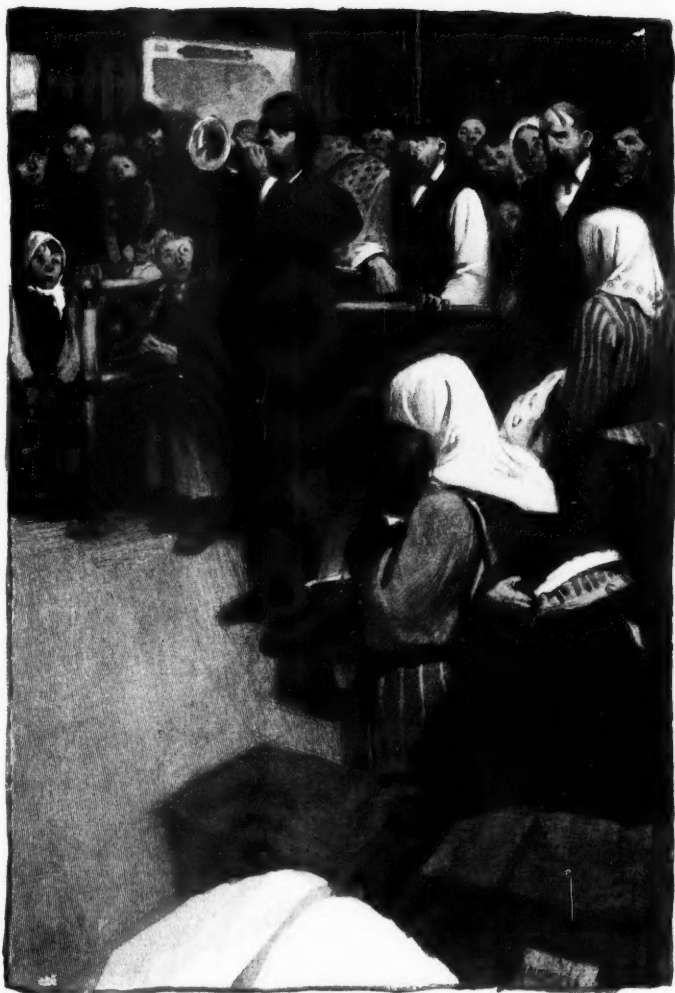
of undressed bear-skin, strode steadily back and forth from one end to the other of the long cage without once looking up or changing the gloomy, hunted expression of his face. All these were held for lack of money, or on suspicion that they had come as contract laborers, or on some charge cabled from the other side. Here was an old white-haired shrivelled woman who had arrived on a ticket sent her by her children in Dakota. She had no money, and was detained while the Government agents sent for information as to the responsibility of the children. If they proved to be able to take care of her and sent enough money to take her safely there, she would be sent to



The tall mountaineer stood quietly, his hands clasped behind his back.—Page 308.

them; if not, she would have to go back. She had waited now for three days without quite understanding why, without a word of complaint or inquiry. She sat all day on her bag of clothes, leaning against the wall, her eyes closed, now and then nodding in a partial doze.

Nearly all the detentions are caused by lack of money. There were young girls who had been sent for by their husbands, but who had failed to meet them, and sad-faced mothers, with their little families, who had come unbidden to find the man who had deserted them. These were waiting while the Government was searching for the husbands.



Threw back his head and began at once to play.—Page 308.

Meanwhile the long line was filing past the physicians. Nearly all of them proved sound and well. The majority of them were strapping young fellows with clear fair skins and fearless blue eyes, and plump Polish girls from sixteen to twenty, who carried their little brothers or sisters or the household goods of the family on their backs, as blithely as if bearing the lunch to a picnic.

Not far from the last examining physi-

cian stood a man who bawled and beckoned to the advancing line, urging them to move on. They could not understand a word he said, and seemed to look upon his uproar as a part of the commotion of a landing-place. As they reached him, he separated them according to their nationality or language, which he seemed able to determine at a glance, and sent them up the long aisles partitioned off by rails for the purpose. When they had all



He stepped briskly to the rail without looking toward the bench.—Page 311.

been assorted and stood in parallel rows the length of the room, a general order was given, and the several lines began to move. At the end of each aisle is a desk where an interpreter sits and questions every emigrant in his own language. He looks at his store of money and compares his story with the account already in his possession, which has been supplied by the ship's company that brought him. If there is anything wrong, he passes on and is free to find all the gold pieces that are left in the streets, but if he has only a few copper coins, as is generally the case, he is sent down into one of the pits until such time as he can convince the Government that he can take care of himself, or that someone will do it for him.

On the day that I watched the proceeding, an incident occurred that seemed to me unusual and dramatic, although Commissioner McSweeney assures me such things happen every day.

I was standing by one of the desks, and the official who was making the examinations interpreted his questions and the answers for me. I was constantly amazed at the revelations. Whole families cheerfully admitted that they had no money at all, expected no one to meet them, had no work engaged, and no place to go. This did not seem to concern them. They answered every question readily, and spoke with smiling good-nature. They had left trouble behind them, and wanted only to pass on to the good-fortune before.

Among the penniless ones was a tall, young fellow, carrying a little bag of black cloth. He was a Pole, about twenty years old. His hair was black, and fell about his ears in curls. His cheeks were round and smooth, but a perceptible down covered his lip. He looked frankly into the eyes of the interpreter, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed when asked how much money he had.

"Come, come," said the officer, sharply, "how much money have you?"

"None," said the Pole, still smiling.

"Anyone here to meet you? Any relatives?"

"No."

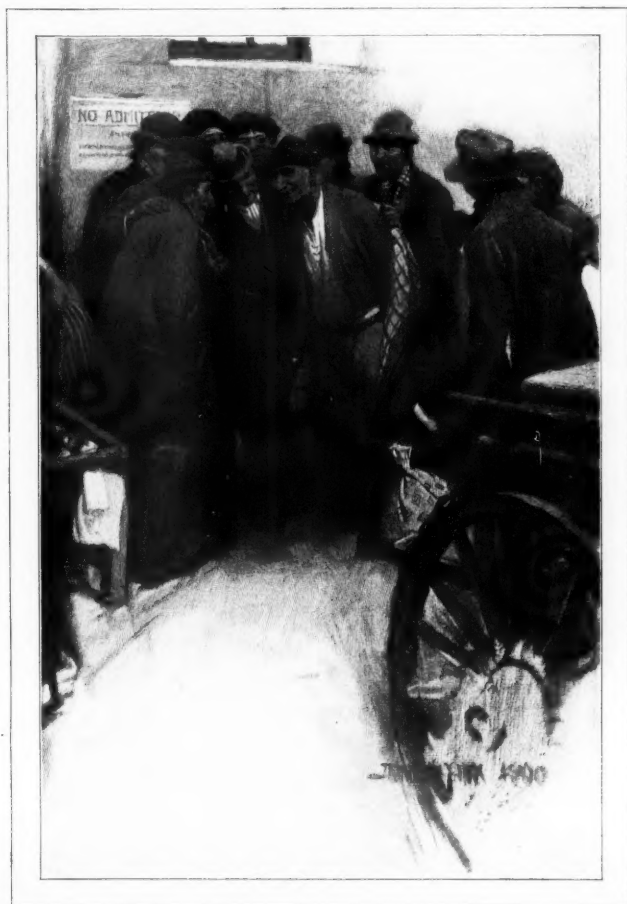
"Where are you going?"

"I will go first to Fall River. I have a friend there. And then I will see all the country. I will make money. You will hear of me."

The officer looked at him sharply. This was something new to him.

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friends to speak for you? How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?"

"I will be all right," replied the boy, confidently. "With this," he ad-



Insisted that he should put it on.—Page 311.

ded, tapping his bag, "I can go anywhere."

"What have you in there?"

He laughed, and, opening the bag, took out a cornet. It seemed to speak aloud of the care that was lavished on it. Anyone could see it belonged to one who loved it.

"Can you play it well?" asked the official, a little more kindly, for the manner of the boy had awakened curiosity.

"Shall I show you?" he asked, in answer.

"Yes, step one side here and tune away while I let the others pass."

The boy stepped out into an open space, and, lifting the horn to his lips, threw back his head and began at once to play the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." After the first note everyone in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants were motionless, and even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes. The forlorn prisoners in the pits looked up and their anxious faces became tender. The tall mountaineer stood quietly, his hands clasped behind his back. When the music ceased there was a burst of ap-

plause. The sound of clapping hands and shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from even the unseen regions of the great building, for the clear, true notes of the horn had penetrated everywhere. The physicians, who had a few moments before rumbled the boy's hair and peered unceremoniously into his eyes, joined in the applause; the red-faced man who had roughly jostled him in line roared now, in a hearty voice, "You're all right!" and the officer who had sharply questioned him slapped him on the back. Commissioner McSweeney, who had come up from his office at the call of the horn, asked for the particulars, and, turning to the agent of the Fall River Line of boats, said:

"Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," replied the agent, as he took the young Pole's arm and led him away.

Accompanied by one of the interpreters, I descended into a pit, full of those waiting to be examined by the Court of Inquiry. Everyone we approached handed us without hesitation the little slips containing their story and the cause of deten-



They were standing, hand in hand, on the steps, looking curiously about them.—Page 311.

tion, made out by the examiner at the desk or the physician. Every case was full of pathos, and it needed no other emphasis than the patient, hopeful, and yet anxious faces of those we questioned.

There was one old Italian by the gate as we entered. He had been standing with his face pressed against the bars, and trying eagerly to catch the attention of anyone who passed. He said nothing, but his eyes constantly sought those of the officials or the visitors, and if by any chance he caught a glance from them his face wrinkled into the most alluring smile as he held out his paper for inspection. No one paid any attention to him, but he never for a moment lost heart or ceased his efforts.

When we entered he followed us about, and if we stopped to question anyone, there he was by our elbows, smiling, bowing, and extending his paper in a trembling hand. He was being held for the arrival of a son from Newark, who had for some reason failed to meet him the day before. He was dressed very scantily, and must have suffered in the bitter weather. He wore only a thin, short coat, too small for him; a cotton shirt open at the breast; a pair of overalls, reaching only a little below the knees, and boots that did not match. He was called to the Court while we were still questioning him, and I followed.

This Court of Inquiry is a unique tribunal. It consists of five judges, one of whom, Major Semsey, acts as interpreter. He it is who questions all those who come before it, for there is scarcely a dialect of Europe he cannot speak like a native.

Every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included, this Court holds its sessions, for no service nor feast nor festival could be enjoyed with the knowledge that hundreds of troubled souls were spending those hours in despair. One would think that men passing upon thousands of cases in a year would become hardened to appeals upon their sympathies. But the fact is, such scenes as are constantly enacted here never can become trite. The stories told and retold every hour are always intensely interesting. They are simple and brief, but so real and the tragedies so apparent that again and again the Major's voice softens and the moisture fills his eyes

as he questions. He sits at one end of a long table that serves as a bench, and summons the next applicant to the rail before him with a short stick he always holds. This he taps on the Bible and Crucifix just inside the rail, and when the oath has been taken, he pushes the hand away with it. Then he speaks to the immigrant in the language of his home, and though his voice is sharp and his words quick and commanding, these people seem to feel the kindly heart behind them and answer with faces full of the pleasure they feel at the sound of their familiar dialect. His brusque manner never disconcerts them, but, as if braced and relieved of whatever fear they have felt, they fix their eyes upon his and speak as eagerly and quickly as he. Ordinarily, the Major repeats what he has learned to the Board after every answer, but sometimes he forgets to do this in the interest of the story told.

The old Italian I followed was ordered to a seat on a bench beside a rosy-cheeked girl of his own race and a Polish woman with three sturdy children.

A German boy, just of age, was standing by the rail. He had just been sworn. He stood very straight, and there was a pronounced air of gentleness and courage in his appearance. His face betrayed imagination and refinement.

"This report," said one of the judges, reading from the paper sent down by the examiner at the desk, who had first questioned the boy, "says that he has been sent here by his guardian to reform, and that he has about two dollars American money."

The Major said, "He don't look like a fellow who needs to reform." Then he questioned him. The boy did not seem to understand at first, but, when he did, smiled slightly and spoke for a moment in a quiet way, and his voice was unusually musical.

"I thought so," said the Major. "He has come to this country to 'better himself.' The fellow upstairs translated it 'reform.'" The judges smiled, and the Major continued to question.

"His guardian bought his passage, but gave him no money," he translated, and after the next question added: "He has been a waiter for the last six years, and his wages were turned over to his guardian."

He has never had any of the money he earned, and the moment he was of age he came to America."

Then the Major seemed to hear something that interested him. He asked a number of questions rapidly, and then listened closely while the boy spoke at length. His soft, persuasive voice became lower and lower. His eyes filled with tears, and he paused for a moment, moving his hand slowly over the rail before him, back and forth. Then he looked at the Major, brushed his eyes, and concluded his statement with a brave smile.

The Major cleared his throat, and, whirling around so as to face the Court, said, in the gruffest voice he could command, but with the moisture in his eyes that so often is summoned there:

"I asked him about his guardian, and if he had any property over there. He says the man he calls his guardian is no relation to him so far as he knows. His father, whom he has never seen, gave him away when he was a baby. He knows nothing of him, nor of his mother. Some day, when he has made a little money, he will try to find her, but he is afraid she is dead, for she would not have deserted him. I asked him why he never tried to learn who his father is, if only to know whether he has any property—he could make his father help him. He said that he would take nothing from a father who would give him away, and wanted never to know him. He hopes we will not send him back. He will get work at once in some restaurant, if he has to begin with nothing. He hopes to educate himself and become a good citizen. I move to admit."

Every judge promptly voted likewise, and the boy was dismissed with a recommendation to the agent for the German Emigrant Society in another part of the building. This much is certain, anyone who leaves the Barge Office to enter this country will find help if he is able and willing to work, for every nationality looks after its own.

The Polish mother was questioned. She was going with her three children to a son in Wyoming, who had sent her steamboat and railroad tickets and a little money. She now had four dollars, and on this amount she expected to reach Wyoming.

"They are Poles," said the Major, as if that were recommendation enough. "If they started for a trip around the world on four cents, they would do so cheerfully, and they would make the journey, too. You don't see any Poles begging or living in charitable institutions. They are a healthy, hard-working, and clear-headed lot. They are honest, too. They are about the only people we have who don't lie when the truth would serve them better."

The young Italian girl was called for by her brother. He was a dapper little fellow. He wore a very good black cut-away, striped trousers with new creases in them, a light box overcoat, alpine hat, and patent leather shoes. He carried new gloves and a cane, and wore a carnation in his buttonhole. His black hair was plastered in two full curves low on his forehead. It shone like silk. He had arrived at the Barge Office early that morning to meet his sister, and had been promptly locked up in a little room with some fifty others who were waiting for friends or relatives. He had stood in this closely packed prison for three hours, without knowing the reason, but with a good-natured confidence in the Government.

"Stay there till you are called," said the official, as he crowded him in with the others, and he waited without a word.

The girl was an almost perfect blonde. She looked more like a Swede than an Italian, but on a second glance you could detect the South in the warmth of her coloring and the sombre expression of her blue eyes. It was her race and not her condition of mind that produced the half-melancholy, languid gaze she fixed upon the Major. She had been detained because the Court had received a strange anonymous letter denouncing her as an immoral girl. The judges placed little faith in it, as it was unsigned, and, after looking at the girl, they had still less. She told where she was born, her age, the names of her relatives in Italy, and said that her brother would meet her. She gave his name, address, and business.

"Have you any enemy?" asked the Major, in Italian.

"No, Signor."

"Have you ever had a lover?"

"Si, Signor."

"More than one, I guess."

"Si, Signor."

There was just a suggestion of a grave smile about her pretty red lips.

"Ever refused to marry anyone?"

"Si, Signor."

"Just before leaving home?"

"Si, Signor."

The Major waved her away, and she went quietly to her bench.

"That letter was probably written in revenge," said he.

The brother was called, and he came jauntily in, bowing and smiling. He stepped briskly to the rail without looking toward the bench. The girl half rose and sat down again quickly, but, though she said nothing and resumed her waiting patiently, her eyes shone with delight, her color deepened, and she held her head fondly to one side as she gazed at her brother. It had been three years since she had seen him. He could speak English, and answered every question with a smile and little nod of the head. He had come for his sister. He corroborated all her statements. He was a barber, had two hundred dollars in the bank and fifty dollars with him.

"Are you married?"

"No, but I intend to be."

"When?"

"In two, three years—when I have sent for all my family and my wife's mother and little sister. They live near my people in Italy."

They showed him the accusing letter. He read it and handed it back, saying, quietly: "It is not so. She is a good girl."

The Court voted to admit, and he was told to take his sister and go.

By much the same process my old Italian was given to his son, who proved that he could provide for him, and I followed the two out of the building.

When they reached the sidewalk they were surrounded by some ten or twelve

young Italians, who had come with their friend to help welcome the old man. One of them took off his overcoat and insisted that he should put it on. A number of them divided his bags among them; they slapped him on the back and laughed and cried at the signs of his joy. I saw them all climb into an express wagon belonging to one of them and ride off toward a Jersey ferry, with the old man smiling and tearful in their midst.

A few days later, as I was entering the Barge Office again, I saw the young Polish boy and girl who had been detained with the little cripple. They were standing, hand in hand, on the steps, looking curiously about them. I learned that the old father and mother, with the child, had been excluded. They had wept a little, but would not allow the son and daughter to go back with them. The old man had just missed his paradise after twenty years of toil and hope, but he was resigned in the good-fortune of his children.

"What will become of them?" I asked the Major.

"Oh, they will live on nothing, as they have done, and in two years, at the most, those children will send for them. They are Poles and by to-morrow they will be working at something."

It is a mistake to think that this country is being made a dumping-ground for Europe's rubbish. Year by year we are acquiring, by a process of natural selection, the pick of the nations. Those who possess thrift, courage, and ambition make their way here. The dull, the indolent, and the hidebound stay at home. The third and fourth, if not the second generation from these sturdy emigrants give us good Americans. The danger that we have most to fear is that we, too, will grow old as a nation, and that this constantly inflowing tide of new blood will be diverted to the ancient lands becoming young again.

THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT

Edited by Charlotte M. Martin

II



It was in 1869 that Mr. Daly opened his first Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth Street, where now is the Madison Square Theatre. It was in this theatre that Mr. Daly first showed New York what he could do as a manager. The little hall that had stood there next the Fifth Avenue Hotel had been turned into a theatre by "Jim" Fiske, and taken by John Brougham for his second Lyceum. Brougham was no business man, and Fiske was. Some difficulty arose, and the delightful old actor walked out of the house, never to return as manager. Mr. Daly stepped into his place to make a success of this second Lyceum, as Wallack had made a success out of the failure of the first Lyceum, down near Broome Street, nearly twenty years before.

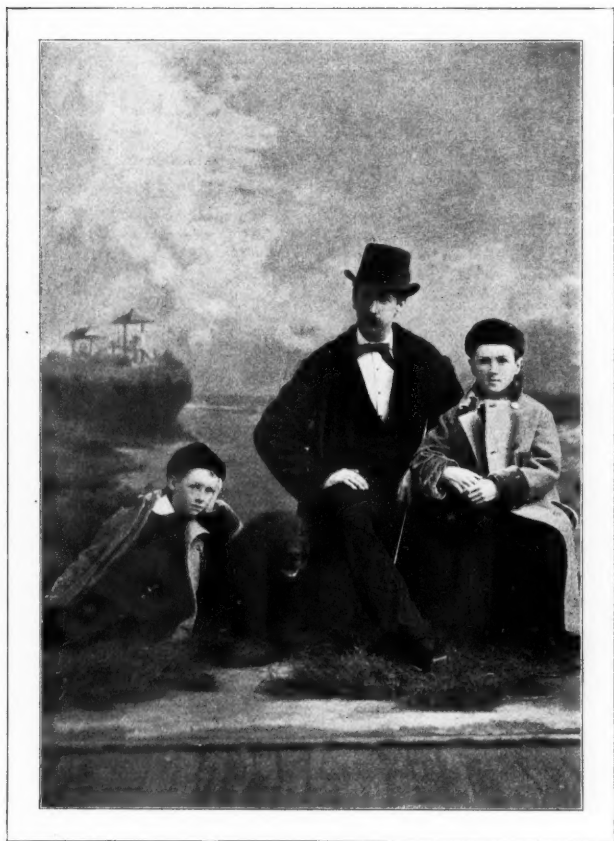
Mr. Daly had begun life in this town as a journalist on the staff of the *Courier*. Even then he was trying to write plays, and had to live down the disappointment of having his earliest attempts refused, mislaid in manager's desks, and forgotten altogether. He got his first chance when he adapted "Leah the Forsaken" from a German play, for Miss Bateman, who was starring in this country under her father's management. It was Mr. Bateman, by the way, who gave to Henry Irving his first opening in London. "Leah" was a success in this country and in England, where Bateman produced it at the Adelphi Theatre in 1863. The play is still a favorite, though many have forgotten that it was the first of Mr. Daly's adaptations from the German. He also dramatized Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt" for Smith and Baker, who had the New York Theatre on Broadway for a time. Lewis Baker had been my manager in Louisville and Cincinnati, and his daughter was to be the present Mrs. John Drew.

As for the New York Theatre, we were all to know it better under Mr. Daly's own

management in 1873. It was in this theatre, by the way, that "Under the Gaslight," Mr. Daly's first original piece, was brought out. It ran for fifty nights, and was revived for the Worrell sisters. It not only stood that revival, but many, many others, and is alive to-day. I have been told that it was for this play of "Under the Gaslight" that Mr. Daly invented the modern spectacular theatre poster. He produced his second original play, "A Flash of Lightning," at the Broadway, while I was still at that theatre. That was the first time I ever saw "The Governor."

After all this early experience, Mr. Daly saw his chance to get the Fifth Avenue Theatre for his own, and it proved the beginning of thirty years of all kinds of managerial work. During those years there was hardly an actress or actor of any note who did not, at one time or another, appear under his direction. He did everything, from "handling" big stars to running a stock company and setting up comic operas. The big stars often cost him more than they brought in. Once I know, when he was managing some one very important and very expensive, it so happened that we of the stock company, who were also "on the road," had to pass through the car where Mr. Daly and his star were sitting, to get to our own part of the train, and they made joking pretence of not knowing us, and of our being beneath notice anyway. As I passed the "Governor" I whispered to him: "You needn't snub us; we're making more money for you than your star, and you know it." And indeed we were.

For my part, I have never believed in the big-star system of modern days. They absorb so much money with their enormous salaries that it is impossible to support them properly and yet make any money. My first manager, John B. Rice, of Chicago, always refused to have Forrest play in his theatre, although the two men were good friends. He reasoned this way: Forrest drew good money for the week or fortnight of his stay, but he



The Late Augustin Daly and his Two Boys.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gillert.

ruined the business of the theatre for weeks after and weeks before his visit. He was so great an actor that before he came everybody was saving up money to see him; and after he had gone, it was some time before anyone would pay any money to see an inferior man. Forrest understood the position entirely, and the two men never quarrelled over the fact that each chose to make his fortune in his own way.

It is impossible to say when Mr. Daly began to learn his business, but he was always at it, from the days when he organized his brothers and their playmates into a dramatic company, and gave plays in the smoke-house of his early home in North

Carolina, and later in the back-parlor of his mother's house in Virginia. Even then he wrote the plays, gave out the parts, and managed the whole thing with an iron hand. Mr. Daly never told me a word of all this—he rarely talked about himself anyway—but at our regular New-Year dinners of later years, Judge Daly, his famous brother, often gave us anecdotes of their common childhood. I remember he told us once that Augustin never acted in these boyish plays, but would often rush in among them all and show them how to do things. And often, too, “he would flare up and discharge the lot of us. And we would have to come round to his way of thinking, and eat humble pie, before we could

get engaged again," to quote one of Judge Daly's stories. In all their games and plays Augustin was undisputed master, and he rode them all, though he was never willing to "be horse" himself.

Yet I have seen him on his hands and knees, making a most obedient horse for his own boys. He was devoted to those two boys, planning their future with more care and thought than he ever put into the plays on which all their fortunes depended. One of the children promised to follow in his father's footsteps, for only the Christmas before he died, he had written a little play that was given at home, with their father and mother in the audience. I have often thought that Mr. Daly would have been a very different man if his boys had lived. But they both died on the same day, one in the morning and one at night. It was malignant diphtheria. They were manly little fellows of perhaps eight and ten, or a little older. That was all a long time ago.

The first Fifth Avenue Theatre opened with a good piece, Tom Robertson's "Play," and a good company, made up of E. L. Davenport, William Davidge, James Lewis, George Clark, Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Chanfrau, and others famous then and now. "Play" was followed by one or two regulation pieces, and by a starring season of Mrs. Scott-Siddons in Shakespeare and old comedies. I believe "Caste" was revived for a time. "Caste" was not so well done with Daly as with Barney Will-

iams; many little niceties that would naturally surround the *Marchioness* were overlooked. Wallack had bought the rights of the play in this country, but Florence produced his version first at the Broadway. A good deal of litigation grew out of it, and Florence claimed that he had memorized

the play, line for line, during the performances he had seen in England. He certainly had all the "business," and if anyone had sold or given him the play "under the rose," the secret was kept wonderfully well. In the end the courts here decided in his favor, for there was no copyright law or anything like it to protect Wallack, and Florence had been the first to produce the piece, and it was well produced. Florence used to say all the other parts were better done than his. A remark rather more modest than true.

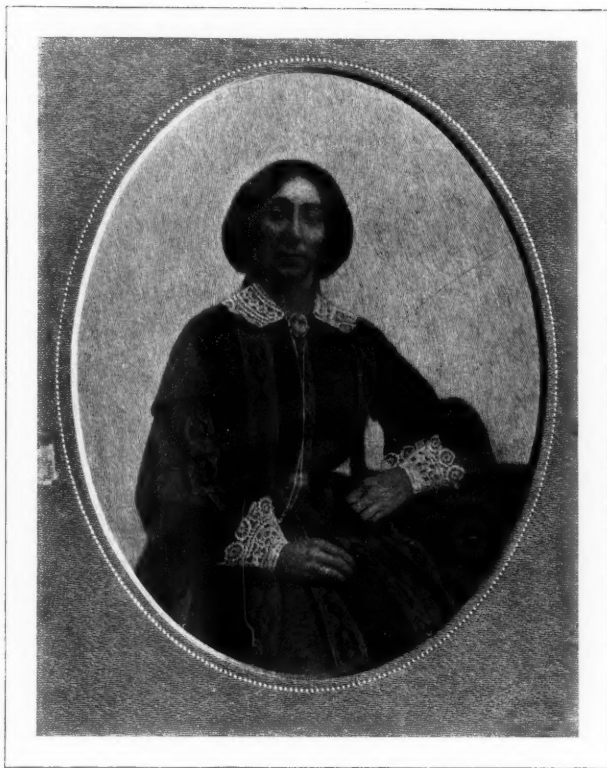
Mr. Daly followed his revival of "Caste" with "Frou-frou." That was his first important adaptation from the French, and it was followed by

many others before he again turned to Germany for his originals. I fancy that he read neither French nor German; I know that he spoke neither. But he used to have a literal translation made of the play he wished to use, and then he would turn it and twist it about, fitting the parts to the members of his company, and adapting it all to his audience. In "Frou-frou," for instance, the *Baronesse de Cambrai*, the part I did, was a young woman in the original, only a few years older than *Frou-frou* herself, but of the world worldly. Mr. Daly brought her



William Florence.

From a photograph by I. Gurney, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.



Mrs. Gilbert.

From a tintype in the possession of Mrs. Charlotte M. Martin.

up more nearly to my real age, while retaining all the worldliness of the character. And he did it so well and so thoroughly that never a word remained in my lines to give a hint of the younger woman.

After "Frou-frou" came "Man and Wife," based on Wilkie Collins's novel. Mr. Daly had commissioned Mr. Collins to dramatize the book. Now Mr. Daly wanted everything just *when* he wanted it, and would stand no delays, and English people don't work on those lines. At last Mr. Daly got tired of waiting for this particular play, and made one of his own from the book. There was no difficulty with Mr. Collins about it, I believe, for Mr. Daly wrote him quite courteously that, if the play ordered did not come to hand at a certain date, he would be obliged to use his own version. And he did. I suppose that, so far as any contract was con-

cerned, Mr. Collins had broken it, and certainly there was no law in those days to protect his book from being used over here; but when the piece proved to be a success, Mr. Daly sent him a thousand dollars. Just one little point to show how keen Mr. Daly's sense of dramatic value was. *Hester Dethridge*, my part in the play, he made as prominent as he possibly could. Indeed, it became *the* part in the piece, for he saw how much could be done with the weird creature who, in her pretended dumbness, never said a word, yet saw and heard everything, and, in a way, controlled a good deal of the action of the play. Mr. Collins, on the other hand, left *Hester* entirely out of his version.

"Man and Wife" led to a modification of our company. Agnes Ethel had become such a favorite in "Frou-frou" that Mr. Daly was anxious to have her take the

part of *Anne Sylvester*, the principal emotional character in this new piece; while Clara Morris, a recent recruit, was put in for the second part—what is known as the "comic relief." Miss Ethel's rôle was that of a young girl, deceived by a Scotch marriage, you know. The general attitude of mind toward all that sort of thing was so different then that her friends and advisers prevailed upon her to refuse the part, even if it meant her final withdrawal from the company. Miss Morris was at once put in Miss Ethel's place, and Fanny Davenport was given the comic part, making certainly a much more complete cast than that originally intended: for Clara Morris had in her the real stuff of an emotional actress, and Fanny Davenport had in those days a light, pretty touch in a merry part.

Fanny Davenport was with us for several years, and worked her way steadily through what were then the regulation stages from comic chambermaid to leading lady. She was the only one of her father's children who inherited his talent to any great extent, though the others have done good work. E. L. Davenport was a wonderfully interesting man, a curiously fine nature, a student and a gentleman. He was a wonderfully versatile actor, too, but that by no means follows, as a necessary conclusion.

After "Man and Wife" came a star engagement of Charles Mathews, and then another play founded on a novel of Wilkie Collins, "No Name." In the dramatizing of this the author assisted Mr. Daly, so you see there was no ill feeling over the matter of "Man and Wife."

Bronson Howard's rattling comedy, "Saratoga," was the first native piece that Mr. Daly produced, and it held the stage for a good many nights. It crossed the ocean, took an English name, "Brighton," won Mr. Howard an English wife, and became a favorite play in Charles Wyndham's *ré-*

pertoire. Indeed, it is only a few years since he revived it with distinct success. But we, who knew it first in its youth, like to think of it as it was before any changes were made.

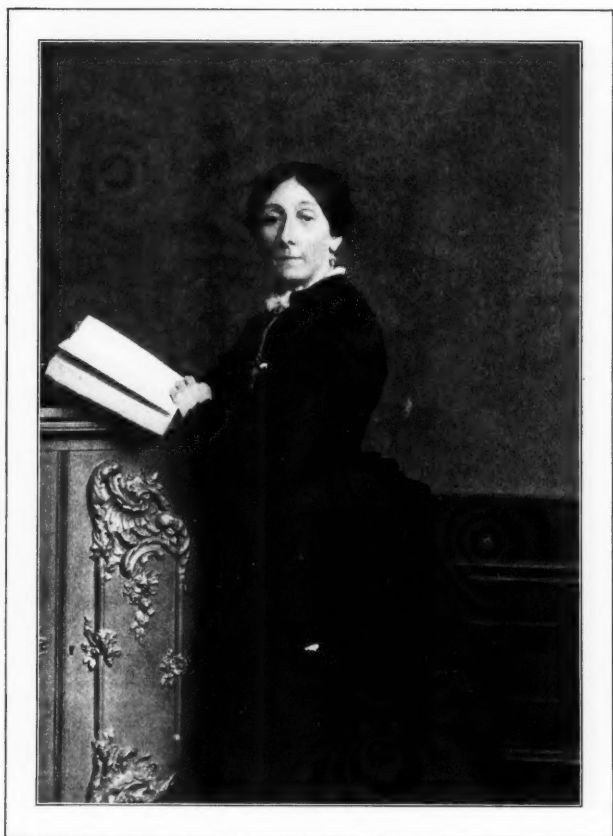
Then came "The Savage and the Maiden," "suggested," as the playbill said, "by a chapter in 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" and I did *Ninetta Crummles*, the *Infant Phenomenon*, to Lewis's *Savage*. No one needs to be introduced to the elderly infant of the *Crummles* company, but few of my friends would recognize me, now, in that low-necked white muslin frock,



Mrs. Gilbert.

Taken in 1865, when Mrs. Gilbert was with Mrs. John Wood. From a photograph by Brady, Washington, D. C. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

those pantalettes and ankle-ties, with two long plaits of hair down my back. And "Jimmie" Lewis as the *Savage*! I lent him an old wig that I had worn long before, in the performance of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," at the Broadway, a tremendous affair with two long braids, that had been wired so that they stood high above the head, and then bent forward. I remember that as part of that head-dress Mr. Gilbert and I had taken huge pins, as long as the modern hat-pin, covered their heads with tinsel, and stuck them round like a great halo of gems. I lent those to Lewis, too, and he was an object! Then we did the regulation "Nickleby" act—Davidge was a perfect *Crummles*—supplemented by my old dances from "Pocahontas" and some



Mrs. Gilbert.

From a photograph by H. Rocher, Chicago. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

new suggestions from Mr. Daly. I know he wanted us to do some funny business with a table. When Lewis was chasing me I was to run under it, while Lewis was to get over it. In showing us how he wanted it done the "Governor" was all over the stage, and seemed to be on the table and under it at the same time. It was thorough-going farce, of a kind that seems to have died out. What makes it pathetically comic to me now was that on one night, when we were playing it, my boy, who was a member of the Seventy-first Regiment, was called out, with his comrades, to put down some sort of riot up Harlem way. And while he was in danger of being shot, or at least hurt, at

any moment, there was I jiggling about in a short muslin frock. As soon as I was free I rushed round to the armory of the regiment—it was in Sixth Avenue then—but could get no word of him. By the next morning, though, when Fanny Morant came round to comfort me, thinking that the G. H. Gilbert, who had been shot, was my son, I knew that he was safe. That is my last very distinct recollection of the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, though I know Mr. Daly's original play, "Divorce," had a good run there. On the afternoon of January 1, 1873, not long after the matinée audience had dispersed, the little theatre was burned out, and we were homeless.

By that time we were too successful, and too popular, I am glad to say, to be allowed to be idle, and Mr. Daly was not long in finding some sort of shelter for us. He took the old New York Theatre on Broadway, the scene of his own first success as a playwright, and, in sixteen days, had it thoroughly overhauled and put in order for us. It had been a Unitarian church, and had passed through many hands and odd fortunes since its congregation had given it up. We used to say, in somewhat disrespectful fun, that we had to dress in among the grave-stones. The old place stood on Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, and the "Old London Street" was built on its site. I am not sure but that a part of the walls, still standing there, are the walls of the old theatre, and even, perhaps, of the old church. It was numbered 728, and that number remains there. It clings, also, in the memories of all good New Yorkers as the title of one of the prettiest plays brought out in the present Daly's Theatre. We did that same play in London afterward, under its secondary title, "Casting the Boomerang." The English courts refused to allow Mr. Daly to keep the original title, since it had already been used in England for another version of the same play that had been produced there with small success.

It is only my impression that Mr. Daly got the name for this play from this number, but I guess I am right. He took his names from everywhere, and always had a string of them for plays and characters. We got so that we were all on the lookout for them, as we went through the streets,

and would often call out: "There's a queer name, Governor!" He found some very funny ones for "Jimmie" Lewis and me. "Dollars and Sense" was one of his best titles, I think. I know when he was trying to find a name for that particular piece he read a whole list of titles to us once at breakfast, and I said: "Oh, I like that one." Then it was spelled "Dollars and Cents," and it was Judge Daly who suggested the change. "Let the old man keep his dollars," he said, "but the old woman has the sense."

We were at the old New York Theatre only from January to June, in 1873. By that time the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Broadway at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street, had been built, or made over, for Mr. Daly.

Among the stars at the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, we had Edwin Booth in 1875, not long after his attempt to run

his own theatre had ended so disastrously. He was warmly greeted, and the New York people did their best to show their admiration and sympathy for him. Everyone knows the history of his later professional years too well for me to retell it here, but modern playgoers will be interested to know that when Booth did "Hamlet" under Mr. Daly's management at this period, Maurice Barrymore was the *Laertes* and John Drew the *Guilderstern*. Georgie Drew, John's sister, and later Barrymore's wife, was also in the company at this time. Charles Coghlan tried to do "Hamlet" at this same theatre, at one of his benefits. He was our leading man at one time, and a great favorite, but the very manner and finish, that made him such a success in the modern society pieces of



Miss Fanny Davenport.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

our stock-company, worked against him as *Hamlet*, and his was a curiously self-controlled, passionless Prince of Denmark.

Before Booth, Carlotta Leclercq had been the star for one season, appearing in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Palace of Truth," two plays written by W. S. Gilbert for the Kendals. Carlotta Leclercq had been Fechter's leading lady. It is only a few years now since she died in London, but it is a long time since she appeared on any stage, save for one or two short London engagements. The only other famous name among Mr. Daly's stars at this time is that of Adelaide Neilson, who played her regular *répertoire* in the theatre in 1877.

But the real attraction of these years, from '74 to '77, was the stock-company, and it held good names and did capital work. Why, at one time or another we had Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Charles Coghlan, Maurice Barrymore, Georgie and John Drew, and James Lewis. By the time "Pique" was put on in '75 Fanny Davenport was leading lady, and in that particular play we all had strong parts. "Pique" was not an adaptation, but an entirely original work by Mr. Daly, and it ran two hundred nights, a wonderful run then, and a good run at any time. People forget sometimes that Mr. Daly was a writer of plays, as well as an adapter and manager. He needed the barest outline on which to build a play; something he had seen in a book or read in a newspaper would give him the idea, and he would fill it in, and work it out with parts to suit us all.

It was when "Pique" was nearing the close of its run that trouble began to break

out at the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, although it took a year or more to bring it to a head. There is no use in reviewing quarrels at this late date, but I have always felt that the people "behind" the theatre thought that they could get on just as well without Mr. Daly's manage-

ment. I know that they treated him badly, and he lost money, and things were very much out of joint for a time. Sides were taken, of course, and the company was broken up. Lewis left, after a battle royal with the "Governor," and only those were retained who were necessary to support Miss Davenport in a starring tour, Barrymore and Drew being the principal ones. There was really no room for me in that work, but Mr. Daly said I was to "go along" until I made some other engagement. At that time there



Miss Fanny Davenport.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

were only two other big stock-companies in New York, the Union Square under Mr. Palmer, and Wallack's old company. Mr. Daly talked over my going to one or the other quite frankly, but confessed he would prefer my joining Wallack, as Palmer had already succeeded in getting several of his old company away. Indeed, Miss Morant, who had left Daly's some time before and was at this time with Mr. Palmer, got into the way of coming to take me for long drives, when the conversation used generally to turn toward the advantage of being at the Union Square Theatre.

As it happened, I went there finally, but the reason was a purely personal one. My boy was failing steadily by this time, and I felt that travelling about the country would hasten his death, and seized any opportunity to get back and be settled in

New York. So I, too, left Mr. Daly under a cloud of misunderstanding, for it was during one of his temporary absences that the letter from Mr. Palmer came, and I had no chance to explain to the "Governor" my private reasons for hurrying away in what looked like a heartless fashion. He told me long afterward that it was not until he saw my boy's death in the paper, that he understood what seemed to be my desire to get quit of his own sinking ship. He went abroad after this, and for a time we neither saw him nor heard from him.

In the meanwhile I was doing the *Chânoïnesse*, in "A Celebrated Case," at Palmer's Theatre. It was a favorite part of mine, and it was a favorite with the public too, but for many reasons I was never really at home at the Union Square, and I shortly rejoined Mr. Lewis, who was playing under Mr. Abbey's management. Agnes Booth was in that company too, and we toured the country. Once, when we were in some little town near New York, we heard that Mr. Daly had returned, had taken the old Olympic—my first New York theatre—and was to open it with *l'Assommoir*. I do not remember whether it was a version of his own or the English version, "Drink," in which Charles Warner made his big hit. I wanted very much to see Mr. Daly, but was in a quandary about it. If his play were a success, he could not help feeling that we were willing enough to gather around him as soon as his foot was on the ladder again; if it were a failure, he might feel that we were triumphing over him a little. I thought it over a good deal, and it all resolved itself into one thing—I simply was sure that I wanted to see the "Governor" again, play or no play. So I managed to run up to town and get to the Olympic

while he was still rehearsing his piece. As I went in by the box-office I saw him standing well down the corridor. When he saw me he came forward with both hands out and real pleasure in his face. We had a good long talk, and he begged me to run in and see him whenever I

could get to New York, for he had many things to say to me. *L'Assommoir* was no great success, and the Olympic was given up, and the theatre which, I am glad to say, still bears Mr. Daly's name was built. Mr. Daly wanted me to go back to him, but for the time I was under contract to Mr. Abbey. However, even we of the company could see that things were not going well with our manager, and that a break-up was not far ahead. And before long I was free to sign with Mr. Daly.



Edwin Booth.

From a photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, Pa.
In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

I was anxious to have "Jimmie" Lewis back in the company, too, and sounded the "Governor" about it. "Well, bring him in to see me some day," Mr. Daly said; "I fancy we can arrange all that. I got rid of a lot of hard feeling and bad blood in crossing that ocean." So Lewis and I came into the orchestra chairs one day when Mr. Daly was superintending a rehearsal. He came over and shook hands, quietly and pleasantly, just as if there had never been any quarrel, and everything was arranged beautifully. And then, oddly enough, Lewis made a great fuss over the very first part that was given him. In "Our First Families" it was. "There," he said, his face all twisted up with half-laughing disgust with himself, "you see how it is. I can't help it. I'm a born kicker, and I shall always be a kicker."

With the opening of the new theatre came the succession of successful plays, adaptations from the German and Shake-

spearian revivals, that spread over so many years, and took us from New York to England, Germany, and France and back again. John Drew had rejoined the company, and Ada Rehan had come to Mr. Daly, from Albany I think. But it matters very little just where she had come from ;

what is important is that she had had, even at that early age, the good, old-fashioned training in general work. I know that at one time she had been with Mrs. John Drew in Philadelphia, and anyone who had had that experience was the better for it. With such preparation Miss Rehan was as ready to take up the work that fell to her under Mr. Daly's management as John Drew was to undertake his. Mr. Lewis and I were old "play"-mates, and so we four—"The Big Four"—someone has called

us—grew to understand one another thoroughly, and our working together was not only a pleasure to our audiences, but a real delight to us.

The first of the four to go was John Drew, and although his going takes me rather far forward in my story, it had best be told here. No one can blame a man for making his fortune in his own way in this workaday world of ours. Wiseacres and prophets shook their heads and said : "Drew cannot live without Daly, and Daly can get on very well without Drew ;" and some said just the opposite. As it proved, both sets of prophets were wrong. Although Mr. Drew was sadly missed in our company, his place was filled, and well filled ; and all of us who cared for him have rejoiced in his success and prosperity as a star. But at the time of his leaving we were sorry to have him go, and Mr. Daly was very sore about it, did not like

it, and showed that he did not. During Mr. Drew's last year with us his position was none too comfortable, and he needed all his tact to carry him through. We played our regular New York season, then toured the country, and then went abroad. All over this country the word had got

about that that was to be Mr. Drew's last season with the company, and of course everybody wanted to see him ; and they did their best to call him before the curtain. But Mr. Daly would never let him take a call alone ; he would rather have the entire company "out." So it went on, until it came to our last day on this side, a Saturday in San Francisco. For the *matinée* a play was given in which Miss Rehan had a strong *rôle*, and immediately after that performance she and Mr. Daly took train for New York, leav-



Miss Agnes Ethel.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

ing us to do some piece in the evening that would do very well without Miss Rehan. The idea was that, by leaving those few hours earlier, they would catch a steamer that would give them a week in London before the rest of the company would arrive. The audience knew that it was John Drew's last night, and the people simply let themselves go in their determination to show him their appreciation. After the play was over the usual number of calls was answered by all the principal players together, and then we went to our dressing-rooms. But the applause went on, and it was evident that it was Drew they wanted. The difficulty was to get someone to go on with him, for no one dreamed of disobeying the unspoken rule of the absent "Governor." The leading lady sent word that she was not dressed, and Mr. Dorney, the acting manager, came to me. "What shall I do ?" he said. I

had my bodice half unbuttoned, but I fastened it up in a hurry. "Where is he?" I asked, "I'll go with him;" and I started out for the stage. Drew was standing there, waiting to take me on. Then it came over me that it was *his* call, that he had earned it, and should have it, whatever happened. So I would not let him take me on, but I took him, well into the middle of the stage. Then I patted his arm, looked up and nodded in his face, and left him there to make his acknowledgments alone. He understood, but he never said a word about it. Only, when he passed me in the wings, he stooped and kissed me. "God bless you, Grandma!" he whispered.

I suppose everybody has kept the "stage waiting" at one time or another. I can remember doing it twice. The first time was in the little Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-fourth Street. The theatre belonged to Jay Gould and "Jim" Fiske, and Mr. Daly was only lessee. In spite of the "Governor's" rules, Mr. Fiske would come into the green-room once in a while, and sit there chatting with one or another of us. So we all knew him in a way, and when the news of his murder reached us we were terribly upset. We heard it first just as the play was beginning, and all through the evening we were eager for any scrap of information. I had received my "call" in good time, and was on my way to the stage, when someone said something about Fiske, and I stopped deliberately to listen, forgetting everything else for the moment. I had not the slightest excuse for being late for my entrance, and there was nothing to do but fine me or forgive me. Mr. Daly chose

to forgive—although he was usually severe in dealing out fines—for he thought the circumstances unusual.

The second experience was altogether comic. It happened in Philadelphia, where we were playing "Dollars and Sense" in our opening engagement in

this country after our return from a trip abroad. Mr. Daly always made very close connections, and this time we were due to get in to New York on Sunday, and play in Philadelphia on Monday night. As it happened, we were late in getting in, and had to anchor off Coney Island all night. What with Sunday celebrations and rockets down there, and the excitement that always comes with getting home, we didn't sleep much! We got up to our dock in the morning, and I had just time to run up to my home, get a bit of lunch, and catch the one-o'clock train to Philadelphia. By that



Miss Clara Morris.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

time I was rather tired and thoroughly miserable, for I sometimes get the worst of my sea-sickness after I am on shore. However, the first act of the play went all right, and as I did not have to go on until the end of the second act, and had no change to make in my costume, I thought I would rest a bit. I rolled up the shawl I wore in the character for a pillow, took off my bonnet, slipped my most tired foot out of its shoe, and lay down on the floor of my dressing-room. I had no idea, whatever, of going to sleep. The first thing I knew was a great buzzing, then I sat up with a start. My door was full of faces, the "Governor's" looming up above them all, and all of them rather frightened. They didn't know whether I was ill, or had fainted, or what

was the matter. "The stage is waiting," said Mr. Daly. The way I got on my loose shoe and reached for my bonnet soon satisfied them that I was all right. My dressing-room was close to the stage, and I rushed on the nearest side, the wrong side, of course. There was poor Lewis making talk to cover my delay, but he had unconsciously become so English that he was saying: "I suppose my wife is quarrelling with the cabby over a sixpence." It was my business to run up to him and throw my arms around his neck. Coming in on the wrong side, of course I seized him from behind. He choked in his surprise, and even the audience had to see that that comic effect was unrehearsed and all my fault; but I couldn't see the scene that had taken place in my dressing-room, and that is one I shall never forget.

Our playing in Philadelphia at that time had especial point, for we had given our farewell performance there before sailing. I forgot the play, but it was something in which I had no part. Still I had to be at the theatre, for it was from there that we were all to start. So I went down in my bonnet and wrap with my travelling-bag ready to take the midnight train to New York with the rest. Mr. Daly had asked me to be on hand, and had arranged a little scene that he thought would prove bright and amusing. When the piece was over the usual calls were received and answered. Finally they got Mr. Daly just by himself, and began to cry, "Speech, speech." Mr. Daly shook his head—a speech was something he rarely made. Then he said: "I have got someone here who can do it much better," and fetched me out, travelling-bag and all. I bowed to the audience, became confused and bewildered, and at last turned to him.

"What shall I say?"

He leaned over and whispered something to me and I repeated it aloud, got more confused, hesitated, and turned to him again. Again he whispered, and I repeated. I have no recollection now of the exact words, but I know they ended with a hope that they would not forget us,

for we should never forget them. The house liked it, and even Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, and the rest never dreamed that our tiny comedy was not impromptu. It was like the "Governor" to give me a chance to say goodbye to good friends.

It was he who first called me "Grandma." Sometimes when he felt especially friendly he would say "Gran." Sometimes, too, I was "Nan," for he had a great liking for my Christian name. "Come along, Anne Hartley," he would say, or when he was

registering at an hotel: "I want Anne Hartley Gilbert written just here, it will look so well!" And of course I would write it.

One of the last times we were all together in Brooklyn, Mr. Daly took Miss Rehan and me to dinner between the plays on a matinée day. At table I passed him a visiting card and asked him if he had ever heard of that person. It was an old-old-fashioned thing, with a satin surface, its edges so stained and yellow that they looked as if someone had been trying to paint a wreath about them. On it, written as if with a silver point, was "Anne Jane Hartley," and on its back was the address of someone in Conduit Street, London. Why I had kept it all those years, I don't know, but I had found it the very morning of our dinner, when turning over just the few bits of things I had kept from my girlhood, and had put it in my purse, as a surprise for the "Governor," knowing that he liked everything that was old, even my old name. And, indeed, he fairly chuckled over it.



William Davidge.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.



His Excellency M. de Witte, Minister of Finance.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

V

M. DE WITTE AND THE NEW ECONOMIC RÉGIME

FROM the unique and impressive spectacle of absolute autocracy ; from the docile, child-like masses of the people ; from the vastness of Siberia, slowly awakening to consciousness and productivity under the stimulus of a railway which links Moscow to the China Sea ; from the beauty

and Babel of the Caucasus ; from the conquest and annexation of the proud peoples and historic cities of Central Asia—I turn in this paper to a wholly different aspect of the Russia of to-day. No romantic story introduces it ; no clash of arms or diplomatic intrigue echoes through it ; the camera affords it but one single illustration—the portrait of a man. To my thinking, however, it exhibits the most wonderful Russia of all.

“The Russian State is by far the great-

est economic unit on the face of the globe."* To ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, this statement will doubtless be startling. It certainly was to me, when I first met with it, yet the facts to justify it are not far to seek. The Russian State draws an annual net profit of 45,000,000 roubles from its forests, mines, and agricultural property. It receives annually 80,000,000 roubles from its communities of ex-serfs for the use of land it ceded to or purchased for them. It is building by far the longest and most costly railway in the world, and it owns and works over 20,000 miles of railways, the net revenue on which is equal to one-seventh of the net revenue of all the railways of the United States.

In 1898 it received £180,000,000 into its coffers, nearly one-half of which sum was not produced by taxation. Its budget is greater than that of France by more than \$200,000,000.

In 1890, when one of the banks of London was unable to meet its obligations, the Russian Government had with it on current account a balance of so many millions of pounds that when the Bank of England came to the rescue a request was immediately made to Russia not to dispose of her balance before a certain date, since to do so would be to precipitate a financial crisis of the utmost gravity. Finally, besides being a capitalist and a banker of this magnitude, the Russian State is also a metallurgist and a spirit-merchant. In a word, the proud claim is made for it that it is the greatest landowner, the greatest capitalist, the greatest constructor of railways, and carries on the largest business in the world. This is the aspect of contemporary Russia of which I propose to treat in the present paper. I need hardly add that it can be but a glance at a great and complex subject.

To some people statistics offer the liveliest interest; to most they are dull and soporific. Therefore I do not wish to fill my allotted space with tabulated figures,

and fortunately an easy way of escape presents itself. Economic, industrial, and commercial Russia of to-day is, in a large degree, the work of one living statesman, and in his convictions and his activity its direction is incarnate. This man is Monsieur de Witte, Minister of Finance, and his career is many chapters of the story of how modern Russia, in this aspect, came to be what she is. Few people who know him well would dispute the opinion that he is probably the ablest and most far-seeing statesman in Europe to-day, and certainly no other exercises so great an influence as he upon the course of events. Outside Russia, however, and the higher circles of diplomacy and finance, he is comparatively little known, and not much that is accurate has ever been written about him. From every point of view, therefore, his story is worth telling, but I must preface it by the remark that while I am writing these words in St. Petersburg, during my second visit to Russia, he is in the Crimea, and I have consequently no opportunity of submitting any point to him for correction or elucidation. He has no notion that I am writing about him, and in no way whatever, directly or indirectly, is any word here due to his inspiration.

Serge Yulievich Witte was born in 1849, in the Caucasus, where his father, of German descent, was Director of State Domains. His mother, *née* Fadayef, was the daughter of the Governor of Saratof under the Emperor Nicholas, and of a Princess Dolgoruki, one of the oldest and best-known Russian noble families. His first studies were pursued at the *Gymnasium* of Tiflis, which must have been a very strange place fifty years ago, with its extraordinary mixture of Georgians, Armenians, Caucasians, Persians, and the like, all much more strongly marked with their national characteristics than they are in the same city to-day. To such an environment in early youth M. de Witte's wide outlook in after-life may probably be traced. From Tiflis he passed to the University of Odessa, where it is said he presented Georgian as the "foreign language" necessary to his graduation in 1870, thus compelling the faculty to import a professor of Georgian to examine

* For this phrase, and for many of the statistical facts which follow and justify it, I am indebted to the publications and the kindness of one of the most remarkable of living statisticians, a gentleman whose profound knowledge is only equalled by that personal modesty which has specifically forbidden me to mention him otherwise than as the Editor of the *Bulletin Russe*, a quarterly journal of financial statistics.

him. Like many another, he found in journalism the ladder to public life, M. Katkoff, the well-known editor of the Moscow *Viedomosti*, being first his pattern and afterward his chief, whom he supported enthusiastically in more than one of his hard-fought campaigns for a new ideal of Russian patriotism. He was also a collaborator of the famous Aksakof. M. de Witte's first post was a modest one in the service of the Odessa Railway, which at that time belonged to the State. He rose steadily from one grade to another, and his personal qualities were so highly esteemed that the municipality of Odessa elected him to the post of honorary magistrate, a kind of judicial arbitrator to whose decision both parties in a dispute can agree to refer the issue between them. At this time, too, the Odessa Railway, together with other adjoining lines, was conceded by the State to private enterprise and the whole, amounting to 2,000 miles of road, formed into the important Southwest Railway Company, of which M. de Witte, who had attracted favorable official notice by a work upon the principles of a universal railway tariff, ultimately adopted throughout Russia, became general manager after ten years of service. During the Russo-Turkish War he also greatly distinguished himself by administrative skill and energy in forwarding troops and supplies to the front.

In 1887 M. Bunge, Minister of Finance, resigned this office, and was succeeded by M. Vishnegradski, a man of great natural gifts and greater acquired knowledge. He had been for several years president of the Southwest Railway and other important companies, and, being therefore intimately acquainted with M. de Witte's career and capabilities, one of his first acts was to offer the latter a post in the Ministry of Finance. M. de Witte declined this, not unnaturally preferring his own independent position, but a dramatic incident which occurred soon afterward led him inevitably to St. Petersburg. As manager of the Southwest Railway it was his duty to accompany the Imperial train which met with the terrible catastrophe at Borki, when the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and their children so narrowly escaped death. On this occasion M. de Witte's action recommended him so strongly to the Tsar that

soon afterward M. Vishnegradski's repeated invitation was backed by an Imperial command, and he accepted the post of Director of Railways, specially created for him. In March, 1892, he was appointed by the Emperor Minister of Ways and Communications; during M. Vishnegradski's long illness he undertook the duties of the Finance Department; and when the latter was compelled in August to retire from public life, M. de Witte was appointed, provisionally at first, and afterward formally, Minister of Finance. This was in January, 1893, and consequently by his own unaided ability he had reached the highest administrative post in the Russian Empire at the age of forty-four. In the very same year he fought the great tariff war with Germany and showed the world once for all that he could handle colossal issues of national finance with the utmost hardihood and that, having once entered upon a struggle, he would stop at nothing to bring it to a successful conclusion. Since that time his high-tariff neighbors have taken good care to give him no ground for reprisals.

The key to M. de Witte's economic views may be found in the fact that at an early period of his career he published a work entitled "The Political Economy of Friedrich List." The latter (1789-1846, "the politico-economic Messiah of two worlds") was an apostle of what may be called "educational protection," and this has been throughout his life, and it still remains, the fundamental principle of M. de Witte's economic statesmanship. Such a principle assuredly needs no explanation or comment for American readers, to whom it must be familiar alike in theory and in practice. M. de Witte's statesmanship has been directed, up to the present time, to four ends, of which this educational protection is the first and chief. A brief experiment he made, but dropped as soon as wider knowledge showed it to be unsound, may be just mentioned for the sake of contrast. He began with a belief in "rag-baby" currency—the issue of assignats, irredeemable paper money, for the payment of the cost of public works. Of this nothing more need be said than that the greatest achievement of his public life has been won in precisely the reverse

direction. The second subject to which he turned his attention was the fluctuation in exchange of the gold price of the rouble. These fluctuations seem almost incredible to-day, in view of the stability now so brilliantly established. In February, 1888, the rouble was quoted in London at 19 pence; in September, 1890, it sprang suddenly to 31 pence; by December, 1891, it had fallen to 21 pence. Between 1877 and 1896 the highest and lowest rates in London and New York respectively were 2s. 9d. and 1s. 7d., and 67 cents and 38 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents. The most pronounced gambling took place upon the Berlin bourse. In 1891 the hundred-rouble note had actually been quoted at rates varying from 245.10 marks to 191.50 marks. Financial reform, or indeed any important financial operation, was almost impossible to a country whose currency was thus the sport of the money-gamblers, so M. de Witte resolved to strike, and—perhaps remembering what the tariff war with Germany had cost him—at Berlin. So he struck, with his accustomed boldness, straight from the shoulder. It was decided that from January 1, 1894, to December 31, 1895, the gold price of the hundred-rouble note should not fall below 216 marks, and Berlin was informed that as many paper roubles as she cared to sell would be bought at that rate. Berlin sold gayly for eight months, and M. de Witte bought, then, when the final time for delivery came, her speculators had to go upon their knees to the Russian Minister of Finance and beg him of his mercy not utterly to ruin them all. He consented to let them off easily, and there has been no gambling in the rouble since. The Russian statistical historian remembers that not long ago an empty space used to be pointed out in the Berlin Stock Exchange, and questioners were told, "That is where speculators in the rouble stood." *Campi ubi Troja fuit.*

The rouble being thus placed upon a stable basis of exchange, the next step was obviously to the gold standard, and this supreme reform constitutes the third of M. de Witte's aims. The policy which had stopped the gambling at Berlin was continued till November, 1897, by which time experience had shown conclusively that the resources of the Russian treas-

ury were sufficient to enable it to announce definitively that payments would henceforth be made in gold specie, and by an Imperial *ukaz* of November 14, 1897, every rouble note was made to bear upon its face an undertaking to that effect. The most remarkable fact about this resumption of specie payments is the enormous contraction of paper money by which it was accompanied. On January 1, 1892, the amount of paper roubles issued was 1,121,000,000; to-day it is 630,000,000. That is, over £52,000,000 of paper money was withdrawn from circulation, the public being literally compelled to take gold. And what makes this enormous contraction the more remarkable, if not indeed unique, is that as in Russia the State alone issues paper money, these notes were not withdrawn in one form to be reissued in another.

M. de Witte's fourth great undertaking—the first in point of time—is under way to-day, but it will not be concluded for several years. This is the Government monopoly of the sale of alcohol. Hitherto his official achievements have been in the line of economic science, connected only indirectly with social problems. His latest legislation, however, strikes deep to the very roots of popular welfare. Drunkenness is a great curse in Russia, as everywhere. The consumption of alcohol per head is not so great there as in the United Kingdom, but it does more harm, for there is in Russia an entire class, the peasants—the very class upon whom in the last analysis the prosperity and security of the country rests, which is impoverished and degraded by drink to an extent not found in any class of any other country. The very virtues of the Russian peasant—his good-humor, his sociability, his kindness of heart—make him an easy victim, and to these must be added the terrible loneliness of his life, the long black evenings of winter, the total absence of any other form of entertainment, his ignorance and illiteracy, and finally the poisonous filth which has been all that he could buy in the shape of drink. To the late Emperor Alexander III. belongs the credit of seeing that this evil, destroying his people wholesale, must absolutely be stopped so far as legislation can stop it,

but hitherto no Russian statesman has been found courageous enough to carry the gigantic task to its logical conclusion. Already in 1885 a law had been passed prohibiting the sale of spirits apart from the sale of food, except in corked bottles, and forbidding the establishments permitted to sell spirits by the bottle to consist of more than one room, or to have on the premises any spirits in open vessels. This law killed the drinking-house, pure and simple, but the peasant could still drink all he desired by going to a *traktir*, or restaurant, where a few bits of fish and bread were also for sale. It did nothing to prevent the sale of physiologically noxious spirit, and, most important, it left the publican free to buy the peasant's labor or produce for spirit—the most ruinous course of all. The Emperor Alexander III. perceived that what had been done so far was after all but a half-measure, and that nothing short of a State control of the retail sale of drink would save the peasant from ruin. But M. Bunge, the first Minister of Finance to whom the opportunity was given, dared not seize it; M. Vishnegradski, the second, determined to do so, but always put off the first step till the morrow; M. de Witte, fresh from his financial success, and looking for new legislative worlds to conquer, has taken upon himself the burden of this reform.

The principles upon which he has acted are briefly as follows: A man drinks for three reasons: First, because he has a natural desire to do so; second, because he is excited to do so; third, because he is given credit to enable him to do so. From the first of these reasons drinking is seen to be inevitable; complete prohibition is impossible, and the evasion of it only leads to more destructive drinking than that for which a cure is sought. But the second and third causes given above can be removed: it shall be no man's interest to excite another to drink, and no man shall be supplied with drink on credit. Incidentally, no man shall drink stuff which poisons him physically and destroys him morally. Therefore it follows that nobody except the State shall make either a direct or indirect profit from the sale of spirit. This is what the law of 1894 is bringing about in Russia, a few provinces

at a time. By 1904 the whole manufacture and sale of spirit in the Russian Empire will be a strict government monopoly; it will be of pure quality; it will not be sold by the glass except *bona fide* with food; and it will be sold for cash only. I have heard not a little complaint and indeed denunciation of this legislation, but in my opinion it is a magnificent reform, under the peculiar conditions of Russian life, and redounds to the honor alike of the monarch who perceived its necessity, and of the statesman who is carrying it into effect.

In one respect this reform offers far less difficulty in Russia than, for instance, in England. In the latter country a man gets drunk, at his pleasure, upon brandy or whiskey or gin or rum or beer; in the former the only intoxicant known to the people is vodka. There remains, of course, nothing to prevent the peasant from buying his bottle of vodka and drinking it at home, but there, at any rate, as has been well said, "the blandishments of the publican would probably be replaced by conjugal remonstrances."

Finally, in this connection, what has been the financial result of monopoly so far as it has gone? Monopoly was certainly not introduced into Russia for any profit it might bring—the other reasons for it were so overwhelming as to render that one unnecessary, but it has been a source of additional revenue to the State, all the same, for in 1898 the net profit was over £3,000,000.

I have said above that the system of "educational protection"—in plain language, the development of home industries by means of high duties upon imported manufactured articles and upon raw material which the country itself is also able to produce—has been the central idea of M. de Witte's national policy. With the resulting industrial and commercial Russia of to-day he is more closely identified than any other man. In his latest report to the Emperor he points to this with pardonable pride. Classifying the national industrial production under nine heads—textiles, food, animal products, wood, paper, chemicals, pottery, manufactured metal, and various—from 1878 to 1887 Russia produced 26,000,000 roubles'

worth; from 1888-1892 the output was 41,000,000 roubles'; and from 1893-1897 it had risen to no less than 161,000,000 roubles'. That is, the progress of the figures of industrial business—the industrial turn-over—during the latest quinquennial period was four times that of the preceding period, and six times that which ended ten years ago. The figures relating to the extraction and production of minerals are as striking as those of manufacture. Of coal, petroleum, pig-iron, iron, and steel, Russia produced in 1877 a total of 1,700,000 tons; in 1898 she produced close upon 24,000,000 tons. Such figures are alone a sufficient justification of M. de Witte's policy, but as, under the Emperor, he controls the economic and industrial future of Russia, and as foreign capitalists will certainly turn their attention more and more to this country, it is worth while to quote from his own lips a lucid summary and defence of his actions. He gave this in an official speech a few years ago, but I have never seen it in English.

"History shows," he said, "that exclusively agricultural countries, even when they are politically independent and internationally powerful, are economically restricted to the rôle of tributary colonies to industrial countries, which are, so to speak, their metropolis. In exclusively agricultural countries neither intensive agriculture nor an accumulation of capital is possible. A large spirit of enterprise is never found there. Technical knowledge is rare there, and as our own experience shows, even the food of the people depends upon circumstances now of one kind, now of another, and against which agriculture cannot contend. . . . The best protection that can be afforded to agriculture consists in assuring for it a market at home for its products, and remunerative wages for labor which finds no occupation on the land. . . . The ultimate aim of the protectionist system is therefore to enfranchise our national production from its dependence alike upon foreign labor and foreign markets, and to raise our country to an economic unity of an independent importance. Like all other methods of action, protection should only be regarded as a temporary measure, in force until the time comes when its object is reached.

"It is not, however, surprising that many persons think this temporary measure should be permanent. Those who benefit by protection are not disposed to let themselves be deprived of all the advantages which it brings them. That is why we see a certain dissatisfaction at the influx of foreign capital for industrial purposes, capital which creates competition, which in its turn lowers prices and reduces profits. We sometimes hear individual interests, shielding themselves behind a sham patriotism, speaking of 'squandering the natural resources of our country,' or of the 'enslavement of our people to foreigners.' It is not the first time that such complaints are heard. They arose in the days of Peter the Great, when he wished to 'open a window toward Europe.' The Great Reformer himself had to overcome this 'patriotic' wish to preserve routine, ignorance, the spirit of isolation—in a word, all the fetters which confine the vital forces of the country. . . .

"The protectionist system has the effect of creating a school for our young industry. Important results have already been obtained in this respect. Doubtless this school costs us dear. The Russian consumer pays a high price for manufactured articles: that is the chief reproach that can be made against protection. But it is precisely for this reason that the present phase must be traversed as quickly as possible, and this again is why we must attract a large amount of foreign capital into Russia.

"Unhappily, the amount of available Russian capital is insufficient; agriculture supplies almost none at all, and hoarded capital can hardly be attracted toward industrial enterprise. Abroad, capital is plentiful, and it is cheap; we must seek it there. Beyond all question it is better to see foreign capital flowing into Russia, than to witness the importation of foreign products. For it is by means of this foreign capital that Russian production itself will be developed, obtaining for its own profit, at the lowest calculation, ninety per cent. of the value of the manufactured article."

This speech is not only M. de Witte's reply to the so-called "pro-Russian"

party, which detests foreigners and all their ways and works, and to those who charge him with destroying a natural agricultural community in order to create an artificial industrial one, but it is a concise summary of Russian economic policy. It deserves, therefore, the most careful attention in other countries.

Alongside his invitation to foreign capital, as a counterpoise to the protectionist régime—that is, to replace by it that healthy and necessary competition which a high tariff of itself tends to suppress—M. de Witte has done much to supply capital in Russia with its helpmate, labor. To give one example only, since the emancipation of the serfs every peasant has had the theoretical right to a passport (without which he cannot move outside his native village). In practice, however, he was almost as tightly chained to the soil as before; for passports are issued by the village community, the *mir*, and the *mir* only gave them to men whose payments of taxes were not in arrears. But as the *mir* is always in arrears of payment, for which all its members are jointly and severally responsible, it could refuse a passport to anybody. Moreover, if a number of men were working in a factory away from home, and that factory for any reason were closed, the police of the place immediately shipped all the workmen back to their own communes. M. de Witte has gained for every Russian of the laboring classes the right to a passport for at least one year. This reform, simple in itself, is obviously of the greatest importance in the development of industrial enterprise.

I have said nothing so far of the finances, national and international, of the Russian Empire. This is far too big a subject to be discussed adequately within the limits of my space, even if I myself possessed the technical qualifications for so very difficult a task, but as it has become of late a matter of frequent and familiar public comment a few words may not be out of place.

The Russian national debt is now over £650,000,000 (\$3,162,250,000), equal to that of England, and second only to that of France. Upon this she pays a yearly interest of about £26,000,000 (\$126,-

500,000). Now, in view of these vast figures and the long series of Russian loans that have been floated (chiefly in France) during the last few years, popular opinion, and indeed to a large extent educated opinion also, have come to regard Russia as a country which is not paying its way, which is expanding and undertaking new enterprises far beyond its financial resources, and which can only keep going by constantly borrowing from its neighbors. And this opinion is often popularly illustrated by pictures of Russian statesmen and financiers running about the world trying to raise loans.

In one sense it is perfectly true that Russia needs money; but in the sense in which the above opinions are commonly stated and believed, they are wholly inaccurate. The Russian public debt is very large, but it is being paid off at the present time at the rate of £2,500,000 a year. During the past ten years no less than £30,000,000 has been paid off. This striking fact is usually overlooked. Moreover, as security for its debt the Russian State (I am not speaking of the country of Russia: the difference is vital) has natural resources and productive public works surpassing in value those of any other State in the world. Besides its enormous mineral wealth, which has hardly been scratched as yet, it draws, for instance, an annual net revenue of £4,750,000 from its forests; and while the United States has almost exhausted its timber, and Europe is looking around anxiously to see where its wood and wood-pulp are to come from in a few years, the Russian State has 200,000,000 acres of real forest as yet untouched. (Official figures give a far larger area than this, but I am speaking of genuine forest, not mere forest-land.) Russia's peasants pay the State an annual rent of £8,460,000. It owns and works over 20,000 miles of railway. Its budget shows a considerable surplus every year—with these surpluses the Trans-Siberian Railway has been largely built. These considerations will place the financial position of Russia in a new light for most people, but what follows will astonish still more all who have not looked carefully into the matter. I turn now to Russian loans.

During the past fourteen years Russia has borrowed enormously—that is what

strikes the popular imagination. Probably £185,000,000 worth of her debt—nine hundred million dollars—is held in France to-day. But during these fourteen years Russia has converted and redeemed in cash previous loans amounting to over £440,000,000. In fact—and I have for this statement the signed authority of the most eminent statistician in Russia—from 1887 to 1900 *the Russian treasury has not received from new loans a single penny of capital more than the old capital it repaid its creditors.*

How baseless, therefore, is the widespread notion that Russia, like a spend-thrift, borrows to fill the gap between her income and her expenditure, is thus seen. But why, it will perhaps be asked, does Russia borrow at all under these circumstances? For two reasons: First, to pay off more costly debts—loans previously contracted at a higher rate of interest—and thus to unify her debt, both for her own economy and for the convenience of her creditors; second, to construct public works necessary alike for the development of her national resources, and in order that many of the great industries which this development has already called into existence, and which largely depend upon Government orders for their support, may not languish and disappear, and thus perhaps fail her when she needs them most. This is what happens: Potential traffic justifies a new railway between two points; either the State finds the money in the first place, or it authorizes a company to do so, and as the company cannot dispose of its bonds the State takes them over at second hand; the railway is constructed and gets to work; the State borrows abroad as much as it has lent to the railway; instead of the bonds on, say, blue paper of the railway, there are the bonds on, say, white paper of the Russian public debt. These are precisely the circumstances under which much of Russia's national indebtedness has been incurred. In conclusion, the truth is that the Russian Government is glad to borrow money, at a lower rate than before, to pay off debts bearing the higher interest, or to carry out productive works, for the reasons I have given above; but it is under no present necessity whatever—and has not been for twenty years—to borrow at rates which do not fulfil the above conditions.

The directions in which foreign capital has been employed in Russia, or may be, are very numerous indeed. The cotton-spinning mills of Moscow and St. Petersburg are the first example that comes to mind, and their profits in the past have been enormous—reaching sometimes fifty per cent. and even more. The iron industry of to-day is largely a result of foreign enterprise, and the New Russia Company, Ltd., is one of the most remunerative businesses in the world. In the first six months of this year Russia produced 1,400,000 tons of pig-iron. But the Belgians have of late years established many joint-stock foundries and rolling-mills on principles which have proved—as they were doubtless intended to be—much more profitable to the promoters, who are safely out of them, than to the unfortunate shareholders who remain. Unless my investigations on the spot misled me, there will be numerous bankruptcies among Belgian enterprises in Russia, with their chimerical capital, before long, and this will undoubtedly injure the industrial repute of Russia, although her government can hardly be said to be blameworthy in the matter at all. The petroleum industry at Baku is almost entirely the work and the capital of foreigners, led by the great names of Rothschild and Nobel. Last year the total Russian output of petroleum was 8,467,927 tons, or 61,969,000 United States barrels, and it is steadily increasing. Such a production, in so short a time, would have been impossible unless foreign capital and wise and generous Russian regulations had worked hand in hand.

During the nine years 1890—1898 Russia produced ten and a half million ounces of fine gold. During the last four years the production has fallen off somewhat, but it is beyond question that there are vast deposits still untouched in Siberia, and that under a more enlightened official régime than that at present in force foreign enterprise would be able to exploit them.

Russia has vast deposits of coal, but for some reason or other neither Russians nor foreigners are working them to any great extent. The demand is increasing much more rapidly than the supply, prices have accordingly jumped upward, industries are gravely embarrassed, the State railways are a million tons short, and it has

been necessary to lower, temporarily, or even abolish altogether, the high duty upon imported coal. One cargo of this from the United States has already reached Kronstadt. Mr. Cook, the British Commercial Agent, calculates that the total Russian production for 1900 will be 15,500,000 tons, but that this will be one and a half million tons below the requirement. Yet in Siberia, as I described in my second article, the largest coal deposit in the world has been discovered and proved.

The manganese industry of the Caucasus offers, so far as I am able to judge, a remarkable opportunity for judicious investment of a certain kind, and, indeed, the mineral development of the whole Caucasus district will probably astonish the world some day. As for the Urals, their extraordinary richness in minerals is a matter of common knowledge, but few people realize what openings they present for foreign capital. Central Asia is as yet an unknown land to engineers and capitalists, but the opportunities there for a combination of the two—and I speak from careful examination on the spot—are great, and cannot fail to be seized before long.

This hasty summary by no means exhausts the directions in which M. de Witte's policy of educational protection invites foreign capital to come and establish a healthy competition with men and means in Russia. So far only a few capitalists have discovered Russia and her economic régime; they are chiefly Englishmen and Belgians, with comparatively few French companies and hardly a single German one. Not that joint-stock enterprise does not already exist on a large scale, for of Russian and foreign companies no fewer than three hundred and eighty-five declared a dividend during the first six months of last year, their total nominal capital being £73,000,000, and their average dividend no less than 11.6 per cent. But it may be regarded as certain that unless some international catastrophe should interrupt peaceful relations, men and associations with large sums of money to invest will turn their attention and their talents more and more toward Russia.

As so much ignorance prevails about Russia, and the general opinion of the world takes an unfavorable and unjust

view of her economic position and her commercial possibilities, I have naturally been led to give prominence to facts favorable to her and attractive to others. But I would not be thought to suggest that fortunes are to be picked up in Russia any more than elsewhere, or that it is sufficient merely to bring capital into the country to reap an immediate and rich pecuniary harvest. Far from it. In Russia, as elsewhere, plenty of people are waiting to sell you the worthless thing at the top price. The conditions of Russian industrial and commercial life are peculiar, and no enterprise can succeed which does not take them closely into account. Every country presents its own particular difficulties, and Russia at least as many as any other. There is here a way to do things, and a way not to do them. The openings for foreign capital are naturally known to comparatively few. Moreover, if the present policy of the State were to change its direction or lose its vigor, the whole future relations of Russia and foreigners would be different. Foreign faith in Russian economic freedom is as yet a tender plant, and it might easily be blighted. So far, however, Russia's record is a good one. Nobody has ever lost a farthing by trusting the Russian State. Six hundred joint-stock companies have existed since 1894, and of these not one hundred show shares below par. London cannot say as much. In thirty years only three banks have failed. The official conditions of the investment of foreign capital are more liberal than those of the United States, and the official attitude is one of sympathy and intelligence. And so long as his Majesty Nicholas II. rules over All the Russias, and M. de Witte is his Minister of Finance, or the successors to Tsar and Minister are equally far-seeing and wise-minded, there need be no fear that these conditions and this attitude will be altered. Indeed, among the many reasons Russia has for substantial gratitude toward her present Tsar, the fact that he should so clearly perceive M. de Witte's patriotic genius and firmly uphold him against his many enemies, constitutes by no means the least.

I have done with dullness. Having considered the theory at such length, let us

take a look at the practice. Come with me and see the thing itself at work.

In the south of Russia there is a large flourishing town, owned entirely by Englishmen, the seat of a large and prosperous industry, created by Englishmen, the most striking example of how foreign enterprises, wisely conducted under Russian laws, may thrive in Russia. Few people know of this, nor did I until I began to investigate the conditions attaching to foreign investments in Russia and to look for a typical case to describe. Yet such is the town of Usovka, the site of the New Russia Company, Ltd. You will not, by the way, find its shares in the list of quotations; they are all privately held, and nobody who has any would be likely to sell.

The founder of Usovka was the late John Hughes. He was at one time manager of the Millwall Iron-works, on the Thames; he built the Plymouth Breakwater Fort; and he made his first acquaintance with Russia by building the Constantine Fort at Kronstadt in 1864. His friendship with Todleben, the defender of Sevastopol and the saviour of the situation before Plevna, had something to do with his interest in Russia. Under Imperial protection he was sent to the south to search for coal. He found it, and the New Russia Company is the outcome. Now the management of the great concern is in the hands of his sons, and to them I have to express my warm thanks for hospitality and most interesting opportunities of inspection.

The railway station of Usovo and the town of Usovka are both named after John Hughes. They lie in the extreme south of Russia, just north of the Sea of Azov and about a third of the way from Rostov to Odessa. Much thumbing of the time-table is necessary to get there. As I came up the Black Sea from Batum, I left the steamer at Novorossisk (where there is the largest grain-elevator in the world) and went by train to Rostov. Thence to Khartsisk, and thence again to Yasinovataya—fairly unknown country, as you see. There at dusk a phaëton and dashing pair awaited me, and an eighteen-verst drive, quickly covered, across the steppe, brought me to my destination. As I entered the house a vase of Chopin was being played on the

piano. "You will find us in the billiard-room, when you're dressed," said my host. It seemed like a dream, so much civilization, all of a sudden, after months spent in provincial Russia, in Siberia, and in Central Asia.

The New Russia Company's estate, owned, not leased, extends to some 60,000 acres. Half of this is coal-bearing land, and one-half of this half shows enough coal to last the company for two hundred years. In fact, the company sells coal, and no iron-works would do this unless there was plenty to spare. Some distance away there are 2,700 acres of limestone property. The supply of iron comes from the hematite mines of Krivei-rog, where the ore averages from fifty-eight to sixty-five per cent. of metallic iron. These mines, of which the New Russia Company's share is 2,500 acres, are about three hundred miles away. There is enough ore in sight to last the company for from fifteen to twenty years. After that a fresh supply must be found. Its source is hardly a secret.

The manufacturing side of Usovka is like a huge iron-works anywhere else—a forest of chimneys, belching forth smoke and steam; a row of blast-furnaces, clouding the day and illuminating the night; great stretches of coke ovens; mountains of slag; acres of workshops; miles of railway with banging trucks and shrieking engines—the whole familiar industrial inferno. Beside it are two of the colliery pit-heads, and adjoining it on the other side is the town. This has no resemblance to a Russian provincial town; it is regularly laid out, its houses are solidly built and neatly kept, indeed many of them are luxurious; there is a whole street of capital shops, a co-operative store, a public garden, a branch of the Imperial Bank, a Cossack barrack. The streets are numbered on the American plan, and are called "Lines"—there are fifty "Lines," if I remember aright. The whole place, as a glance shows, is prosperous and well governed. It has no fewer than 30,000 inhabitants, and it has no other *raison d'être* than the New Russia Company, Ltd. Close the iron-works, and next week this town, as big as Colchester or Topeka would be deserted.

The pay-sheet of Usovka contains 12,000 men, and £50,000 a month is paid

in wages. This gives some idea of the scale of the company's operations, and of the benefit to Russia which this foreign enterprise confers. But the figures of output are perhaps even more informative. There are six large blast-furnaces, five working, and one kept in reserve. These are worked with what I believe is called a "ten-pound pillar." Last year the output of pig-iron was 335,000 tons. For the production of steel there are ten open-hearth furnaces (into which the metal is carried hot—an improvement, unless I am mistaken, upon English methods) and two Bessemer converters. Last year 50,000 tons of steel billets were produced. The rolling-mills, in which I noticed that an electric trolley carried the red-hot ingots from one rolling-table to another—a very useful little time-saver introduced locally—turned out last year 150,000 tons of rails. Besides this, 10,000 tons of "merchant iron" and 8,000 tons of "Spiegel-eisen" were produced and sold. From the company's coal mines, six in all, 650,000 tons was lifted, of which about 30,000 tons was sold. Last year the Company made and used 350,000 tons of coke, and bought more besides, and it raised from its own mines at Krivei-rog 500,000 tons of iron ore. One other interesting item is that the company has a large farm adjoining the town, for the production of vegetables and forage, and that it ploughs every year some 8,000 acres of land.

To complete the appreciation of this great industrial enterprise, and its significance for Russia, two other facts should be borne in mind: first, that in 1870 there were only a few huts on the steppe where now this busy town thrives; and second, that the whole of the output during these thirty years has been used in Russia, and not a yard or a pound sent to any other country.

The workmen at a Russian place like this present many contrasts with labor elsewhere. Originally they were all from the land, attracted for a time by the higher wages, or actually driven from home by poverty. They worked in the mill for a few months and then took their savings back to the village home. Many of them are still of this class, but now these stay as a rule for three or four years, and there has in addition grown up a regular work-

ing class, dissociated forever from the soil. The growth of this proletariat is one of the most striking developments in modern Russia, and in time will undoubtedly transform many old conditions. Their wages are both low and high—low in actual money, high because the labor is inefficient. The lowest rate is 80 kopecks, about 1s. 8d. or forty cents, a day, and this rises, with the skill and responsibility of the recipient, until rollers and fitters and furnace-men draw from three and a half to four roubles, say 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. —\$1.75 to \$2—a day. Moreover, any factory in Russia is handicapped by the great number of saints' days and Imperial fête-days, when work ceases by official order. In fact, the working-days only average about twenty-one a month. The character of the laborers may be judged from the fact that they occasionally take a nap upon the railway line! I myself saw a man stretched on his face fast asleep on the iron plates which form the roof of a blast-furnace, with his head a few inches from a shaft up which at any moment poisonous gases might burst.

Foreign enterprises in Russia usually either fail or pay what would be regarded in England, at any rate, as very large dividends; and if they fail it is generally from their own fault. But they have to face a good many conditions which an English or American employer would find almost intolerable. For instance, the precautions they have to take against accidents are infinite, and if a man is killed the police procedure which follows is a perfect inquisition. For example, the foreign head of the department in which the victim worked cannot leave the country until a verdict is reached and penalties inflicted, and the various trials and inquiries may last a year or more. Again, in Russia the State imposes upon private enterprise obligations which elsewhere it discharges itself. At Usofka, since I am taking this as a typical business, the company has to support schools, in which are eight hundred scholars; a hospital, in which there are one hundred beds and six doctors; a force of police consisting of three head constables, four sub-constables, and seventy-six men; and even to make a contribution to the guard of one hundred and fifty mounted Cossacks quartered in the town.

These obligations, however, are a joke in comparison with the taxes which the company must pay. First, there is the tax on output — $1\frac{1}{2}$ kopecks per *pud* (thirty-six pounds) of pig-iron produced. This works out at two shillings a ton: last year, therefore, the company paid over £33,000 under this tax. Second, there are the *zemstvo* taxes—call them rates. These amount to £10,000. Third, last year a new cumulative tax on general profits was added, and, as the New Russia Company had paid a dividend of fifty per cent., this tax was ten per cent. Fourth, as this is an English company, there is the income tax at home.

But even yet I have not touched upon the severest handicap of all. This can only be explained rather technically. Ironmasters will understand it, and others must believe that it is far harder than exists elsewhere in the world. I allude to the tests which the material supplied to Government, of course a customer much larger than all the rest put together and doubled, has to pass before it is accepted.

Take rails, for instance, very much the most important item. First, a 35-foot rail must not vary in length more than three millimetres from the standard. Second, a 5-foot rail, previously frozen, placed upon supports 3 feet apart, receives two blows from a half-ton "monkey," falling from a height of from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet according to the weight of the rail, and must not break or show any defect. Third, after a deflection test of from 14 to 17 tons pressure the rail must not show a permanent "set" of more than .75 millimetre. Fourth, a tensile strain of 65 kilos. to the square millimetre (about 40 tons to the square inch) must not produce an elongation of more than six per cent. And fifth, the figure produced by this strain, added to the elongation and multiplied by 2, must reach eighty-two. I am assured that a British or American rail-maker would refuse a contract requiring these tests, which at Usovka are most scrupulously applied by a committee of Russian engineers.

Still I have not done with the hard side. After all these conditions, obligations, taxes, and tests, it might be

thought that the company could put its own price upon its output. But it is not the company which fixes the price—the Minister of Finance fixes it for it. When I was at Usovka the Government was giving its orders for steel rails at the price of one rouble ten kopecks a *pud*, which I work out as the equivalent of £7 5s. per ton. A year previously the price was 1.35 roubles. The Government gives its order, and you take it or leave it. If you leave it, a door is opened in the tariff wall and in come the British and American producers. Thus at this little game the Government always holds the four aces.

Poor foreign enterprise in Russia! Well, not exactly. Mr. Hughes went off to look for a fresh cue when I hinted a curiosity concerning the dividends of the New Russia Company, but I had a suspicion that if anybody could buy its shares at many times their par value he would think himself lucky. I afterward looked up these dividends for the last ten years and found them to be as follows: Nineteen per cent., sixteen per cent., twenty-eight per cent., thirty per cent., twenty-four per cent., one hundred and twenty-five per cent., fifteen per cent., twenty per cent., twenty-five per cent., twenty per cent. And at one point in this pleasing record the share capital was doubled! Indeed a list of the concerns working in Russia, with foreign capital, which have paid between fifteen and fifty per cent. dividend would make the foreign investor's mouth water.

In conclusion, since I have described foreign enterprise in Russia as typified in this great English business, I must add one word of reservation. The New Russia Company was founded when foreign capital was admitted under easier conditions than exist nowadays, for to-day the Government would not sell such properties outright, as it did in 1870. Moreover, John Hughes, who founded it, had the foresight of a commercial Prometheus. But I do not hesitate to say, as my last word, that for the foreign capitalist, if he knows where and how to go to work, there are opportunities to-day every bit as promising as those which Mr. Hughes foresaw and utilized thirty years ago.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 13, 1900.

OUR TWO UNCLES

By Sydney Herman Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. A. LINNELL



IT is no wonder that I did not enlarge upon my uncle's talents to my wife. True, during our six months' married life we had shared each other's thoughts and feelings without reserve—that is, if Marion had kept anything from me I would have been heart-broken, while I would not have dreamed of concealing anything from her—yet a favorable moment for announcing that I had an uncle did not arrive. Indeed, the thought of telling Marion filled me with a nervous dread, so that, when I guiltily attempted to lead up to the subject, I stammered and avoided her eyes until she declared that I must have something on my mind, an insinuation which I indignantly repelled. I might have mentioned him casually, as the black sheep of the family, if I could have learned that any of Marion's near relatives were otherwise than virtuous and respectable, but they were beyond reproach, and in the face of such a phalanx of integrity I could not wilfully flaunt the statement that my only uncle was a rascal. Besides, how did I know that I had an uncle? He hadn't written home for a year and a half, and such neglect could only mean that he no longer lived in a world where a moving tale of misfortune might be exchanged for a remittance. For his drafts on the credulity of his relatives were generally duly honored, on the ground that he would be less likely to return home if his requests were granted. As a writer of fiction he was realistic, picturesque, careful in detail, but, alas!—inconsecutive. For instance, on one occasion he lost his left arm while coupling cars (tintype enclosed, coat-sleeve empty); four months later, other disasters having intervened, his left arm was mangled by a vicious dog from which he had rescued a child. (See tintype, with arm in sling.)

How could I, then, unfold such a tale to Marion, when she talked so constantly

of her dear old Uncle Andrew, that the contrast between the two men was always in my mind? I scarcely shared her enthusiasm for the old gentleman, whom I had never seen, for I knew he had been opposed to our marriage, and had actually wanted Marion to wait another year, until his return from Europe, so that he could see for himself whether his favorite niece had chosen a desirable husband, or not. Besides, it wasn't easy to get up an affection for a man, however estimable, who had studied my photograph attentively and then remarked that I had a weak mouth. Marion told me this with innocent gayety, and laughed at my indignation. If I had shared her belief that it was merely an absurd notion, I might have laughed with her, but I had always suspected that I lacked decision, and it was annoying to be prodded in such a vulnerable spot. I had supposed my failing would remain a secret, for I assiduously cultivated a decided manner, and the habit of acting instantly in emergencies, without giving myself time to consider whether I was doing the right or the wrong thing.

I smothered my prejudice as much as possible, however, when Marion talked of Uncle Andrew, and tried to sympathize with her in the belief that he was a paragon, but I failed to appreciate his oddities with her loving delight. It seemed to me detestable, for instance, that a man should so pride himself on punctuality that he would never sit down to dinner, in his own house, one minute before or after the proper hour; that he should make a practice of timing his arrival at a railway-station to within one minute of train-time, and then expostulate with the officials if the train was five seconds late in starting. He was punctilious in matters of form, as a rule, but I was warned that when he made us a visit I must remember that he disliked being met at the station, or having inquiries made as to his state of health,

or solicitude expressed for his comfort. I was also to remember a vast number of his other likes and dislikes—in fact, while I would not have ventured to express such an opinion, I was convinced that my wife's uncle was an old curmudgeon, and I wondered how she could be so blind to his faults. I was quite aware of my Uncle Harry's imperfections, yet I wouldn't have traded him for Uncle Andrew.

The two men were opposites in character, and everything else. Her uncle was old, crotchety, wealthy, saving, honest, respectable, truthful; mine was young, agreeable (in manner), poor (usually), a spendthrift when possible, a swindler, a liar. Uncle Andrew was a retired leather merchant, owning stocks in railroads, mines and mills; Uncle Harry had never been in trade, though he may sometimes have been driven by starvation to menial labor on railroads, in mines, or mills. Uncle Andrew, when he hired a cab, would naturally hire it by the hour, and pay the exact sum stated in the tariff; Uncle Harry, if he had any money, would promptly hire one by the day, regardless of expense. The driver, if a congenial, whole-souled man, would be treated to free drinks and a dinner, and paid with princely liberality; but if crabbed and suspicious, he might be left to wait in vain at the front entrance to some museum or other public building for hours after his fare had departed through some side or rear door.

I laid the letter on the breakfast-table, without reading beyond the first page. The disturbing phantom of my scapegrace uncle, that I had so often dismissed from my brain since our marriage, loomed large and near, no longer a baseless fabric, but a threatening reality. I looked up at Marion. She was staring at me with wide-open, frightened eyes.

"Henry," she gasped, "what makes you look like that? What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing," I said, with a reassuring smile. "At least nothing of any consequence—merely a note from Uncle —"

"Uncle Andrew—to you! Oh, Henry, is he ill?"

"Of course not. I was about to say that this is a letter from my Uncle Harry."

"Your Uncle—Harry! I didn't know you had an Uncle *anything*?"

"Well, I didn't either. I hoped—that is, we all thought he must be dead by this time. You see," I explained, in response to her look of horror, "he was a sort of rolling-stone—always travelling—always getting dead-broke—always writing home for money. Then, when his letters ceased, more than a year ago, we naturally thought——"

"Oh!" said Marion, with a tinge of reproach in her tone. "And what is his letter about?"

I handed it over to her to read. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled as she turned the first page. "How romantic! How generous!" she exclaimed. "He heard of our marriage and of your appointment when he was in the Mexican mines, and started north with twenty thousand dollars in his belt, meaning to give you half for a wedding present. Henry! do you understand?"

I nodded gloomily. "I read that far," I answered, grimly. "Go on—see if there isn't a request for ten dollars by return mail."

"I don't believe there's anything of the kind; it sounds perfectly true. How can you look so gloomy over the loss of the money when he escaped with his life from those awful bandits?"

"It isn't the loss of the money—I'd be cheerful enough if he had escaped without his life, but——"

"You mustn't make such jokes," she interrupted. "I'll not listen to them."

"Go on reading, then," I said.

"'I was penniless,'" she read, aloud, "'but I have been working my way north with a determination to invoke the power of the United States Government to claim compensation from the Mexicans. I would let the matter drop, for I am used to bad luck, if it were not for your ten thousand—but you shall have it yet."

"'It affects me more than I can say, to think that since last we met you have reached man's estate without yielding to the sin and folly that have ruined my life. And now, with a true wife to keep you straight, you are safe; while I, at the age of thirty, must look back (but not forward, thank Heaven!) on a career of weak indulgence. Be thankful, Harry, that it is

only in outward appearance that you resemble your

Unfortunate, but loving,
Uncle H.

"P. S. I send you a basket of peaches. It is a trifling gift, but I gathered them for you, and took care to put in big ones clear to the bottom. These fruit-growers are such rascals that I believe it's the only honestly packed basket that ever came from this Michigan district. I'm sorry I haven't enough money to prepay the express charges, but if you will kindly do so I will send the amount later.

H. C."

Marion dropped the letter with an hysterical shriek. "Whatever does this mean?" she demanded in bewilderment, inclined to both laughter and tears.

That question I could not answer. Moreover, I could not invent an answer or any plausible theory that fitted in with my knowledge of my uncle's character. I laughed with Marion at the absurd contrast between the mythical ten thousand dollars and the still nebulous basket of fruit; then I fumed and sputtered over the insinuation that I needed a wife to keep me straight; later, I wildly declared that he was trying to make me a receiver of stolen peaches, and that I wouldn't pay ten cents for express charges.

I didn't. I paid one dollar and five cents; then I asked the delivery-man if he had a family. He had nine children. I loathed peaches, I said, persuasively, and I would feel obliged to him if he would take them home. He went down the steps without a word, looking back as he drove away until he reached the corner, when his wondering mouth closed on a peach.

What made me most uneasy was the fact of my uncle not having followed his usual custom of asking for money. He hadn't even given an address to which a remittance might be sent, if I were soft-hearted enough to wish to send one; and I could only guess that this letter was meant to pave the way for some exceptional demand, unless—but I would not let myself dwell upon the possibility that he might be on his way to visit us. To my surprise, Marion was more interested than depressed by my account of his mis-

deeds; in fact, she was so entertained that I began to view him more from an artistic stand-point and less from his personal undesirability as a near relative. Certainly, my uncle was a rascal, but he wasn't a dull rascal. Though I began to feel a sympathetic toleration for his existence, I wouldn't admit that he hadn't stolen the peaches. Marion rebuked me for suspecting him. "Why," she declared, indignantly, "you are positively ungrateful. Think of the privations he has endured! Probably he's been working as a farm-hand and earned them as wages; besides, the nature of the present makes it quite affecting. It's just as if he had sent flowers from his own garden."

I began to see that I could not afford to let Marion think that I was lacking in fine instincts, so I relented outwardly; inwardly, I vowed that I would feel just as callous if my uncle had sent flowers from his own grave.

II

THE cold November wind, howling fiercely outside, seemed to emphasize the cosiness of the little house on the evening of our first tea-party. We looked upon it in the light of a house-warming on a small scale for, after marrying as soon as I was sure of a modest income, we had had the pleasure of gathering our house-keeping possessions together by degrees, as the money was saved to pay for them. Consequently, every article, from the toasting-fork in the kitchen to the lace-curtains in the parlor, was hallowed by the remembrance of our first joy of ownership and the associations connected with its purchase. And then, when our long-wished-for tea-set was bought, we were at last able to entertain our friends.

It was a small company, but it could not fail to be a jolly one, with Harold Jones there. He had been my closest friend at college, and my marriage had not lessened our regard for each other. He was full of the kindly, sparkling humor that Marion and I both found refreshing, and if we had been his engaging grandchildren, playing with new toys he could not have shown more delighted interest in our doings. It pains me to recall that I was responsible for his leaving

our house that night, looking like a funeral mute, yet Harold himself—generous soul!—forgave me the next day, gratefully remembering the occasion as the delightful evening when he first met my cousin, Jean Acres. Afterward, when I looked back on the merry time we had in the dining-room over our tea, I realized with a pang how cruel our enjoyment must have seemed to the shivering, hungry man, who looked on through the slats of the window-shutters.

We had finished, and I was about to follow the others into the parlor, when a scratching noise at the window caused me to turn. As I looked, the shutter swung slowly outward; a man's face, haggard and wan, emerged from the surrounding darkness into the shaft of light.

We gazed steadily into each other's eyes. For my part, I was motionless with the horror of the thought that the face was mine, transformed by some ghostly reflection of the window-pane; then, with a flash of memory I recalled my uncle's appearance as I had seen him ten years before, a carefully dressed, erect, debonair young man; dark-brown eyes that sparkled with a mocking light, a ready smile, an almost courtly manner.

This form was stooped; the eyes dull and heavy; a weary, care-worn curve about the mouth—and yet, it was my Uncle Harry. In his eyes I read a questioning appeal, not for charity, but for rightful recognition. I was at liberty to draw down the blind and shut him out in the cold and darkness; he was waiting to see if I were the sort of man who would be content to revel in luxury and leave my own flesh and blood to hunger and despair. If so, he had pride enough, and perhaps strength enough, to turn silently away.

A rush of pitying sympathy welled up within me. I made a gesture of invitation, closing the door leading to the front part of the house; a moment later the rear door opened.

"Blood," said my Uncle Harry, hoarsely, as he gripped my extended hand, "is thicker than water."

Mine was leaping in my veins so that I could not speak, but his eyes were already fixed on the table with the longing gaze of a starved animal, and my silence

was unnoticed. I cleared a place for him, leaving him to satisfy his hunger while I went into the parlor.

It was the beginning of a hopeless attempt to appear to be in the same room with our invited guests, and also to spend a goodly portion of the time with the uninvited one. I hoped the others did not notice my periodical disappearances, but I could see that Marion looked plainly disturbed every time I returned from the dining-room. I ignored her occasional swift appealing glances of inquiry, and, divining her intention to excuse herself for the purpose of investigation, I relentlessly checkmated every such movement by vanishing myself, when the danger became imminent. Harold, too, I fancied, suspected me of surreptitiously gorging myself on the left-over delicacies, for when he caught sight of me slipping into a chair near the door, for the third time, he was suddenly convulsed with laughter, but when I looked at him sternly he buried his face in his handkerchief and pretended to sneeze. He atoned for this, however, by laughing uproariously at my remarks, inventing a point when necessary, for although I assumed a convivial manner, in my attempts to be entertaining, my mind was distracted by the problem of how to get rid of my uncle.

Fortunately, he was most willing to be got rid of, for he admitted being in desperate straits. Not for a million dollars would he take the risk of a detective tracking him to my house, thus bringing disgrace upon me. He was innocent of present wrong-doing, but the pitiless sleuth-hound of the law, not content to let a man who had once made a false step earn an honest living, had raked up some bygone flaw in his career.

I pitied the man, as I saw the weary hunted look in his eyes, his shabby clothes, and the effort he made to carry himself bravely. But later in the evening he began to revive, and when I professed a willingness to lend a helping hand, his eyes became moist with grateful emotion. If I could spare enough money to land him in Pittsburg and a few dollars besides, he would be able to get work and pay me in a few weeks. He would try to make himself worthy—my confidence would not be misplaced—I would never regret—he

could say no more, but he leaned back in the chair, shielding the upper part of his face with one hand; the silence was eloquent.

It seemed a reasonable proposition, and my impulse was to give him the money at once; then I decided it would be as well to see him off, so I promised to meet him at the Central Station in time for the midnight Chicago Express. I hastily got my second-best overcoat from the hall-rack, leaving him to put it on and make his way out, while I went back to the parlor, relieved in mind.

Our guests arose to go, not long afterward. While the ladies were upstairs I helped Mr. Lancey, the curate, into his overcoat; then I heard Harold call out, from the back hall, "Say, Harry, I can't find my coat!"

A glance at the rack showed me what had happened. Harold's was gone, but my second-best coat was still there. I grabbed it with one hand and dragged Harold into the dining-room with the other, feeling that it was a comparatively trifling matter that his coat was missing, since I had been mercifully preserved from giving the Rev. Joseph Lancey's away.

"Hush!" I whispered, closing the door. "Don't tell anyone—it's *gone*."

"Gone!" he echoed, staring at me stupidly.

"Yes, yes," I said, impatiently; "I gave it away—get into this."

"You gave it away!" he gasped, jerking his arm out of the sleeve just as I had almost got it encased.

"I did," I repeated, with determined restraint, following him up as he tried to edge himself around to the other side of the table. "It's gone, but I'm going to let you have this one for to-night. Stand still," I commanded, as he wriggled protestingly, "you ought to be thankful——"

"I want my own coat," he declared, in a high, complaining tone. "Give me my——"

"Don't shout like that!" I snapped, fiercely, for I was afraid his voice had reached Mr. Lancey. "You're acting like a baby, but you couldn't get it if you sat down on the floor and howled. I—gave—it—away. Come, get in."

He stood like a manikin while I slipped the coat on, then began again, ingratiating-

ly, as I buttoned him up, "Try to think what you did with it, old man. You hid it for a joke, I suppose, and then you forgot *where*. Would it be in that little cupboard under the stair? If you get it for me now I'll promise to drop around to-morrow and try this thing on, but I wouldn't be seen in it to-night. I want my own——"

He broke off at my look of desperation, and I set my teeth together in silence. I got two buttons fastened at the top of the ulster and two at the bottom, but the middle ones were impossible.

I stepped back to view my handiwork, and burst into a fit of laughter at the absurd figure he made. The ulster touched the floor behind and was some inches shorter in front; there was a dreadful bulge at the waist, and only the tips of his fingers showed from the sleeves.

"Harold," I gasped, "it's an awfully—good joke. You'll laugh—when—when you—see the point!"

His lips parted, but only to begin solemnly, "Give me my own——"

He stopped at my fierce gesture. "I tell you for the last time, I—gave—it—away. I'll bring it to you to-morrow—I'm going to the Chicago Express at midnight, and——"

"Harry," he pleaded, "try to brace up and think of what you are saying. If you had given it away you couldn't have it to bring to me to-morrow—and don't you see if you go to Chicago you won't be here anyway. Far better—I mean, far funnier——" he interjected a feeble laugh, "to drag it from its hiding-place to-night, and then I can have——"

I left him abruptly—just in time. The Lanceys and Jean Acres were in the hall, saying good-night. Jean suddenly began to choke. Looking back I saw Harold emerging from the dining-room. "He says he gave——" he began.

"Yes, yes," I said, in a loud tone, shaking his fingers; "we'll arrange that to-morrow, Harold. Good-night."

I turned to look for Jean, for Harold was to see her home. She was in the parlor trying to stifle her laughter by burying her head in a sofa-cushion. "Oh, Harry," she asked, "where *did* he get such a coat?"

"Hush!" I answered. "I gave it to him. Come along quickly—he's waiting."

I had to urge her to hurry, for she de-



"Henry," she gasped, "what makes you look like that?"—Page 337.

clared she would die if she saw him again ; indeed, by the time we reached the front door, Harold had followed the Lanceys. I called him, and he waddled back, expectantly. "Are you going to give me—" he began.

"Harold," I said, reprovingly, "you've forgotten Miss Acres."

My cousin went out, with her handkerchief up to her face, forgetting to say good-night, or unable to speak.

The moment the door closed, Marion turned to me. "What *have* you been doing?" she cried. "What's the matter with Jean? What has happened to Mr. Jones? Why did he tell me as he went out not to let you go to Chicago?"

My uncle was awaiting me in the shadow of the station building. "See here, Harry," he began, in an injured tone: "this is a good warm coat, but if I went on wearing it I'd be arrested on suspicion. Look!"

I had to laugh as I looked, for the coat, that had been made to fit Harold's short and rotund figure, hung like a sack on his tall frame, while his legs and arms projected absurdly. He laughed, too, when I explained the mistake, and when I had

parted with my well-fitting best overcoat and had donned Harold's he was profuse in his thanks, but his manner became distinctly patronizing.

"I tell you what, my boy," he said, "I haven't had a fit like this for years. Some people give away cast-off clothes and feel mighty generous, but I could swear that this is brand-new."

I sighed—with a touch of pride in my obvious virtue ; with regret for my lost garment ; with thankfulness that I had been saved from such mistaken self-righteousness.

"It reminds me," he went on, "of something that happened to me last week." He chuckled merrily.

"What was that?" I asked.

"An old gentleman whom I had never seen before presented me with his own ticket from Chicago to Cleveland."

He paused for comment. I made none, for I didn't believe a word of it.

"It's a fact," he continued. "He even took the trouble to run after the train and hand it to me. But the most curious thing about it is that you have his photograph on your dining-room mantel-piece."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "That's Andrew Sinclair, my wife's uncle. Catch

him giving away his ticket ! He's a hard-headed old Scotchman." I laughed, scornfully.

My uncle looked at me curiously. "Harry," he said, after a pause, "I gather that the old gentleman isn't a great favorite of yours, so I'll tell you the incident without reserve. A week ago to-day I was as anxious to get away from Chicago as I am to get away from here. I had only a dime in my pocket when I went down to the depot, but I thought something might turn up. It did. Just as the train for the East began to move I saw an old gentleman rushing out of the building with a grip in his left hand and a ticket in his right. If there had been time for

a second thought I might have resisted the temptation, but there wasn't. I jumped on the rear platform of the last car just as he arrived, puffing like a grampus. I stretched out one hand, invitingly, and—" he stopped, gasping with laughter.

"You didn't—ha ! ha !"

"Well, there wasn't time to ask questions. He may have wanted to be helped on board, but it looked as if he were offering me the ticket, so I——"

"You—you took it !" I exclaimed, struggling to be stern. "Didn't you—didn't you know that was wrong ?"

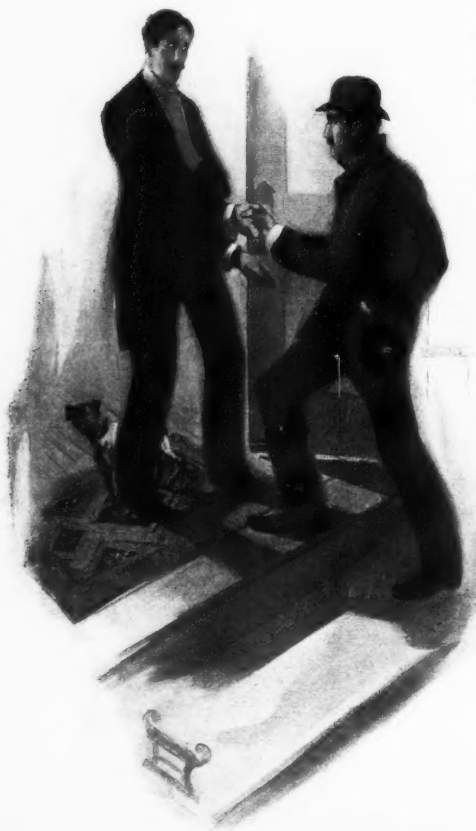
"Well," he answered, gravely, with a little sigh, "the fact is—I *didn't*. I acted on an impulse. I needed the ticket ; he didn't. It couldn't have mattered much to him to wait for the next train—I couldn't wait. I can see now that it *was* wrong, but somehow I can't *feel* that it was. For one thing, he looked to me like a man who could pay for a special train as easily as for a ticket."

He paused, but with such distinct note of anxious inquiry that I hastened to assure him that Uncle Andrew was one of the wealthiest men in Cleveland. From his manner I became suddenly aware, too late, that my tone had implied approbation of his conduct.

"The conductor came out of the door just then," he went on, with a chuckle, "so I waved my hand and shouted 'Good-by, uncle ; love to aunt !' I'm blessed if the old boy didn't take out his handkerchief and wave it in reply. It was quite a relief to me, for I saw that he was game, and didn't mean to give himself away by making a fuss."

I had difficulty in concealing the exultant merriment that possessed me when I heard how Marion's uncle had missed his train. I knew it was wrong of me to feel as I did, but in spirit I reminded him that if I *had* a weak mouth I would know better than to be fleeced by my Uncle Harry. I knew, too, that I was virtually rewarding the wrong-doer when I gave him ten dollars and his ticket, in place of five, as I had intended, yet I did so, cheerfully.

The express made a ten-minute stop, and I accompanied him into the car.



I would have waited to wave a last adieu from the platform, but he suggested that my coat was attracting attention and bade me an affectionate farewell. As I turned to leave, he thrust his hand into a pocket of the overcoat and called after me, "Oh, Harry, you forgot"—he broke off suddenly, looking confused—"some cigars and a match-box," he went on. "I'll keep them, if you don't mind."

"Keep them, by all means," I responded, heartily.

As I went through the waiting-room a Pullman porter passed me on the run. "Heah," he said to the ticket-agent, "the gen'lman made a mistake—he wants this ticket changed from Pittsburg to Cleveland."

I stopped him as he was hurrying back with the ticket. "What sort of a looking man is he?" I asked, putting my hand into my pocket.

"Lordy, sah!" he exclaimed, starting in alarm. "I thought you was him. You 's as like as peas—'cept," he added, with a grin, "youah ovahcoats ain't alike."

That impertinence cost him fifteen cents—I gave him a dime instead of a quarter.

The train was moving when I reached the platform, and I jumped upon a truck to get a clear view of the rear first-class coach. He wasn't there. As I stood transfixed, the Pullman rolled slowly past and in the brilliantly lighted smoking saloon sat my Uncle Harry. He was leaning back in an attitude of luxurious abandonment; in one hand he held a lighted cigar, in the other a glittering object, at which he gazed in fond anticipation. My eyes were dazzled by the sparkle until, as he slowly raised it, I saw, too late, my precious cut-glass and silver brandy-flask, ruthlessly torn from a respectable home in our sideboard cupboard.

I walked homeward, choosing the most secluded streets, acutely conscious that I was neither short nor stout. For the first time I understood Harold's insistent longing for his own coat, and I ardently wished that he had it—nor was I consoled by the thought that when it once more graced his form I would have to wear my abandoned, shabby ulster.

Until this final proof of my uncle's depravity, I had plumed myself on being both astute and generous in my treatment



"Don't tell anyone—it's gone."—Page 340.

of him; but now, I had the bitterness of knowing that I had been neither—my coat, my money, my precious flask were utterly thrown away. But this consideration was a trifle, in comparison to the dread that his raid upon me was only preliminary to the carrying out of some deeper scheme. True, he was gone, and certainly to Cleveland; and Cleveland was three hundred miles west; but then, to him, distance was nothing, and he was as careless of time as of money.

I stopped before a letter-box, thrusting my hand into my breast-pocket with the vague idea that I had a letter to mail. It was empty; then I remembered with a smile that I carried letters in my own coat pocket, and not in Harold's. The smile ended in a groan, for in an instant I knew that Marion had that morning given me a letter addressed to her uncle. Had I left it in the pocket of my lost coat? Alas! I didn't know. Over and over again I tried to conjure up a vision of myself dropping it into a box. Sometimes the vision appeared, but only to fade away.

By the time I reached home I had decided not to mention the matter to Marion.

A doubt lodged in her fertile brain might develop in an hour into a blighting, peace-destroying belief in coming disaster. How could I think, then, of giving her needless pain? It would be time enough in a week, if a reply didn't arrive, to explain how her letter might have been lost. In the meantime, no harm could be done, for there was nothing of importance in it, and my uncle would certainly take care to give the man whose ticket he had stolen a wide berth.

It was a week after our tea-party, that, with secret self-gratulation, I handed Marion a letter from her Uncle Andrew. She opened it eagerly, then her smile died away and a puzzled look crossed her face; as she turned the page she dropped the letter, covering her face with her hands. In an instant I was beside her, as she sank into a chair and closed her eyes.

"What is it?" I cried. "What has happened?"

"Oh!" she wailed. "Poor Uncle!"

I thought he must be dead, and felt shocked and sorry for her; yet I could think of nothing to show my sympathy, but, "When—when did he die?"

Her eyes opened. "Worse—far worse!" she gasped. "His mind—" her voice was choked with sobs.

I stooped to pick up the letter. "*Don't!*" she cried, vehemently. "I'll tell you. His mind is—*gone!*"

So was the letter—she had thrown it into the fire.

"Marion," I said, sternly, "why did you burn that letter?"

"Because," she answered, defiantly, "it was my own: and though uncle isn't responsible for what he wrote, I couldn't



The absurd figure he made.—Page 340.

bear you to see what he imagines about—you."

It was half an hour before I succeeded in convincing her that I hadn't any feelings, and that I must know; then I picked out the truth in small pieces.

"He thinks," began Marion, "that you are visiting him." She smiled pathetically.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed.

"He imagines that you—you brought him my letter."

I groaned in dismay. "Is that—all?"

"N—no—not quite. He said he liked the frank way in which—you admitted—having—oh, oh! I can't!"

"Go on," I urged, frantically. "I don't mind a bit."

"—having stolen—oh, dear!—his ticket, but—"

"Ha! ha!—but—?"

"—when you said you had—had been drinking—"

"The devil!" I shouted.

"Henry!"

"It's all right—I meant *my* uncle—drinking?"

"—at the time, and that it was her— . . . oh, how dreadful!—her—"

I gripped her arm in anguish. He had confessed that I was a thief, a drunkard—was there yet a lower deep? "Wait—one moment," I gasped. "*Now*—make it short. . . . It was her—"

"—editary!" she cried, explosively.

I burst into a wild peal of laughter. "Is that all?" I demanded.

"The rest was dreadfully mixed up. He wanted your appetite removed—of course he meant improved—and he'd pay all expenses. You had a wonderful head for business, and three months at the G. C. would make a new man of you; and then—"

"Three months at *what?*"

"The *G. C.*—whatever that means. What do you suppose he meant?"

I smiled compassionately. "Stop," said Marion, putting her hand to her head,—"don't speak—it's coming back. . . . There—I've got it! I remember he said it made a new man of him."

"What did?" I cried, in astonishment.

"The Golf Club!"

We took the midnight express for Cleveland. My one desire was to confront our uncles—both together, if possible. Marion was equally indignant. Now that she knew her uncle was sane, she was vehement in her denunciations of him, while I tried to fan the flame of her resentment by declaring that he was an innocent old man, who had been gulled by the devilish ingenuity of my too clever uncle. Then Marion wished me to understand that her uncle was a man of intellect and good breeding, who should have known better; but that from my own account my uncle acted in the way that might have been expected of him. Whereat, I squirmed, relapsing into silence.

We had a miserable night. After lying awake for hours I dressed at dawn and went into the smoking-saloon. The brakeman and Pullman conductor were there, beguiling the time by telling each other tales. I sat down to smoke, listening idly.

"Did you hear what struck Gaffney the other day?" the brakeman was saying. "It 'd be as much as a man's life's worth to mention droppin' a letter to him—or missin' a train; much less losin' a conductor. He was runnin' from Cleveland to Buffalo on No. 17, an' when he was takin' up the tickets he come to a swell-dressed young feller, sittin' by himself, with his head hangin' down as if he was asleep. You know Gaffney's way of askin' for tickets? Well, he gives this chap a shake besides, to wake him up, an' he jumps to his feet an' cusses Gaffney to beat the band. 'Who do you

think you are?' says he. 'Is it the colonel of a regiment, or a stage-coach robber? I'll teach you how not to treat a gentleman,' says he.

"'Ticket or money?' roars Gaffney, flarin' up. 'An' be quick about it, too.'

"'Curse your impertinence,' says the other. 'You'll have no ticket from me till you ask polite.'

"Gaffy turns fairly white, an' reaches for the bell-rope. 'Go on,' says the feller, sort o' mockin'; 'pull it, if you dare—break the comp'ny's rules, and put a man off between stations in the winter, an' let 'em in for five thousand dollars damages again. Great head you have!'

"Gaffy was bustin' with rage, an' looked as if he was goin' to haul him out on the spot. Bill Morse was brakin' that trip.'

"Well, Gaff turns away an' tells Bill to signal the driver to stop at Fairview.



I handed Marion a letter from her Uncle Andrew.

'Now, my brave lawyer,' says he, 'pay your fare, or off you go.' 'Hold up!' says the feller. 'I'll lay down my fare for you to pick up, if all them tickets in your pockets is punched. Look!' says he, to the passengers—'look at the guilt in his face! He dursn't show them, for he's been knockin' down fares.'

"The train began to slow up, and Gaffney hadn't time to answer if he'd 'a wanted to—he beckoned Bill. 'Ho, ho!' says the chap. 'Afraid to tackle me alone? Don't be skeered—I won't resist. I've a right to be on this train, but if you handle me gentle I won't hurt you.'

"'Come along,' says Gaff, takin' him by the arm.

"'Not a step,' says he; 'you've got to put me off—then I can prove you used force.'

"'In the end, Gaff an' Bill had to make a chair of their arms an' carry him off like an invalid. He'd let himself go limp like a wet rag, an' Bill says you'd 'a swore he weighed half a ton. He'd got Gaff sort o' shook up with his talk, an' made him think he was in for trouble, so they took mighty good care not to let him knock agen anythin', an' to set him down easy. The feller was chucklin' all the way out, an' he sings out to the passengers, 'We'll all be back presently.' Everyone was laughin' like mad.

"'When they got out to the platform Bill seen him slip a letter out of his pocket an' then put his foot on it as they stood him up. 'Run, Bill, an' tell Dick to let her go for all she's worth, or we'll miss the southern connections,' says Gaff. Bill told the driver an' then clumb onto the baggage-car. Gaffy give the signal, an' was jest goin' to step onto the parlor when the feller moves his foot an' calls out, 'Look at the letter you dropped!' Gaffy stooped to pick it up, and the feller nabbed him from behind, like a spider

catching a fly. The train pulled out, but Gaff couldn't move hand nor foot, though he was yelling like a Comanche. When the train was well off the feller let go his holt, an' Gaff made for the semaphore like a crazy steer. He got there jest as



"We'll all be back presently."

the train passed the switch, an' of course the driver couldn't see the signal. They run three miles afore Bill found that Gaffy was missin'; then they run back to pick up his remains, thinkin' he had fell off, but there he was on the depot-platform. He'd had a round with the feller, an' got knocked out.

"They'd lost twenty minutes, an' the despatcher was callin' up for news of the train. Gaff got aboard in a hurry, an' they pulled out again, leavin' the feller

on the platform, but Jee-ruslem! didn't he jump onto the parlor an' come walkin' through as bold as brass! Bill says he thought Gaffy was goin' to have a stroke when he seen him, but he dursn't tackle him again. He goes to wash the blood

on how he behaves, an' on my uncle's advice.'

"When they heard Andrew Sinclair was his uncle there was great exchangin' of cards, an' he got quite thick with the crowd. Some of them went off to the smoker to have a little game, an' I guess that feller raked in most of the stakes they put up on the quiet. Anyway, old Colonel Jelks got dead-broke. Bill picked up one of the cards, an' the name on it was Henry Carton. They say that's the name of the chap that married the niece that'll come in for old Sinclair's money, an' that he wasn't much, but——"

I had heard enough — too much! Plainly my uncle had fled — no, not fled — he had gone off like a rocket, with a spectacular display of my visiting cards and Uncle Andrew's greenbacks — a display made possible, no doubt, by his successful histrionic personation of me; for I knew that however much he might enjoy his own performance, he always played for money.

When we reached Cleveland I sent Marion to the waiting-room while I went to choose a hack. As I left her I noticed a train-newsboy gazing at me with his mouth open. Suddenly he ran off, calling out, "Gaffney—Gaffney!"

I smiled at the name, remembering the brakeman's tale; but a moment later I was confronted by a savage-looking man in a conductor's uniform,

with a swollen face and a strip of plaster on one cheek.

"Now, sir," he shouted, "you can't bluff me again! It's a charge of obstructing the running of trains this time. I've got you!"

"Have you, indeed?" I asked, with interest, my gaze focussed on the most prominent bruise. "May I ask *who* has got me?"

"Do you mean to pretend you don't know me?" he roared.



"Now, sir," he shouted, "you can't bluff me again."

off his face, tellin' Bill not to take his eyes off that devil, an' he'll have him nabbed at Erie, but he give up that idea. You see there was a lot of Cleveland high-flyers on board, on the way to the Buffalo races, an' I'm blamed if they didn't come crowdin' round offerin' to pay the feller's fare: but he pulls out a wad as big as your fist. 'It ain't a question of money, gentlemen,' says he; 'it's the principle of the thing. I won't pay fare to that hoodlum, but my future proceedin's depends

Our Two Uncles

"I never saw you before," I said, haughtily, and, my anger rising at his manner, I added, "I never could have forgotten your amiable and honest countenance, and gentlemanly demeanor."

"In all my life," he said, his hands clenched and his voice quivering with passion, "I never heard a tongue like yours. Holmes," as a police officer edged his way through the crowd, "get this devil locked up."

Interference with the running of a train is a grave offence, and although I was allowed a few moments' conversation with Marion, and spared the ignominy of being sent to a police station, it was thought advisable to lock the door of the room in which I awaited the arrival of her uncle.

The humiliation of my position did not soften my feeling of resentment toward him, and I was prepared to receive him with chilling formality; for the longer I pored over the matter, the more clearly I

could see that most of the trouble arose from his false estimate of my character. To realize how easily and completely he had been duped by my rascally uncle was some slight compensation for my own trouble, but I felt that he must show a proper appreciation of my sterling qualities before I could overlook his mistake. Indeed, I set my teeth and lips firmly together and, in imagination, challenged him to state instantly whether my mouth looked weak or not.

It was at this moment that the door opened; my wife's Uncle Andrew was looking at me with a funny twinkle in his eyes. Then he slapped his knee, and burst into a loud "ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!"

I made a frantic clutch at my dignity, but I found myself going off into a "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

We both stopped abruptly. He looked at me with a slight frown.

"Mr. Sinclair," I said, coldly, "may I ask what you are laughing about?"



My wife's Uncle Andrew was looking at me with a funny twinkle in his eyes.

"I was just going to ask what you found so funny," said he.

"Well," I said, trying to repress a grin of satisfaction, "it isn't my turn, but I'll answer first, if you wish. I was just thinking how my Uncle Harry—ha, ha, ha!—took you in!"

He frowned fiercely. "Really," he said, gruffly, "I don't see—" then he smiled again. "I was laughing to think of how he did you up."

I winced—we both looked grave—there was a brief silence during which we looked into each other's eyes. Suddenly we shook hands warmly.

"Come away up to the house," said Uncle Andrew.

During the drive from the station he had little to say, while I had so much to think about that I remained silent, at first. I was surprised to find my prejudice giving place to a sudden liking—a feeling which a furtive study of his face intensified. The gruffness that I had imagined was absent, and under his somewhat dignified and self-reliant manner he was evidently repressing a humorous outbreak, probably out of regard for my feelings. I had expected him to express contrition for having supposed that Uncle Harry was I, and also to satisfy my eager curiosity as to how he had been swindled, but he didn't seem to be in a

hurry to begin. Could he think that I was responsible for the money loss? Should I offer to make it good? Certainly Marion would take that stand—but was it not an absurdly quixotic idea? Again, if I were going to mount the pedestal of moral obligation anyway, had I not better do so at once, without waiting to be pushed up by my wife? And if I took this step quite of my own volition would she not be likely to enthusiastically declare that I was the best and noblest man that ever lived? But how could I afford the money *if*—if he *shouldn't* refuse it? And how could I forego the consciousness of superior virtue by neglecting to make the offer?

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was giving way to indecision. "Mr. Sinclair!" I exclaimed, frantically, putting my hand into my pocket, "I must pay you—for my uncle! How much did he . . . cost?"

Uncle Andrew looked at me in bewilderment. I had to elaborate and explain my meaning, making a stronger case than I had planned. He frowned a little, then smiled, then—grinned!

"Harry," he said, looking benevolent, "your uncle cost me—let me see—not quite what the entertainment was worth. You will pardon me for saying that you haven't his head for—business."

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE MAP

(1825-1900)

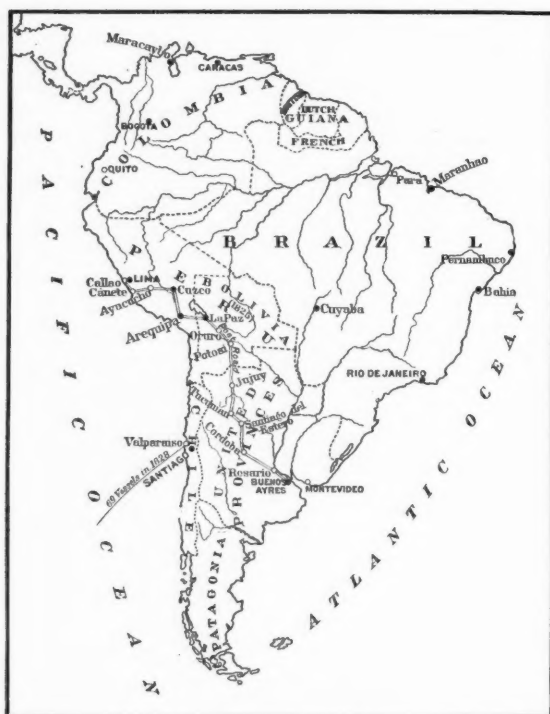
By Joseph Sohn

WHY, where is Patagonia? was the astonished query recently put to me by an old schoolmate, as, carelessly turning the leaves of his little son's geography, he suddenly came upon a recent map of South America. The boundaries which we boys had once regarded as immutable had changed; and the map, which the vivid impressionism of youth had engraved so firmly upon our memory, was no longer in existence. The experience of my friend, a man of considerable intelligence, is not an isolated instance. The rapidity of our geographical progress within the last decades has rendered it extremely difficult for the layman to follow

the course of events. For this reason, it may not be inappropriate at the close of the century, to present a picture of the marvellous transformation which the face of our map has undergone within a life-time.*

In 1825, three great continents were practically unexplored. Australia, or New Holland, as it was then called, was nothing more than a *terra incognita*—a mere geographical idea; the vast expanse of Africa—with the exception of the Mediterranean region and the little settlement at the Cape—was still the land of wonder and

* The momentous and permanent changes have taken place since the second decade of the 19th century, when the world was beginning to recover from the strife and turmoil of the Napoleonic Wars.



South America, 1825.*
Cities of 25,000 or over (*).

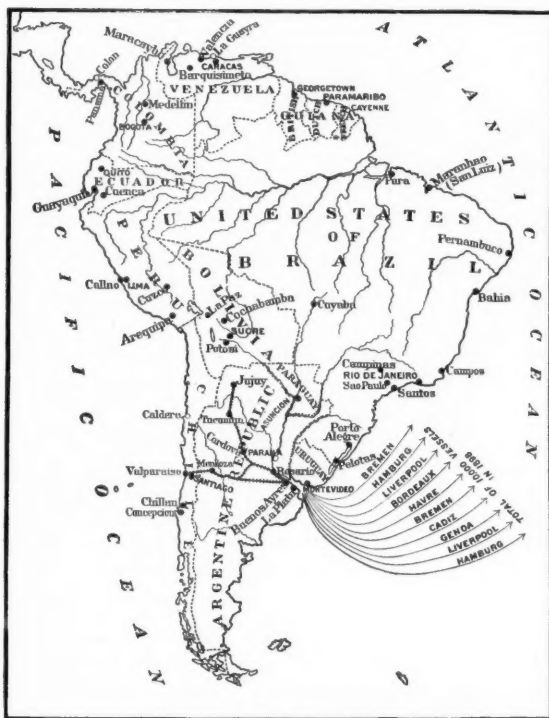
conjecture, as it had been in the days of the Romans; while Central Asia, with its millions of inhabitants, was effectually closed to Europeans. In the south, Nature had reared her mighty barrier, the Himalayas; and in the east, we find China immured, both in a literal and figurative sense, within that gigantic wall of exclusiveness, which seemed designed to screen forever from the prying gaze of the civilized world the sacred and inviolable "Empire of the Sun."

Yet it is upon the American Continent that the most marvellous changes have been wrought—changes, whose magnitude we, the living witnesses, can scarcely appreciate. As the rising flood impercept-

ibly but steadily advances the water-line, thus constantly altering the contour of the beach, so the swelling tide of population, surging westward, has, throughout this entire century, surely but incessantly pushed forward that long western boundary-line of 1,600 miles, the outlines of which have never for a moment remained the same. These outlines are usually indicated somewhat arbitrarily by the admission of States; a surer guide, however, is furnished by the comparative increase of population in those districts which, seventy-five years ago, lay upon the outskirts of civilization:

Southern Frontier States.		Same States.	
1820	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.	1900	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.
Georgia.....	5.78	Georgia.....	37.26
Alabama.....	2.48	Alabama.....	34.99
Mississippi.....	1.63	Mississippi.....	33.12
	9.89		105.37
General average for three States, 3.3, of which 40.57 per cent. Negro.		General average for three States, 35.12, of which about 50 per cent. Negro.	

* The statistical material upon which these maps are based has been suggested by the author, and supplied by him from the following sources: "Malte-Brun's Geography" (1828), Atlases by Brue (1822) and Tanner (1823), "Bell's System of Geography, Popular and Scientific" (1828), "Chinese Repository" (1832-34), "Captain Hall's Narrative," Arthur Paul's "Territorial Tyranny of the Turk," C. P. Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," "Statesman's Year Book" (1900), "Annual Encyclopedia" and "Century" (1897), "Royal" (1898), and Rand & McNally (1898) Atlases.



South America, 1900.

Cities of 25,000 or over (*). Only the two great trunk lines mentioned in the text are here shown.

Western Frontier States.

	1820	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.
Indiana.....	4.10	
Illinois.....	0.99	
Missouri.....	1.01	
	6.10	

General average for three
States, 2.03.

Same States.

	1900	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.
Indiana.....	69.23	
Illinois.....	85.11	
Missouri.....	44.76	
	199.10	

General average for three
States, 66.38.

To-day we are the only country bounded by the two great oceans of the globe, and it would seem as if our manifest destiny of becoming the greatest of maritime nations were approaching its fulfilment. Already has our frontier been advanced to the Philippine archipelago, that splendid line of sentinels guarding the entrance to the most important maritime highway of Asia, the China Sea. But perhaps some reader may object to the term "frontier," as applied to these islands. Let us see. Geographical progress to-day is measured by the rapidity of travel. Now, in 1825, a traveller setting out from New York for

Fort Dearborn (the present site of Chicago), would have been compelled to journey in peril and discomfort almost continuously for three or four weeks before reaching our frontier outpost in the wilderness: at present, the distance of 10,000 miles from New York to the Philippines may be traversed in about the same time—with the difference, however, that the tourist travels in comfort and luxury all the way.

Yet as comfort and luxury increase, daring and hardihood seem to decline. We all remember the recent obstinate resistance to the annexation of the Philippines—the fear that Dewey's daring conquest inspired. Yet the old grandsires of New England were men of different mettle; for in vessels, some of which were of astonishingly low tonnage as compared with our modern steamers, they managed to make their way around Cape Horn to these islands, and the following is their splendid record for 1827:

Vessels Engaged in the Carrying Trade of the Philippines in 1827.

Spanish.....	34	Portuguese.....	3
United States....	19	Dutch.....	2
Chinese Junks....	9	Danish.....	1
English.....	7	Hamburg.....	1
French.....	7	Brazilian.....	1

So deeply engrossed have we been with our affairs at home, that we have scarcely had time to follow the progress of our neighbors. Turning to Canada, we find that, in 1825, the country from Quebec to Montreal, a distance by river of one hundred and eighty miles, was "one long village," which Captain Hall, in his somewhat rambling style, thus describes: "On either shore a strip of land, seldom exceeding a mile in breadth, bordered by aboriginal forests, and thickly studded with low-browed farm-houses, white-washed from top to bottom, to which a long barn and stables are attached, and commonly a neat plot of garden-ground, represents all that is inhabited of Lower Canada." This thin line of habitations, situated on a clearing between river and forest, has now widened into the flourishing Province of Quebec, with a population exceeding 1,500,000; and new provinces, hitherto unknown on the map, have recently been opened to settlers. I shall never forget the delight with which we boys used to gaze at the old map of the British possessions; for beyond Canada proper and British Columbia there was nothing to bound—oh, those boundaries!—except the great area designated as the Northwestern Territory. All this is now changed; and the Northwestern Territory has been divided into ten great sections on the map, a few of which are unfavorably known to our schoolboys under the euphonious titles Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Manitoba, Athabasca, Keewatin, and Yukon—cold northern lands, yet not unproductive, as demonstrated by the rapid colonization of Manitoba, the population of which increased 247 per cent. within the decade witnessing the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Not less wonderful have been the changes to which our southern neighbor, Mexico, has been "subjected." In 1825, the northern boundaries of Mexico comprised considerably over one-fourth of

what is now United States territory: at present, the Rio Grande constitutes the "natural boundary" between the two countries. Yet this "natural boundary" has already become obliterated in a commercial sense by the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization, the railroad and the telegraph; and the history of modern development in Mexico may be said to have begun on that momentous day in 1884 when the first railroad from the United States pushed its way across the frontier. Since that time the exports of our southern neighbor have quadrupled, while nearly three-fifths of them have been diverted to the United States. The light of progress has at last spread beyond the border; and the Mexico of 1870, with its wretched bridle-paths and its twenty-four lines of old-fashioned stage-coaches, has been converted into a growing country, spanned by over 7,000 miles of railroad and 41,000 miles of telegraph.

I have given the introduction to this article a slightly juvenile coloring, and rightly so; for geography is a science peculiarly identified with the spirit of youth. In all rural districts, the most popular games of our children are founded upon the elements of discovery, exploration, pioneering, and surveying. I would here refer only to the improvised camp. Our books of juvenile fiction cater to this innate sentiment; while the lives of the great pioneers and explorers of all times give evidence of the possession of attributes usually identified with the period of youth. Yet geography, perhaps the most interesting of all sciences, is still taught almost solely from the old-fashioned maps, containing, in a remote corner of the page, a hieroglyphic entitled a "scale of miles." This method, frequently unsupplemented by comparative maps, has led to the grossest misconception as to relative areas. The Middle Atlantic States are usually presented entire on one page, while upon the next a great number of Southern States are bunched together—among which Tennessee, almost equal in area to New York, appears like a minute wedge. With the large map of the United States firmly established in the mind as a standard of measurement—and it is so established in the minds of ninety-nine out of one hundred Americans who have been taught

at our schools—the little island of Madagascar, in reality not very much smaller than Texas, appears so near to the parent coast as to suggest that a vigorous hop-skip-and-jump might land an enterprising native upon the mainland. Although our magazine writers—at present among our most popular instructors—have from time to time dispelled a few of these illusions, I have found it necessary to introduce the paragraph on South America by a brief reference to one of the most glaring defects of our educational system.

The boundaries of the South American States have been set largely by nature, while their inviolacy against foreign encroachment has been secured by the Monroe Doctrine. Yet within this natural sphere of development great changes have been effected; vast provinces have been divided into states; and these again now appear as great confederations, somewhat resembling our own Federal Government. Thus the Province of Colombia has been divided into three gigantic republics, one of which alone, Venezuela, is in itself considerably larger than all the Atlantic and Gulf States from Maine to Louisiana combined. When, therefore, we speak of Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador, we allude to an area greater in extent than the entire region east of the Indian Territory. Shortly before the partition of Colombia, there arose in the centre of the South American Continent the Republic of Bolivia—larger in extent than the whole Triple Alliance. Uruguay and Paraguay have also appeared upon the map; while Patagonia has been absorbed by the Argentine Republic, a country about three-fifths the size of the United States.

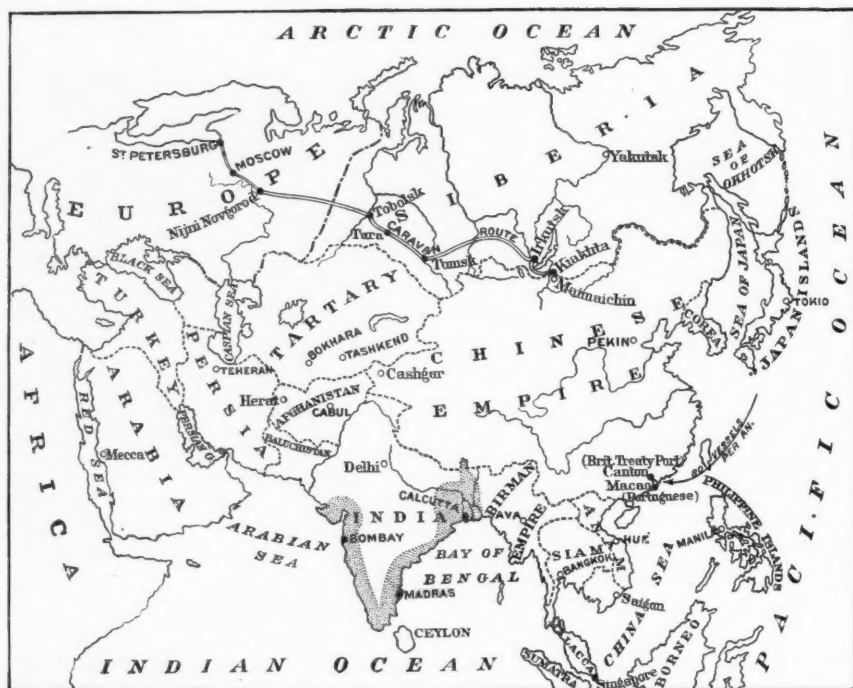
I would here emphasize a very important fact in relation to South America. Upon every map of our own country, the state, with its counties and townships, the border state, and the territory, at once appear; and it becomes a comparatively easy matter to trace the development of cultivation westward. The map of South America presents no such lines of de-



Map of Turkish Empire, 1825—1900.
Present Empire in black; parts lost since 1825, in stipple.

marcation. There, in 1825, almost the entire continent was fringed by a very narrow border of civilization; and since that time this border has slowly and gradually broadened. An extremely interesting item of information in this regard is furnished by that eminent Scottish geographer, James Bell, who, writing in 1828, tells us that "Gran-Para, Rio Negro, Minas Geraes, Goyas, San Paulo and Matto Grosso are inland provinces of which very little is known." In other words, while the enormous coastline of Brazil—longer than the distance from New York to Liverpool—was here and there dotted with towns and settlements, the belt of civilization did not extend over one hundred miles inland.

To-day, the belt has widened somewhat, but it is still comparatively narrow. Thus the province of Goyaz in Brazil—about as far inland as Michigan from New York—is nothing more than a large "territory," averaging less than one inhabitant to the square mile. The same may be said of the northern provinces. True, a few of the coast states upon the extreme eastern projection of the continent have an average population about equal to that of Maine; yet even in Sergipe and Rio Janeiro, the most densely inhabited of the Brazilian states, the population average does not exceed that of South Carolina.



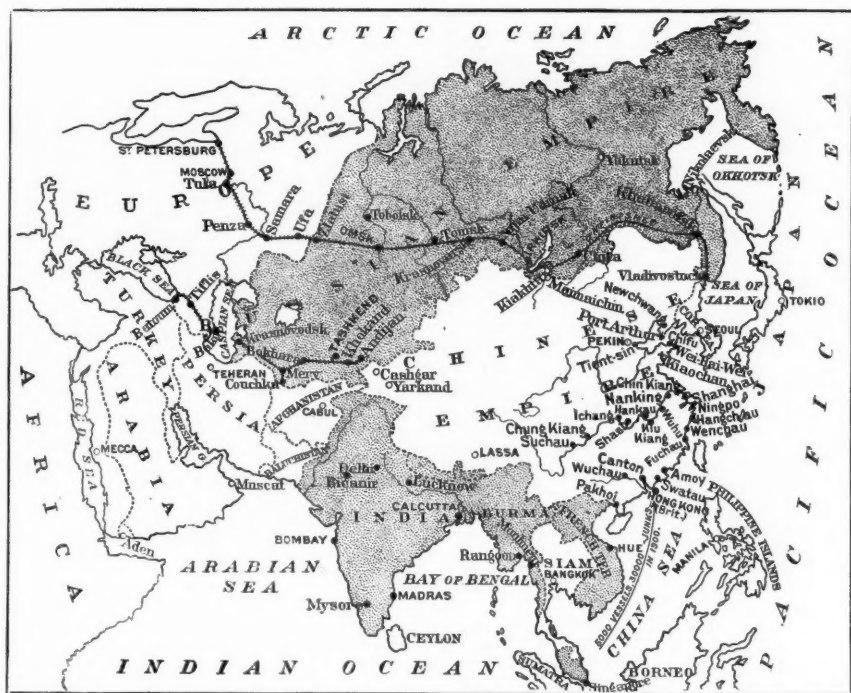
Asia, 1825.

British territory in India darkened. Important places in European possessions and British treaty-ports in China (*).

In Venezuela and Colombia almost the same conditions may be said to prevail: what we should designate as the territorial line, the limit of cultivation, already begins within two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles from the sea. Indeed, upon the Chilian coast, this line occasionally dwindles to considerably less than one hundred miles; and behind the rocky wall of Chili—that mighty wall 2,000 miles in length—is the thinly inhabited territory of the Argentine Republic. Yet it is here, notwithstanding the sparsity of population, that the greatest progress in cultivation is being made. Here a line of railroad already spans the continent from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres; another great trunk-line, with its numerous and extensive branches, extends northwestward obliquely across the continent for a distance of nearly 1,000 miles; and at Buenos Ayres, the eastern terminus, ten lines of steamers transport the produce of the country abroad. As

soon, however, as the Intercontinental Railroad is built, we may note a change similar to that effected in Mexico; and a greater share of the extensive traffic of the South American metropolis, now almost entirely controlled by Germans, may then be diverted to the United States.

While the geographical progress of North and South America must be gauged by the minimizing process, by the division of vast territories into collective groups of ever smaller constituents, the geographical progress of Europe must be measured by the amalgamation of petty political units into great national bodies. Thus Germany, once described by Heine as peacefully slumbering under the tender guardianship of thirty-six monarchs, has now become a political unit, and, barring England, our most formidable competitor in the commerce of the world; Austria, also, has gathered together her wayward and intractable children and endeavored peace-



Asia, 1900.

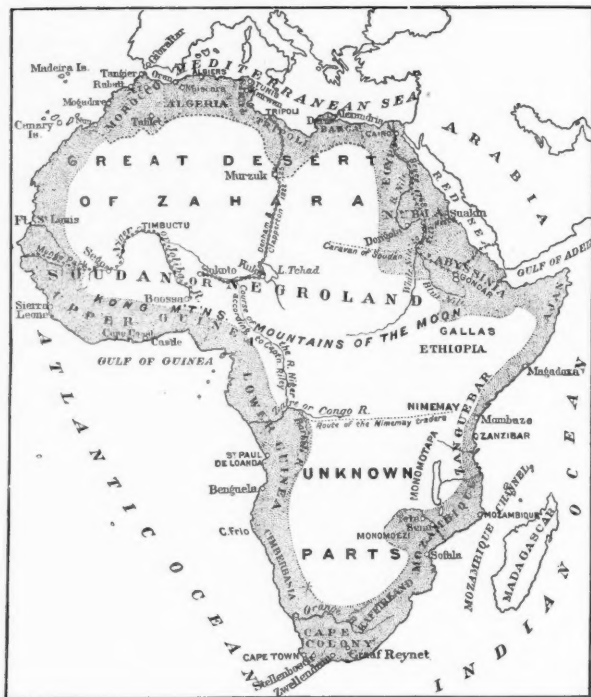
European possessions on the continent darkened. Important places in European territory and British treaty-ports in China (•). Naval stations of the European Powers (+).

fully to unite them under one sceptre ; while Italy, by obliterating her petty political barriers, has rung down the curtain forever upon " Fra Diavolo " and his romantic fellow-brigands.

But let us turn from *opera-bouffe*—for such it is when compared with the vast combinations effected elsewhere—to the consideration of a grim reality : the gradual dissection of the " Turk." The abbreviation of the Turkish Empire has been so gradual that the rapidity of its effacement from the map of Europe is scarcely realized. The Turkish Empire has been reduced in Europe alone from about 200,000 square miles in 1825, to not quite 63,000, in 1900. In other words, European Turkey in 1825 was as large as France ; while to-day it is little more than half as large as Italy—an enormous shrinkage. " The Turk must prepare himself for flight across the Bosphorus to the desolate plains and ruined cities of the Asiatic peninsula, where, like

another Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, he may take up his abode in that vast necropolis of departed grandeur." This remarkable prediction, made seventy-five years ago, has actually come to pass, as the reader may verify by consulting a good map of Asia for 1825, where he may trace, as it were, far upon the western border and as if emerging from it, the head and front of a hippopotamus, distinctly and clearly outlined. This was Asiatic Turkey. To-day, the two forelegs of this hippopotamus, elongated until they extend well down along the Arabian peninsula, mark the gradual but steady flight of the Turk along the borders of the Red Sea.

The nineteenth century will ever be memorable as marking a climax in the long migration of the human family westward. During the past seventy-five years the stream of population has at last completed the circuit of the globe. Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this fact

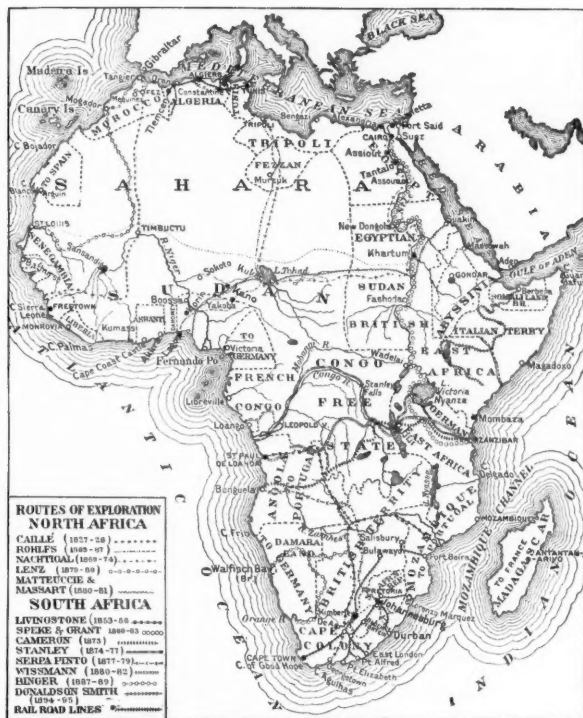


Africa, 1825.

was afforded on that memorable day in May, 1898, when Dewey's despatch of the battle of Manila, flashed across Asia, Europe, and the Atlantic Ocean, to America, was, within a very brief interval after its delivery at Hong-Kong, announced to the people of San Francisco. Yet our century not only marks a climax, but also a turning-point. So rapid has been our progress, that the western nations have already turned about to Europeanize that cradle of civilization whence they started—unfortunately still a cradle—the Asiatic Continent; and this Europeanizing—and perhaps I may be permitted to say, Americanizing—of Asia, has now led to the so-called "Far Eastern Question," involving the most complicated political problem of the age. Here again the impetus was given by the Anglo-Saxon race, which had at last succeeded in gaining a permanent footing upon the Asiatic Continent. Step by step England has pushed forward her empire.

In 1825 British territory in Hindostan consisted principally of the coastlands. Gradually, however, we see the area widening, until it not only fills the peninsula, but overflows the rim upon either side, spreading into Burma on the east and toward Beloochistan upon the west—the former of which is now tributary to the British Crown.

The rise of the Indian Empire constitutes the most brilliant page of modern history—a page which but awaits the illuminating genius of a Prescott in order that the full splendor of its import may be revealed. Never has the superiority of mind over matter been illustrated upon so gigantic a plan—except, perhaps, in the realm of the saga. According to an ancient Asiatic tradition—so dramatically described by Richard Wagner—one of a higher race, a race "light as day," is destined, by virtue of a magic ring, to control the whole vast horde of the Nibe-



Africa, 1900.

Cities of 25,000 or over (*).

lungs, and to make it subservient to his bidding. That ancient tradition of the Indo-Germanic race is to-day being verified in the land whence ages ago it had its origin. Under the spell of the white enchanter, 200,000,000 of dusky Nibelungs have been set to work, delving and burrowing in mines, ploughing and furrowing the soil, and constructing roads and railways to the coast, whence an inexhaustible hoard of treasure is transported to the land of the white conqueror, 7,000 miles away. The astonishing fact in relation to India is that the total number of Europeans has increased from 40,000 in 1825, a mere handful, to 100,000 in 1900—100,000 British to 200,000,000 natives, or fifteen per cent. of the total population of the globe. Yet still the work is ceaselessly progressing under the eye of the master. Half the soil is already under tillage; the exports have increased twelve-

fold within a lifetime; and the British zone of occupation has quadrupled in area. And here the interesting question presents itself, Shall we Americans, about to enter upon a new era of geographical development, succeed in exercising an equally potent influence over the natives of our newly acquired possessions, in order that they may become instrumental to our national purpose?

The Emperor of China, in 1832, issued an order to all the maritime provinces of his realm to put the ships of war in repair, so that they might sweep the seas from time to time and drive away any European vessels appearing on the coast. Poor Emperor of China! To-day the tables are turned upon him, and the European war-vessels are hovering about the coast, ready at the slightest notice to gobble up a morsel in the shape of a new treaty-port, a coal-ing-station, or a colony. The changes

have indeed been most wonderful. In 1832, the port of Canton—the only port, excepting Macao, open to Europeans—was visited by eighty-nine ships; in 1898, 40,000 foreign vessels entered the twenty-three treaty ports of the Chinese Empire. These harbor and river ports, clearly indicated on the map on page 355, well illustrate the present extension of European influence in China.

Passing down the coast to a point directly opposite the Philippine Islands, we find that Cochin-China, in 1825, was visited only by a few Chinese junks. This territory now belongs to France; and with its acquisition by that Power the necessity of "bounding" the fossil states of Cambodia, Tonking, and Annam has been removed. From Siam also—the whole of which seems upon our maps about as large as Delaware—France recently received a little present of a tract equal in extent to the whole group of Middle Atlantic States. Yet Siam, the "Kingdom of the Free," is now sandwiched in between 3,000 miles of interrupted European possessions; and her king sits upon his throne like the famous "Kaiser Rothbart" of the legend—a petrified monarch.

If the friendlier attitude of China toward the Western Powers may be traced largely to the efforts of Anson Burlingame, an American of the Americans, the awakening of Japan, as well as her astonishingly rapid development, may be attributed to the influence of men like Commodore Perry, Townsend Harris, and others too numerous to mention. It seems as if yesterday when Japan, that outpost of the Asiatic Continent, was a colorless waste upon the map—a bare and inhospitable region, in a commercial sense almost as inaccessible as the North Pole; and we have but to read the following description of Japanese exclusiveness in 1830, to realize how difficult it is to foretell the possibilities of a nation:

"The Chinese and Dutch are allowed to enter the harbors. . . . When the Dutch ships are expected, watchmen are placed on the highest hills in the neighborhood of the port which they are to enter, so that their approach is known a considerable time before their arrival. In Nagasaki, the Dutch merchants during their residence are restricted to a rock two

hundred and thirty-eight paces long, where they live in a state of complete seclusion and solitude, immersed in a total ignorance of the world beside. The only exports of Japan at this time are copper and raw camphor. The profits of the trade, however, are said to be so inconsiderable *that only two European ships have of late been annually dispatched.*" Yet, within the memory of many still living, the Japanese Archipelago has blossomed into "Garlands of Flowers," an ancient and beautiful native title; and to-day Japan is the only Asiatic power worthy of the name—the only Oriental empire that will bear comparison with European nations.

While studying the changes on land we frequently overlook the marvellous transformation wrought upon the face of the sea. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that in 1825 the Black Sea was still practically sealed to the ships of Christian nations. The China Sea had its pirates; the Euxine, at the very gates of Europe, its no less formidable corsairs, fit companions of their fellow-brigands on land. For ages the Sultan had possessed the power to shut or to open the gates of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles at pleasure. In 1829, however, Russia acquired nearly the entire stretch of coastland upon the northern borders of the Black Sea; and this hitherto dark and inhospitable expanse was at once unlocked to the Christian states of Europe. To-day the Black Sea is one of the great maritime centres of the globe, crowded with the shipping of all nations. The red flag of Turkey, like that of Spain, has everywhere waved as a symbol of exclusiveness; and wherever it has been removed, we note a complete transformation. Witness the extraordinary development of Odessa, the Chicago of Russia: a mere plain in 1792, when the Black Sea was a maritime desert; an insignificant port of 35,000 inhabitants in 1820; and to-day, a great world-city, with a population of over 400,000. Or compare the narrow and dirty little Turkish town of Alexandria in Egypt with its 14,000 inhabitants (in 1820), to the modern metropolis of Africa (under British protectorate) with a population of 320,000.

Russia has successively unlocked the several doors leading into Asia from the west. She has opened the gateway of

the Euxine, broken down the ancient barrier of the Caucasus, and encircled the Caspian; and to-day she stands before the threshold of the Hindu-Kush, the last barrier that separates her from the British possessions in Asia. Beneath her vise-like grasp, Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Khiva, and Bokhara have gradually succumbed. The states which twenty-five years ago were known as independent Asiatic kingdoms, have dwindled away, and their boundaries have become obliterated. There is but one of consequence remaining; and in the light of present conditions, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that China, the Turkey of the Far East, is bounded on the west and north by Russia, on the east by the assembled fleets of Europe and Japan, and on the south by England and France.

The Anglo-Saxon people are distinguished by singular contrasts, nowhere exhibited so prominently as in their colonial history. These divergent qualities, so well exemplified to-day in the person of Admiral Dewey, may perhaps be expressed in the brief triplicate, "audacity, tenacity, and sagacity." Thus England makes her conquests by startling deeds of reckless daring; she clings to her possessions with the tenacity of the bull-dog; and she does not discuss the morsel until she is prepared to do so in quiet and comfort. For fully fifty years after Captain Cook's daring exploit, England maintained her title to Australia; and not until she was firmly established in India, and had prepared a maritime highway to the Island Continent—a highway lined with colonies, coaling stations and light-houses—did she inaugurate an active process of colonization. Yet this process, once begun, has been so rapid that Australia may already boast of 1,300 towns and 4,000,000 inhabitants, largely recruited from that splendid racial element, the Scottish. Nearly 12,000 miles of railroad have been constructed, several of the lines penetrating toward the heart of the continent for a distance of six hundred miles; while the telegraph line from Adelaide to Port Darwin, a distance of 2,000 miles across mountain and desert, unquestionably ranks as one of the greatest achievements in

the records of transcontinental communication.

Few that gaze upon the map of Africa on page 357, with its well-defined political divisions, realize the element of humor that enters into this partition. The symmetrical slicing of the African pie vividly suggests a careful arrangement among boys as to the division of a prize which they have yet to obtain. The following figures, taken from the most recent reports, will tend to dispel a few of the grandiose illusions concerning the Dark Continent:

*Proportionate Native and European Population in a few States of Central Africa.**

Central African States,	Native Population.	European Population.
Congo Free State.....	30,000,000	1,474
French Congo & Gabun...	5,000,000	300†
German East Africa.....	4,000,000	1,000
Kamerun.....	3,500,000	253
Togoland.....	2,500,000	107
East Africa Protectorate..	2,500,000	390
Gold Coast	1,474,000	150
Central Africa Protectorate	845,000	300
British Central Africa....	650,000	350
Sierra Leone	75,000	225
Gambia.....	50,000	62
Total	50,594,000	4,611

* Figures for Portuguese Africa not obtainable.

† Besides garrison.

It appears, therefore, that the greater part of Central Africa is still largely confined to huge "claims." In the Sudan and the south, where the European element is more numerous, boundary disputes have already arisen; and these disputes in Africa may assume a magnitude unparalleled in the annals of colonial enterprise. For it should be remembered—and this is, perhaps, the most interesting fact in relation to African colonization—that here, for the first time in history, nearly every great nation appears as a political claimant. Uncle Sam alone, like the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, may comfortably ensconce himself in his private box, an interested spectator of this unique political "Drama of the Future."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA

By Brander Matthews



WHEN Benjamin Franklin was in England in 1760, he received a letter from David Hume commenting on the style of an essay of his writing and on his choice of words; and in his reply Franklin modestly thanked his friend for the criticism and took occasion to declare his hope that we Americans would always "make the best English of this island our standard." And yet when France acknowledged the independence of the United States in 1778 and Franklin was sent to Paris as our minister, Congress duly considered the proper forms and ceremonies to be observed in doing business with foreign countries and finally resolved that "all speeches or communications may, if the public ministers choose it, be in the language of their respective countries; and all replies or answers, shall be in the language of the United States."

What is "the language of the United States?" Is it "the best English of" Great Britain? as Franklin hoped it would always be. Franklin was unusually farsighted, but even he could not foresee what is perhaps the most extraordinary event of the nineteenth century—an era abounding in the extraordinary—was the marvellous spread and immense expansion of the English language. When the century began it was spoken possibly by twenty-two million people; and when the century closed it was native in the mouths of probably more than one hundred and thirty millions. In the British Isles the English language had come to maturity, and there it had been made illustrious by a splendid literature; but at the end of the nineteenth century, not a third of those who had English for their mother-tongue dwelt in Great Britain and Ireland; and more than half of the people who spoke English were inhabitants of the United States, a country no longer having any political connection with the British Isles. It is not only along the banks of the Thames and the Tweed and

the Shannon that children are now losing irrecoverable hours on the absurdities of English orthography, a like wanton wastefulness there is also on the shores of the Hudson, of the Mississippi, and of the Columbia, while the same A B C's are parroted by the little ones of those who live where the Ganges rolls down its yellow sand and of those who dwell in the great island which is almost riverless. No parallel can be found in history for this sudden spreading out of the English language in the past hundred years—not even the diffusion of Latin during the century when the rule of Rome was most widely extended.

Among the scattered millions who now employ our common speech in England itself, in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, in the United States and Canada, in India and in Australia, in Egypt and in South Africa, there is no stronger bond of union than the language itself. A certain unity of sentiment may show itself now and again; but there is no likelihood that any political association will ever be achieved. The tie that fastens the more independent colonies to the mother-country is loose enough now, even if it is never further relaxed; and less than half of those who have English for their mother-tongue owe any allegiance whatever to England. The English-speaking inhabitants of the British Empire are apparently fewer than the inhabitants of the American republic; and the population of the United Kingdom itself is only a little more than half the population of the United States.

To set down these facts is to point out that the English language is no longer a personal possession of the people of England. The power of the head of the British Empire over what used to be called "the Queen's English" is now as little recognized as her power over what used to be called "the King's Evil." We may regret that this is the case or we may rejoice at it; but we cannot well deny the fact itself. And thus we are face to face with more than one very interesting ques-

tion. What is going to become of the language now it is thus dispersed abroad and freed from all control by a central authority and exposed to all sorts of alien influences? Is it bound to become corrupted and to sink from its high estate into a mire of slang and into a welter of barbarously fashioned verbal novelties? What, more especially, is going to be the future of the English language here in America? Must we fear the dread possibility that the speech of the peoples on the opposite sides of the Western Ocean will diverge at last until the English language will divide into two branches, those who speak British being hardly able to understand those who speak American, and those who speak American being hardly able to understand those who speak British? Mark Twain is a humorist, it is true, but he is very shrewd and he has abundant common sense; and it was Mark Twain who declared a score of years ago that he spoke "the American language."

II

THE science of linguistics is among the youngest, and yet it has already established itself so firmly on the solid ground of ascertained truth that it has been able to overthrow with ease one and another of the theories which were accepted without question before it came into being.

For example, time was—and the time is not so very remote, it may be remarked—time was when the little group of more or less highly educated men, who were at the centre of authority in the capital of any nation, had no doubt whatsoever as to the superiority of their way of speaking their own language over the manner in which it might be spoken by the vast majority of their fellow-citizens deprived of the advantages of a court training. This little group set the standard of speech; and the standard they set was accepted as final and not to be tampered with under penalty of punishment for the crime of *lèse-majesté*. They held that any divergence from the customs of speaking and writing they themselves cherished was due to ignorance, and probably to obstinacy. They believed that the court-dialect which they had been brought up to use was the

only true and original form of the language; and they swiftly stigmatized as a gross impropriety every usage and every phrase with which they themselves did not happen to be familiar. And in thus maintaining the sole validity of their personal habits of speech, they had no need for self-assertion, since it never entered into the head of anyone not belonging to the court-circle to disparage for a second the position thus tacitly declared.

Yet, if modern methods of research have made anything whatever indisputable in the history of human speech, they have completely disproved the assumption which underlies this implicit claim of the courtiers. We know now that the urban-dialect is not the original language of which the rural dialects are but so many corruptions. We know indeed that the rural dialects are often really closer to the original tongue than the urban dialect; and that the urban dialect itself was once as rude as its fellows, and that it owes its pre-eminence rarely to any superiority of its own over its rivals, but rather to the fact that it chanced to be the speech of a knot of men more masterful than the inhabitants of any other village, and able therefore to expand their village to a town and in time to a city, which imposed its rule on the neighboring villages, the inhabitants of which being by that time forgetful that they had once striven with it on almost equal terms. Generally it is the stability given by political pre-eminence which leads to the development of a literature, without which no dialect can retain its linguistic supremacy.

When the sturdy warriors whose homes were clustered on one or another of the seven hills of Rome began to make alliances and conquests they rendered possible the future development of their rough Italic into the Latin language which has left its mark on every modern tongue. The humble allies of the early Romans, who possessed dialects of an equal antiquity and of an equal possibility of improvement, could not but obey the laws of imitation; and they sought, perforce, to bring their vocabulary and their syntax into conformity with that of the men who had shown themselves more powerful. Thus one of the Italic dialects was singled out by fortune for an extraordinary

future and the other Italic dialects were left in obscurity, although they were each of them as old as the Roman and as available for development. These other dialects have even suffered the ignominy of being supposed to be corruptions of their triumphant brother.

The French philologist, Darmesteter, concisely explained the stages of this development of one local speech at the expense of its neighbors. As it gains in dignity its fellows fall into the shadow. A local speech thus neglected is a *patois*; and a local speech which achieves the dignity of literature is a dialect. These written tongues spread on all sides and impose themselves in the surrounding population as more noble than the *patois*. Thus a linguistic province is created and its dialect tends constantly to crush out the various *patois* once freely used within its boundaries.

In time one of these provinces becomes politically more powerful than the others and extends its rule over one after another of them. As it does this, its dialect replaces the dialects of the provinces as the official tongue, and it tends constantly to crush out the various dialects as these had tended constantly to crush out the various *patois*. Thus the local speech of the population of the tiny island in the Seine, which is the nucleus of the city of Paris, rose slowly to the dignity of a written dialect and the local speech of each of the neighboring villages sank into a *patois*—although originally it was in no wise inferior. In the course of centuries Paris became the capital of France, and its provincial dialect became the official language of the kingdom. When the kings of France extended their rule over Normandy and over Burgundy and over Provence, the Parisian dialect succeeded in imposing itself upon the inhabitants of those provinces as superior; and in time the Norman dialect and the Burgundian and the Provençal were ousted.

The dialect of the province in which the king dwelt and in which the business of governing was carried on, could not but dispossess the dialects of all the other provinces; and thus the French language as we know it now was once only the Parisian dialect. Yet there was apparently no linguistic inferiority of the *langue*

d'oc to the *langue d'oui*; and the reasons for the dominion of the one and the decadence of the other are purely political. Of course, as the Parisian dialect grew and spread itself, it was enriched by locutions from the other provincial dialects and it was simplified by the dropping of many of its grammatical complexities not common to the most of the others.

The French language was developed from one particular provincial dialect probably no better adapted for improvement than any one of half a dozen others; but it is to-day an instrument of precision infinitely finer than any of its pristine rivals, since they had none of them the good fortune to be chosen for development. But the *patois* of the peasant of Normandy or of Brittany, however inadequate it may be as a means of expression for a modern man, is not a corruption of French, any more than Doric is a corruption of Attic Greek. It is rather in the position of a twin brother disinherited by the guile of his fellow more adroit in getting the good-will of their parents. The literary skill of the Athenians themselves, and not the superiority of the original dialect, this it is that makes us think of Attic as the only genuine Greek, just as it was the prowess of the Romans in war which raised their provincial dialect into the language of Italy, and then carried it triumphant to every shore of the Mediterranean.

III

The history of the development of the English language is like the history of the development of Greek and Latin and French; and the English language as we speak it to-day is a growth from the Midland dialect, itself the victor of a struggle for survivorship with the Southern and Northern dialects. "With the accession of the royal house of Wessex to the rule of Teutonic England," so Professor Lounsbury tells us, "the dialect of Wessex had become the cultivated language of the whole people—the language in which books were written and laws were published." But when the Norman conquest came, although to quote from Professor Lounsbury again,

"the native tongue continued to be spoken by the great majority of the population, it went out of use as the language of high culture ;" and "the educated classes, whether lay or ecclesiastical, preferred to write either in Latin or in French—the latter steadily tending more and more to become the language of literature as well as of polite society." And as a result of this the West-Saxon had to drop to the low level of the other dialects ; "it had no longer any pre-eminence of its own." There was in England from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries no national language, but every one was free to use with tongue and pen his own local speech, although three provincial dialects existed, "each possessing a literature of its own and each seemingly having about the same chance to be adopted as the representative national speech."

These three dialects were the Southern (which was the descendant of Wessex, once on the way to supremacy) ; the Northern and the Midland (which had the sole advantage that it was a compromise between its neighbors to the north and the south). London was situated in the region of the Midland dialect, and it was therefore "the tongue mainly employed at the court" when French slowly ceased to be the language of the upper classes. As might be expected in those days before the printing-press and the spelling-book imposed uniformity, the Midland dialect was spoken somewhat differently in the Eastern counties from the way it was spoken in the Western counties of the region. London was in the Eastern division of the Midland dialect, and London was the capital. Probably because the speech of the Eastern division of the Midland dialect was the speech of the capital, it was used as the vehicle of his verse by an officer of the court—who happened also to be a great poet and a great literary artist. Just as Dante's choice of his native Tuscan dialect controlled the future development of Italian, so Chaucer's choice controlled the future development of English. It was Chaucer, so Professor Lounsbury declares, "who first showed to all men the resources of the language, its capacity of representing with discrimination all shades

of human thought and of conveying with power all manifestations of human feeling."

The same writer tells us that "the cultivated English language, in which nearly all English literature of value has been written, sprang directly from the East-Midland division of the Midland dialect, and especially from the variety of the East-Midland which was spoken at London and the region immediately to the north of it." That this magnificent opportunity came to the London dialect was not due to any superiority it had over any other variety of the Midland dialect ; it was due to the single fact that it was the speech of the capital—just as the dialect of the *Île-de-France* in like manner served as the stem from which the cultivated French language sprang. The Parisian dialect flourished and branched out and imposed itself on all sides ; within the present limits of France it choked out the other local dialects, even the soft and lovely Provençal ; and beyond the boundaries of the country it was accepted in Belgium and in Switzerland.

So the dialect of London has gone on growing and refining and enriching itself as the people who spoke it extended their borders and passed over the wide waters and won their way to far countries until today it serves not merely for the cockney Tommy Atkins, the cowboy of Montana, and the larrikin of Melbourne ; it is adequate for the various needs of the Scotch philosopher and the American humorist ; it is employed by the Viceroy of India, the Sirdar of Egypt, the governor of Alaska and the general in command over the Philippines. In the course of some six centuries the dialect of a little town on the Thames has become the mother tongue of millions and millions of people scattered broadcast over the face of the earth on the shores of all the seven seas.

IV

IF the Norman conquest had not taken place the history of the English race would be very different, and the English language would not be what it is, since it would have had for its root the Wessex variety of the Southern dialect. But the Norman

conquest did take place, and the English language has for its root the Eastern division of the Midland dialect. The Norman conquest it was which brought the modest but vigorous young English tongue into close contact with the more highly cultivated French. The French spoken in England was rather the Norman dialect than the Parisian (which is the true root of modern French), and whatever slight influence English may have had upon it, does not matter now, for it was destined to a certain death. But this Norman-French enlarged the plastic English speech against which it was pressing, as Scott shows us in the earlier part of "Ivanhoe." English adopted many French words, not borrowing them, but making them our own, once for all, and not dropping the original English word, but keeping both with slight divergence of meaning.

Thus it is in part to the Norman conquest that we owe the double vocabulary wherein our language surpasses all others. While the framework of English is Teutonic, we have for many things two names, one of Germanic origin and one of Romance. Our direct, homely words, that go straight to our hearts, and nestle there—these are most of them Teutonic. Our more delicate words, subtle in finer shades of meaning—these often come to us from the Latin through the French. The secondary words are of Romance origin, and the primary words of Germanic. And this—if the digression may here be hazarded—is one reason why French poetry touches us less than German, the words of the former seeming to us remote, not to say sophisticated, while the words of the latter are akin to our own simpler and swifter words.

One other advantage of the pressure of French upon English, in the earlier stages of its development, when it was still ductile, was that this pressure helped us to our present grammatical simplicity. Whenever the political intelligence of the inhabitants of the capital of a district raises the local dialect to a position of supremacy, so that it spreads over the surrounding districts and casts their dialects into the shadow, the dominant dialect is likely to lose those of its grammatical peculiarities not to be found also in the other dialects. Whatever is common to them all is pretty sure

to survive, and what is not common may or may not be given up. The London dialect, in its development, felt the influence, not only of the other division of the Midland dialect, and of the two rival dialects, one to the north of it and the other to the south, but also of a foreign tongue spoken by all who pretended to any degree of culture. This attrition helped English to shed many minor grammatical complexities still retained by languages who had not this fortunate experience in their youth.

Perhaps the late Richard Grant White was going a little too far when he asserted that English was a grammarless tongue; but it cannot be denied that English is less infested with grammar than any other of the great modern languages. German, for example, is a most grammatical tongue; and Mark Twain has explained to us (in "A Tramp Abroad") just how elaborate and intricate its verbal machinery is. One reason why the Volapuk, kindly invented as a universal language by a learned German, was foredoomed to failure, was because it had the syntactical convolutions of its inventor's native tongue.

By its possession of this grammatical complexity, Volapuk was unfitted for service as a world-language. A fortunate coincidence it is that English, which is becoming a world-language by sheer force of the energy and determination of those whose mother-speech it is, should early have shed the most of these cumbersome and retarding grammatical devices. The earlier philologists were wont to consider this throwing off of needless inflections as a symptom of decay. The later philologists are coming to recognize it as a sign of progress. They are getting to regard the unconscious struggle for short-cuts in speech, not as degeneration, but rather as regeneration. As Krauter asserts, "The dying out of forms and sounds is looked upon by the etymologists with painful feelings; but no unprejudiced judge will be able to see in it anything but a progressive victory over lifeless material." And he adds, with terse common sense: "Among several tools performing equal work, that is the best which is the simplest and most handy." This brief excerpt from the German scholar is borrowed here from a paper prepared for the Modern Language As-

sociation by Professor C. A. Smith, in which may be found also a dictum of the Danish philologist, Jespersen: "The fewer and shorter the forms, the better; the analytic structure of modern European languages is so far from being a drawback to them that it gives them an unimpeachable superiority over the earlier stages of the same languages." And it is Jespersen who boldly declares that "the so-called full and rich forms of the ancient languages are not a beauty, but a deformity."

In other words, language is merely an instrument for the use of man; and like all other instruments, it had to begin by being far more complicated than is needful. The watch used to have more than a hundred separate parts; and now it is made with less than two score, losing nothing in its efficiency and in precision. Greek and German are old-fashioned watches; Italian, and Danish and English are watches of a later style. Of the more prominent modern languages, German and Russian are the most backward, while English is the most advanced. And the end is not yet, for the eternal forces are ever working to make our tongue still easier. The printing-press is a most powerful agent on the side of the past, making progress far more sluggish than it was before books were broadcast, yet the English language is sloughing off its outworn grammatical skin. Although in the nineteenth century the changes in the structure of English have probably been less than in any other century of its history, still there have been changes not a few.

For example, the subjunctive mood is going slowly into innocuous desuetude; the stickler for grammar, so called, may protest in vain against its disappearance, its days are numbered. It serves no useful purpose; it has to be laboriously acquired; it is now a matter of rule and not of instinct; it is no longer natural; and therefore it will inevitably disappear sooner or later. Careful investigation has shown that it has already been discarded by many even among those who are very careful of their style—some of whom, no doubt, would rise promptly to the defence of the form they have been discarding unconsciously. One authority declares that although the form has seemed to survive it has been empty of

any distinct meaning since the sixteenth century.

This is only one of the tendencies observable in the nineteenth century; and we may rest assured that others will become visible in the twentieth. But when English is compared with German, we cannot help seeing that the most of this work is done already. Grammar has been stripped to the bone in English; and for us who have to use the language to-day it is fortunate that our remote ancestors who fashioned it for their own use without thought of our needs, should have had the same liking we have for the simplest possible tool, and that they should have cast off, as soon as they could, one and another of the grammatical complexities which always cumber every language in its earlier stages and most of which still cumber German. In nothing is the practical directness of our stock more clearly revealed than in this immediate beginning upon the arduous task of making the means of communication between man and man as easy and as direct as possible. Doubly fortunate are we that this job was taken up and put through before the invention of printing multiplied the inertia of conservatism.

V

It was the political supremacy of Paris which made the Parisian dialect the standard of French; and it was the genius of Dante which made the Tuscan dialect the standard of Italian. That the London dialect is the standard of English is due partly to the political supremacy of the capital and partly to the genius of Chaucer. As the French are a home-keeping people Paris has retained its political supremacy, while the English are a venturesome race and have spread abroad and split into two great divisions, so that London has lost its political supremacy, being the capital now only of the less numerous portion of those who have English as their mother-tongue.

It is true, of course, that a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the United States, however independent politically of the great empire of which

London is the capital, look with affection upon the city by the Thames. Their feeling toward England is akin to that which led Hawthorne to entitle his record of a sojourn in England "Our Old Home." The American liking for London itself seems to be increasing; and, as Lowell once remarked, "We Americans are beginning to feel that London is the centre of the races that speak English, very much in the sense that Rome was the centre of the ancient world." It was at a dinner of the Society of Authors that he said this, and he then added, "I confess that I never think of London, which I also confess I love, without thinking of the palace David built, 'sitting in the hearing of a hundred streams'—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity."

While the London dialect is the stem from which the English language has grown, the vocabulary of the language has never been limited by the dialect. It has been enriched by countless words and phrases and locutions of one kind or another from the other division of the Midland dialect and from both the Northern and the Southern dialects—just as modern Italian has not limited itself to the narrow vocabulary of Florence. Yet in the earlier stages of the development of English, the language was advantaged by the fact that there was a local standard. The attempt of all to assimilate their speech to that of the inhabitants of London tended to give uniformity without rigidity. As men came up to court they brought with them the best of the words and turns of speech peculiar to their own dialect; and the language gained by all these accretions.

Shakespeare contributed Warwickshire localisms not a few, just as Scott procured the acceptance of Scottisms hitherto under a ban. As Spencer had gone back to Chaucer, so Keats went to the Elizabethans and dug out old words for his own use; and William Morris pushed his researches farther and brought up words almost pre-Chaucerian. Every language in Europe has been put under contribution at one time or another for one purpose or another. The military vocabulary, for instance, reveals the former superiority of the French, just as the

naval vocabulary reveals the former superiority of the Dutch. And as modern science has extended its conquests, it has drawn on Greek for its terms of precision.

Under this influx of foreign words, old and new, the framework of the original London dialect stands solidly enough, but it is visible only to the scholarly specialist in linguistic research. But the latest London dialect, the speech of the inhabitants of the English capital at the end of the nineteenth century, has ceased absolutely to serve as a standard. Whatever utility there was in the past in accepting as normal English the actual living dialect of London, has long since departed without a protest. No educated Englishman any longer thinks of conforming his syntax or his vocabulary to the actual living dialect of London. Indeed, so far is he from accepting this as a standard that he is in the habit of holding it up to ridicule as a cockney corruption. He likes to laugh at the tricks of speech that he discovers on the lips of the Londoners, at their dropping of their initial *h*'s more often than he deems proper and at their more recent substitution of *y* for *a*—as in "*tyke the cyke, Lydy.*"

The local standard of London has thus been disestablished in the course of the centuries simply because there was no longer a necessity for any local standard. The speech of the capital served as the starting-point of the language; and in the early days a local standard of usage was useful. But now, after English has enjoyed half a thousand years of growth, a standard so primitive is not only useless, it would be very injurious. Nor could any other local standard be substituted for that of London without manifest danger—even if the acceptance of such a standard were possible. The peoples that speak English are now too widely scattered and their needs are too many and too diverse for any local standard not to be retarding in its limitations.

To-day the standard of English is to be sought not in the actual living dialect of the inhabitants of any district or of any country, but in the language itself, in its splendid past and in its mighty present. Five hundred years ago, more or less,

Chaucer sent forth the first masterpieces of English literature; and in all those five centuries the language has never lacked poets and prose-writers who knew its secrets and could bring forth its beauties. Each of them has helped to make English what it is now; and a study of what English has been is all that we need to enable us to see what it will be—and what it should be. Any attempt to trammel it by a local standard, or by academic restrictions, or by schoolmaster's grammar-rules, is certain to fail. In the past, English has shaken itself free of many a limitation; and in the present it is insisting on its own liberty to take the short-cut whenever that enables it to do its work with less waste of time. We cannot doubt that in the future it will go on its own way, making itself fitter for the manifold needs of an expanding race which has the unusual characteristic of having lofty ideals while being intensely practical. A British poet it was, Lord Houghton, who once sent these prophetic lines to an American lady:

That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each;
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
Preserve its force; *expand its powers*;
And through the maze of civic life,
In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours.

VI

THE English language is the most precious possession of the peoples that speak it and that have for their chief cities, not London alone, or Edinburgh or Dublin, but also New York and Chicago, Calcutta and Bombay, Melbourne and Montreal. The English language is one and indivisible, and we need not fear that the lack of a local standard may lead it ever to break up into fragmentary dialects. The hands on the dial of linguistic progress never go backward. There is no danger now that the Americans will seek to differentiate their speech from the speech of the British, or the Australians theirs from the speech of the Americans, as the Norwegians are trying to differentiate from the Danish. English will be uniform in all the four quarters of the

world, and it will modify itself as occasion serves. We can already detect divergencies of usage and of vocabulary; but these are but trifles. The steamship and the railroad and the telegraph bring the American and the Britain and the Australian closer together nowadays than were the users of the Midland dialect when Chaucer set forth on his pilgrimage to Canterbury; and then there is the printing-press, whereby the newspaper and the school-book and the works of the dead and gone masters of our literature bind us together with unbreakable links.

These divergencies of usage and of vocabulary—London from Edinburgh, and New York from Bombay—are but evidences of the healthy activity of our tongue. It is only when it is dead that a language ceases to grow. It needs to be constantly refreshed by new words and phrases, as the elder terms are exhausted. Lowell held it to be part of Shakespeare's good fortune that he came when English was ripe and yet fresh, when there was an abundance of words ready to his hand, but none of them yet exhausted by hard work. So Mr. Howells has recently recorded his feeling that anyone who now employs English "to depict or to characterize finds the phrases thumbed over and worn and blunted with incessant use," and experiences a joy in the bold locutions which are now and again "reported from the lips of the people."

From the lips of the people—here is a phrase that would have sadly shocked a narrow-minded scholar like Dr. Johnson. But what the learned of yesterday denied—and, indeed, have denounced as rank heresy—the more learned of to-day acknowledge as a fact. The real language of a people is the spoken word, not the written. Language lives on the tongue and in the ear; there it was born, and there it grows. Man wooed his wife and taught his children and discussed with his neighbors for centuries before he perfected the art of writing. Even to-day the work of the world is done rather by the spoken word than by the written. And those who are doing the work of the world are following the example of our remote ancestors who did not know how to write; when they feel new needs they will make violent efforts to supply these needs, devising fresh

words put together in rough-and-ready fashion, ignorantly often. The mouth is ever willing to try verbal experiments, to risk a new locution, to hazard a wrenching of an old term to a novel use. The hand that writes is always slow to accept the result of these attempts to meet a demand in an unauthorized way. The spoken word bristles with innovations while the written word remains properly conservative. Few of these oral babes are viable and fewer still survive; while only now and again does one of these verbal foundlings come of age and claim citizenship in literature.

In the antiquated books of rhetoric which our grandfathers handed down to us, there are solemn warnings against neologisms—and neologism was a term of reproach designed to stigmatize a new word as such. But in the stimulating study of certain of the laws of linguistics, which M. Bréal, the foremost of French philologists, has called "*La Sémantique*," we are told that to condemn neologisms absolutely would be most unfortunate and most useless. "Every progress in a language is, first of all, the act of an individual, and then of a minority, large or small. A land where all innovation should be forbidden, would take from its language all chance of development." And M. Bréal points out that language must keep on transforming itself with every new discovery and invention, with the incessant modification of our manners, of our customs, and even of our ideas. We are all of us at work on the vocabulary of the future, ignorant and learned, authors and artists, the man of the world and the man in the street; and even our children have a share in this labor, and by no means the least.

Among all these countless candidates for literary acceptance, the struggle for existence is very fierce, and only the fittest of the new words survive. Or, to change the figure, conversation might be called the lower house, where all the verbal coinages must have their origin, while literature is the upper house, without whose concurrence nothing can be established. And the watchdogs of the treasury are trustworthy; they resist all attempts of which they do not approve. In language as in politics, the power of the democratic principle is getting itself more widely acknowledged. The people blunders more often

than not, but it knows its own mind; and in the end it has its own way. In language as in politics, we Americans are really conservative. We are well aware that we have the right to make what change we please, and we know better than to exercise this right. Indeed, we do not desire to do so. We want no more change in our laws or in our language than is absolutely necessary.

We have modified the common language far less than we have modified the common law. We have kept alive here many a word and many a meaning which was well worthy of preservation, and which our kin across the seas had permitted to perish. Professor Earle, of Oxford, in his comprehensive volume on "*English Prose*," praises American authors for refreshing old words by novel combinations. When Mr. W. Aldis Wright drew up a glossary of the words, phrases, and constructions in the King James translation of the Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer, which were obsolete in Great Britain in the sense that they would no longer naturally find a place in ordinary prose-writing; Professor Lounsbury pointed out that at least a sixth of these words, phrases, and constructions are not now obsolete in the United States, and would be used by any American writer without fear that he might not be understood. As Lowell said, our ancestors "unhappily could bring over no English better than Shakespeare's," and by good fortune we have kept alive some of the Elizabethan boldness of imagery. Even our trivial colloquialisms have often a metaphoric vigor now rarely to be matched in the street-phrases of the city where Shakespeare earned his living. Ben Jonson would have relished one New York phrase that an office-holder gives an office-seeker, "the glad-hand and the marble-heart," and that other which described a former favorite comedian as now having "a fur-lined voice."

VII

WHEN Tocqueville came over here in 1831, he thought that we Americans had already modified the English language. British critics, like Dean Alford, have often animadverted upon the deterioration of the

language on this side of the Atlantic; American humorists, like Mark Twain, have calmly claimed that the tongue they used was not English, but American. It is English, as Mark Twain uses it, and English of a vigor and a clarity not surpassed by any living writer of the language, but in so far as American usage differs from British, it was according to the former and not according to the latter. But they differ in reality very slightly, indeed; and whatever divergence there may be, is rather in the spoken speech than in the written. That the spoken speech should vary is inevitable and advantageous to the language, since the more variation is attempted, the better opportunity the language has to freshen up its languishing vocabulary, and to reinvigorate itself. That the written speech should widely vary, would be the greatest of misfortunes.

Of this, there is now no danger whatever, and never has been. The settlement of the United States took place after the invention of printing; and the printing-press is a sure preventive of a new dialect nowadays. The disestablishment of the local standard of London, leaves English free to develop according to its own laws and its own logic. There is no longer any weight of authority to be given to contemporary British usage over contemporary American usage—except in so far as the British branch of English literature is more resplendent with names of high renown than the American branch. That this is the case in the nineteenth century—that

the British poets and prose writers outnumber and outvalue the American, must be admitted at once; that it will be the case in the twentieth century may be doubted. And whenever the poets and prose writers of the American branch of English literature are superior in number and in power to those of the British branch, then there will be no doubt as to where the weight of authority will lie. The shifting of the centre of power will take place unconsciously; and the development of English will go on just the same after it takes place as it is going on now. The conservative forces are in no danger of overthrow at the hands of the radicals, whether in the United States or in Great Britain, or in any of her colonial dependencies.

Perhaps the principle which will govern can best be stated in another quotation from M. Bréal: "The limit within which the right to innovate stops, is not fixed by any idea of 'purity' (which can always be contested); it is fixed by the need we have to keep in contact with the thought of those who have preceded us. The more considerable the literary past of a people, the more this need makes itself felt as a duty, as a condition of dignity and force." And there is no sign that either the American or the British half of those who have our language for a mother-tongue, are in danger of becoming disloyal to the literary past of English literature, that most magnificent heritage—the birthright of both of us.

GRETCHEN

"O LOVE!" he said, and laid on mine his hand,
 And I beheld the yearning of his eyes,
 Nor aught beside beheld; yet no surprise
 Caught at my heart; well could I understand
 Half-spoken words—nay, but unspoken sighs,
 Surely it was not words my cheek that fanned—
 This was the way to God, Himself had planned,
 The way to God Himself, through Paradise.
 What trust hath mortal heart but that Great Name!
 So he who calleth upon Love no whit
 Of terror feels, nor doubt begot of it.
 Do I speak truly? Answer, ye who sit
 At life's full board, rose-crowned and without blame,—
 These were the steps by which I hither came.



THE SETTLEMENT IN CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard

THE hour of the settlement in China, now so rapidly nearing, finds the situation clouded with doubt and suspicion, when it really should warrant only hopeful confidence. In the great amount of matter concerning China which has recently been printed, I have noticed what seems to me a disposition on the part of correspondents to ignore whatever is simple and obvious, and give prominence to "fakes" of the wildest character, or to facts susceptible of ready distortion. A majority have written as nationalists rather than unprejudiced observers. Error has also been strengthened by so-called "official" reports, which are often nothing more than a carefully conducted system of misrepresentation. All this, coming at a time when a correct understanding of conditions in the East is so essential to the peace of the world, is most unfortunate, and carries a distinct element of international danger.

To understand the Chinese situation well enough for all practical purposes does not require one to read elaborate books of travel, or exhaustive treatises written to exploit pet theories, or works designed to shape public thought for political purposes. In such works, the fundamental facts which would enable a rational man to reach a rational conclusion are buried in a confusion of details and argument. Neither is it necessary, so far as the forthcoming settlement is concerned, to go back beyond the events of the last six months. With

those events I have a familiarity acquired by personal observation on the scene, and I believe that a plain narration of some of the more significant matters is the best way to present the subject to the mind of the reader, so that he may, if he desires, intelligently follow the coming actions of the powers.

Even if it were safe, as a general proposition (which it is not), to accept the official utterances of the various powers as reliably reflecting their desires and intentions respecting China and each other, it would be foolish to trust to indefinite and elastic statements, when we have their actual conduct to guide us to a surer judgment. London, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Washington, Vienna, and the rest, are the fountains whence that palavering, at once disguised and defined by the name diplomacy, flows; China is the country whose unhappy fate has been to record, in untold suffering and horror, the grim, indelible reality. We have seen London, preaching benevolence by the column to quiet a troubled national conscience, countenance and participate in a bloody campaign of revenge; Berlin, professing friendship to the Chinese Empire and desire for its preservation, rushes into terrible excesses in an attempt to cripple and dismember it; Paris, shouting for speedy restoration of peace, indulges her troops in an orgy of license and loot at the expense of helpless non-combatants; St. Petersburg, full of expressed good intentions and good-will to all men, does not check the gross conduct of her brutal soldiery;

Washington, more consistent if less ready, and writhing under prolonged detriment to her vast interests, yet lacks the courage of conviction, and hesitates to face the situation boldly, confining herself to lamentations.

It is one thing to profess a policy, another to pursue it. The professed policies of the powers, if conscientiously pursued, would not only have mitigated and curtailed the real disturbances in China, but would have already restored normal conditions throughout the empire. A policy may not always be carried out exactly as planned, but divergences which tend toward complete reversal, as indicated in what is done as distinguished from what is talked, should justly be regarded with suspicion. England has for many years been proselyting for the "open door" policy. This we have understood to mean free and equal trade for the world throughout the boundaries of the Chinese Empire. For the "open door," she has made strenuous efforts to enlist the sympathy and support of the United States, and we have gradually come (and justly, I think) to regard it with favor. Now what must we think of England's professions in the light of her conduct in China, in a time when deeds spoke louder than words? Germany, arriving, belated, on the scene, saw fit to reignite the barely flickering flame of war and prosecute—with a purely benevolent object, of course—a punitive campaign. I have already had my say about that. She, however, could not have conducted it, in the face of the displeasure of Russia, Japan, and the United States, without the countenance and support of England. Alone, she would not have dared to challenge the censure of the world.

It is not my purpose to attempt to analyze the designs of the powers in the light of their recent actions. With the facts before it, the world may find its own conclusions. No one can claim for the campaign of revenge, a military necessity; it must, therefore, have been a political move. No one can doubt that it was calculated to prolong indefinitely the disturbances and postpone a settlement. No more can we doubt that it had in it all the dangers of a goad applied to a cowed, but not helpless, population. It threw wide the door

to international discord, and actually, in many instances, invited it to enter. Drawing a curtain before its unutterable barbarity, and casting aside its purely moral aspects (if, indeed, they can ever be truly separated from the political), does it not seem, as a matter of policy, that a course more fraught with danger to the "open door," which is inseparable from a unified China, could not have been devised? Yet it virtually rested with England—and I base this statement, not on the diplomatic argument which we are so familiar with through reading the foreign correspondence in the newspapers, but on actual occurrences in China—to say yea or nay to the punitive campaign, and to bring about a situation which would have forced an early and easy settlement.

No one desires to abridge the existing era of good feeling between England and the United States, but I am afraid that England's attitude toward China in the forthcoming settlement must not be taken entirely for granted. Nor can I blind myself to the fact that her actual conduct in China has been neither always in sympathy with the "open door," nor considerate of the interests of the United States. For, next to China, the United States has, more than any other nation, footed the bill for the punitive campaign, and stands to suffer most from an irrational or delayed settlement. To state a few not generally known facts will make this clear.

The United States has a larger trade in Pechili province, the locality directly affected by the war, than any other foreign power. Nearly three-fourths of our total Chinese trade enters through the port of Tien-tsin, for distribution throughout the northern provinces. The reason lies in the excellence and cheapness of American heavy cotton fabrics, such as are used by the great mass of Chinese for clothing in the colder parts of the empire. In North China, American trade is well established and already predominant. Farther to the south, our lighter cottons and other manufactured goods are still struggling to gain the vantage ground occupied by England and Germany. During the half year just passed, Pechili province has been devastated. Trade has not only been stopped, but the purchasing power of the inhabitants impaired for years to come. The

campaign of revenge prolonged the period of business disruption, while at the same time it invoked the spirits of loot and destruction, and daily widened their area of operations. England and Germany both have considerable trade in North China, but their main spheres of commercial influence lie to the south, in provinces which the war has not touched. The great districts tributary to Canton and Shanghai have pursued the even tenor of their way, suffering only the retarding influences of uneasiness and apprehension. It is, therefore, not surprising that powers whose material interests were being damaged but slightly could view a prolongation of the war with more equanimity than one that felt, deep in the vitals of her Eastern trade, every wanton stab given North China. Perhaps this complaisance of England and Germany has a practical side. During the temporary disability of your competitor's right hand, he will probably be unable to make much headway with his left.

The press of the world has been lately printing (always, I notice, under a London date line) many queer stories of Russia's conduct in China. These are always attended by a budget of alarming inferences as to the sinister designs of the Great Bear. It requires no seer to discover England's hand at the pen. Now, let England have Russophobia if she must, but it will hardly profit America to catch the disease. Let us see what Russia has really done in China. During the time when there was fighting to do she did her share; brutally, as is her nature—but "there are others." The riot element in North China crushed, she proposed cessation of punitive expeditions, and early withdrawal, to the limit of security, as the best and quickest way to peace and a satisfactory settlement. She promptly did withdraw most of her troops, thereby reducing the quantity, if not the quality, of their ravages. Japan and the United States followed her example. She earnestly desired England and Germany to get out also, and, instead of merely wringing her hands, like the United States, tried a little practical diplomacy to hurry them. She dallied along with the Tientsin-Peking Railway until it was impossible to repair it before winter set in, thereby greatly increasing the difficulty of maintaining large numbers of foreign troops

in the Chinese capital. It has been suspected, also, that hers was the hand that so effectually wrecked the railway to Shan-hai-Kwan (military engineers tell me that the bridges were too scientifically destroyed for the work to have been done by Chinese), and rendered that place comparatively valueless as a winter port. If she did these things, they were perfectly consistent with her openly expressed policy.

I, for one, fail to appreciate the point of view that urges the right of other powers to interfere in shaping the future destiny of China, while growling at everything Russia does. Russia is most vitally interested. Her territory is contiguous to China. Nor has she as yet, notwithstanding the sceptical comment of the English press, given any evidence of bad faith in regard to the "open door," to which she is now pledged; or, to write more exactly, she is pledged to the preservation of the Chinese Empire, which means the same thing, and is the first step. As for Russia's supremacy in Manchuria, that is already an established fact. Since she policed that turbulent country, and has made commerce less precarious, by suppressing predatory bands of nomadic Tartars, the trade of the United States in Manchuria has increased five hundred per cent. As neither we, nor any of the other powers that I know of, are prepared to furnish the 75,000 troops necessary to police the great province, it seems that we should rather thank Russia for doing it than blame her. We cannot do better than rely on her assurance of free trade, especially as we realize that when Russia gets ready to move her boundary down to the great wall no one will be able to prevent her. These remarks about Russia's policy in Asia are not misplaced in any article bearing on the Chinese settlement, for we shall hear much nonsense about it during the next year.

By the time this paper is printed the campaign of revenge, yielding to satiety and bitter winter, will probably have run its course, and the way to a settlement be opened. No more important questions than those involved in this settlement have come before the world for decision in many years. The influence of the decision, whatever form it may take, will be felt in the uttermost parts of the earth. No one of the powers need expect to es-

cape its far-reaching effects. Nothing that vitally affects one-third of the total population of the earth can fail, nowadays, to affect the other two-thirds also. Such a crisis should summon to consider it whatever of fairness and wisdom the world can command.

If intelligent people of all nationalities have not realized by now that they were carried off their mental balance last summer and fall by a fit of emotional hysteria, nothing anybody can write will ever make them know it. I take it for granted that they do appreciate the bathetic climax to our scare, and are prepared, in present and in future consideration of the matter, to get back to the safe ground of reason. Let us then take a hasty look at the situation in China, not as visionaries paint it, but as it really is.

The patriarch among nations which now exist on earth, China is none the less imposing, nor to be less respected, because she is at present surrounded by a halo of pathos. Now that I have seen her from within, I marvel at the mist of misrepresentation which has, in the guise of partial truths, been wrapped, by a myriad of book-writers, about her. It seems to me that the average traveller who writes about China, unable to overcome his amazement at innumerable petty social customs so different from those to which he is used, overlooks the most fundamental and important elements in the enduring national structure. That China is badly and tyrannically governed, that she is rotting away from age, and will fall into pieces unless Western civilization assists her in managing her internal affairs, are familiar conclusions persistently thrust before the world by the class of commentators I have in mind.

I do not agree with such conclusions, but I mention them here, not in order to air my own views, but because they become pertinent on account of the certainty of their being assumed as facts in the discussion of the terms of the forthcoming settlement. The brevity of this article forbids elaboration of my own point of view, but I believe that China has still a great deal of vitality, and that it is today, in any profound analysis, a well-governed country. Furthermore, I believe that any outside attempt to govern China is certain to have disastrous results, not

only to the empire, but also to the powers who interfere and the world at large. All sound governments are founded upon, and derive their strength from, a certain mental reciprocity between the population and the governing authority. This is usually called "the consent of the governed." Is it not preposterous to assume that the Chinese Government could have endured thousands of years unless it rested on such consent? Its very endurance is a passive guarantee, to which history can present no parallel. I think that when a European says that China has a bad government, what he really means is that it is a *different* government from the one to which the European is accustomed. This class of observer seems unable to comprehend that what would satisfy him perfectly, would not content the Chinese at all. The Chinese Government, as it exists to-day, is the result of peculiar social and economic processes, working in certain grooves for centuries upon centuries. No Western civilization can replace, in internal industrial and political utility, the conditions which now obtain. And is it not conceit gone mad, for nations, which are, comparatively speaking, mere babes in age, to apply to the Chinese Empire terms suggesting instability?

Only the other day I met an American friend, a lawyer, who questioned me about the Chinese.

"I guess they're very uncivilized?" he said.

"Why, not at all," I replied. "They were civilized when our forefathers were naked savages."

He seemed a bit staggered by my answer, although he must already have known what I told him.

"Well, if they're so civilized," he retorted, "how does it happen that we can lick them so easily?"

This was the first time I had heard the notion, that a man's claim to superior civilization rests on his ability to kill some other man, put so tritely. That this idea is so general and deep-seated, even among the most intelligent classes, must puzzle people who cherish the belief that enlightenment is the guide of Western progress.

It is with no desire to condone the offences committed by Chinese mobs against foreign residents in North China that I

here mention the fact that the latter are in a certain degree responsible for what occurred, but to call attention to a dangerous element in China's affairs, and one which should be considered, in all its bearings, in discussing any settlement that will really settle. The missionaries are a disturbing factor, but not the vital one. National rage is ever easily roused by meddling with a national religion. This trait is not peculiar to the Chinese. Other nationalities are known to possess it. In regard to this matter, it is their patience that we must marvel at. The real root of the recent disturbances lies in the ever-present labor question. Labor-saving machinery is the monster now threatening the internal peace of the empire, and the foreigner is responsible for its presence there. Think of a vast nation where the ranks of productive labor are filled to overflowing, even when the most antiquated and cumbersome methods are used, and where tens of millions of men and women earn but a precarious livelihood; think of that nation threatened, against her consent, with the introduction of mechanical methods which will abruptly deprive vast sections of her population of employment, and disrupt her whole social and industrial system. Think, American, how you would regard such an invasion of our territories. Do you not debar the Chinese, and all so-called pauper labor? You object, and will clean your gun at the very intimation of such a thing, to the Chinese coming to compete against you with only his body and his empty hands. How much more would you object if he brought with him, and proposed to set down in your midst, an engine which could hourly perform a task you could not do in a year? And yet you would have your remedies. You could find plenty of unoccupied land to till, and could still keep body and soul together, if you worked hard enough. Or you might emigrate and try your luck in another country.

This, and more, is what Western civilization is thrusting upon China, and insisting that she shall take her medicine, even though it be at the point of the bayonet. But the Chinese has no unoccupied land to till. His agriculture is already forced to economies of which you have never dreamed. Nor can he emigrate in any

numbers. Western civilization, insisting on its God-given right to come and go at will in the land of the Chinese, decisively bars him out. The evolution of production causes a constant displacement, and consequent shifting, of applied human energy. Schoolboys are taught this in their political economy, but men forget it. I am not arguing against labor-saving machinery. There can be no progress without it. But there is always a limitation to its introduction, and graduated expediency is that limitation. China's industrial situation is such at the present moment that to push her an inch will cause terrible suffering, while to suddenly force her a step will be to create a cataclysm. Should this vast force of human energy, insistently demanding sustenance of the earth, be suddenly cut loose from its present environments, who can foresee the direction it might take? And if we should force such a calamity upon China, could we or our posterity hope to escape the retribution? For they whose bread was thus suddenly snatched away would not all die. If such was the law, the logical termination of labor-saving invention would be depopulation of the earth. The subject, in itself, is worthy of far abler presentation than I can give it. I have introduced it merely that readers may think of one of the least understood of the reasons behind the Chinese anti-foreign agitation.

Is this matter of a settlement one to be approached in a self-satisfied and cocksure spirit of conceit? Is not the very assumption that we have large interests in China equivalent to an admission that errors in the settlement will react on those interests? If we have such interests in China (and we certainly have), they are a part of her, and are inseparable from her. Of what do they consist? They do not lie in the direction of colonization, for the country is already overpopulated; nor yet industrial development, for that, as we have seen, is attended by perils. The real foreign interests in China lie in *trade*, and her safe development must be along the lines of promotion of trade. China's ability to trade depends on her purchasing power, which is vested in the general prosperity of her people. In other words, foreign interests in China are founded on China's prosperity, and to secure that

should be the primary object of the settlement. China must be awakened, but she must be roused gradually.

Besides the great question of the fate of the empire, these matters must be considered in the settlement:

a. Indemnities.

b. Guarantees for the future.

Though, just at present, the question of the punishment of Chinese who participated in the riots of last summer is occupying the first place in the preliminary negotiations, that of the indemnities to be demanded by the powers is the rock upon which the settlement is likely to split. I predict, without hesitation, that a majority of these demands will be outrageously exaggerated, and some of them purposely so, in order to create difficulties.

The indemnity claims may be divided into two general classes: government and individual, the latter being, of course, ultimately lumped in with the former. I think a little light on the individual claims and their character will not be amiss. They will be presented by foreign residents, who have suffered, or claim to have suffered, pecuniary damage at the hands of Chinese mobs. Now I have investigated this matter not a little, and am convinced that the average foreign resident in North China has made money, not lost it, out of the recent unsettled conditions.

I do not know how I can better illustrate the true state of affairs here than by narrating one of many cases that have come under my personal observation. A foreigner, who has resided for many years in Tien-tsin and has an extensive acquaintance among influential Chinese, was intrusted by some of his Celestial friends, on their being compelled by the disorders to remove to a safer locality, with the care of their property during their absence. This property embraced residences, godowns, junks, wharves, and various buildings utilized for commercial purposes, lying in both the foreign concession and native city of Tien-tsin, and worth millions of dollars.

Thousands of troops of all nationalities poured into Tien-tsin, the strain of peril was relieved, and the tendency of affairs to revert to normal began to assert itself. There was immediately a pressing demand for buildings of all kinds, for supplies and

materials, and particularly for water transportation. Then did the astute foreign resident begin to get in his work. He told the military authorities that he had a friend of another nationality who had a lot of buildings and water transportation which might be rented. His friend would probably want a pretty stiff rental, but he would make the best terms possible. At the same time the "friend" saw his own military authorities and told them the same story with the necessary changes. In this way each evaded occupation by military seizure, and succeeded in renting the property of his Chinese friends at exorbitant figures. Many of the godowns and shops contained great supplies of rice and miscellaneous food and goods. All these things were sold.

Some day it will be possible for these Chinese to return to Tien-tsin. They may find the bare walls of their property, but nothing more. If they ask explanations, they will be informed that the troops looted their residences. Should they inquire about the vast stores in their godowns, "confiscated" will be all the satisfaction they will get. They can only gather together the wrecks of their property, and begin a struggle against irretrievable ruin.

The type which can so use the situation has its representatives of every nationality, and all grades of infamy, throughout China. A great number of the personal indemnity claims will be presented by such men. Need I say that such claims should be rigidly scrutinized? And does it not follow that if the whole mass of claims is so leavened, that all should be subjected to equal scrutiny? Upon careful investigation I am convinced that \$1,000,000 would repair all the damage done to foreign property in North China. If the percentage of some claims I have seen is maintained through them all, the total will be equal to the taxable value of an American city of 300,000 inhabitants. Yet the foreign population affected by the disturbances is only five or six hundred. Missionary claims even should be closely investigated, for the missionaries have collected large sums, often by methods open to criticism, which they should be compelled to credit against any indemnity.

Now, let us take a glance at the other class of indemnities—the government claims. Such claims will arise out of the

fact that the impotency of the Chinese Government to suppress internal disorders in the empire and protect foreign residents, forced the powers, at great expense, to do the work for her. As to just what China should pay for, and what she should not, there is room for great difference of opinion. Take Germany's course. She sent a large expedition to China, at great expense. It arrived too late to accomplish any legitimate purpose, but equity would demand that she be reimbursed to that extent. However, once in China, she became a veritable bull in a China shop. She instituted a war of her own, and inflicted enormous damage upon China, while incidentally reimbursing herself in the way of loot. Where, now, do Germany and China stand? How shall we arrange the balance-sheet? To Germany's credit must be placed the expenses of her expedition, both coming and returning, and the personal claims of her citizens residing in China. On China's side, equity would array the wanton desolation of her towns, and the loot plundered from her people.

But we know, beforehand, that Germany will add up her side of the balance-sheet, with interest, and totally reject China's offsets. We know, beforehand, that the powers will press their demands. They will compel repayment for the property of their citizens, but will pocket the loot pilfered from the Chinese, and refuse restitution. They will insist that China rebuild the damaged foreign residences in Tien-tsin and Peking, but who will raise again the smouldering homes of the Chinese?

Admitting that the powers will insist upon China paying indemnities, caution and the interests of all demand that a reasonable limit be set, and that limit should certainly lie within China's ability to pay. There are signs in the air that indicate an intention on the part of certain powers to exceed this limit, with the purpose of making an opening through which *territorial indemnity* can be brought into the settlement. Watch how the powers line up on this proposition, when it arises, and you will be able to detect the real and pretended friends of the "open door" and a united China. In this insidious way will Dismemberment lift its head, and it must be crushed to guarantee the peace of the world.

Discussion of the settlement should be removed from China, and taken out of the hands of some of the men who are now representing the powers in the negotiations. Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, elucidated a great truth in giving his reasons for requesting to be transferred.

"I do not consider," he is said to have remarked, "that I or any other man whose life was in danger during the siege of the legations, is qualified to negotiate now with the Chinese Government in a proper spirit."

Had some other ministers at Peking followed Sir Claude's example, they might have relieved their governments of great embarrassment, and the progress of the preliminary note might have been accelerated.

Looking at the mere question of interest, policy is on the side of morals and humanity. The United States will be in a position, should she assist in bringing about a satisfactory settlement, to open an almost unlimited future for her trade in China. Of all the powers, her moral and political conduct throughout this affair shines brilliantly. *And the Chinese know it.* Why, in October, while Marshal von Waldersee was conducting the ludicrous Pao-ting-fu campaign, and bravely making war on non-combatants; while from Hong-Kong and Shanghai dire fears of an uprising of all China were given currency and credence by the credulous; while the English press printed in China was assuring the world that the great mass of the Chinese still believed that the allies had been routed by the Imperial troops before the walls of Peking; at that very time a special commissioner for the United States and a number of American naval officers were being banqueted by a Viceroy in Hankau, a thousand miles from the coast, in the very heart of the Yang-tse valley. At the table, where sat more than thirty "top-side" Chinese, all men of great influence in the commercial and political life of the empire, reference was made by one of them, in an after-dinner speech in English, to the conduct of the United States as contrasted with that of other powers. The speaker cited many facts which showed perfect knowledge of the situation, and particularly referred to the refusal of Admiral Kempff to participate in the bom-

bardment of the Taku forts, and expressed the hope that the restoration of peace would lead to closer commercial relations between China and America. If the United States, with the shortest haul to China of any of the trade rivals, and with such good-will to aid, does not manage to secure a superior footing in the Far East, it will be her own fault.

Much depends on the settlement. The

way is not essentially difficult, if the light of reason is kept burning, and pitfalls are avoided. I should like to see the United States, not content with a passive attitude of propriety, put a shoulder to the wheel, and give a push in the right direction. In this case, the right direction will be to protect China against dismemberment and too radical and rapid compulsion to extreme modernity.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE remarks made, a few months ago by Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, on some of the educational methods of a not remote past as compared to those in vogue at the present day, had, aside from their direct and specific bearing, a very vital interest of a general kind. In every department of the intellectual life there is, in our time, a tendency visible to exalt the power of mechanism. Systems and methods have, in pedagogy, supplanted almost wholly the faith in the quickening force of personal inspiration; and in the diffusion of letters and the arts, which is our great contemporary pride and boast, a similar inclination to go by rule and rote cannot be overlooked. Mechanism of the material, palpable sort has contributed in enormous measure to that diffusion: it is photography and the various "processes" of reproduction that render cheaply accessible all the masterpieces of the plastic arts; it is mechanical pianos and organs that have recently made it possible for those who live far from the large centres to gain some notion of what great orchestral compositions are like. But, along with the predominance of this material mechanism, there goes a mechanical way of regarding the arts, of regarding literature, which is quite as striking as the mechanical drift in education of which Professor Münsterberg had such very suggestive things to say.

This state of affairs is a natural outgrowth of the desire that is in everybody nowadays to read as much, and to know as much, and to lay claim to as much, as anybody else. It is the normal outcome of the wish of the great public to acquire culture by the gross, and with a special-delivery stamp. No one should

comprehend this better than those persons who are pursuing specifically the student's and the artist's life. Nevertheless, such persons cannot bring themselves to be complacent with regard to many of the features of the situation. Professor Münsterberg undoubtedly spoke for many another guide and instructor of youth when he deprecated the scant value placed, at the present, on the personal equation in teaching. There are artists who do not hesitate to declare that cheap and poor illustrations, instead of creating a sort of democratic art-feeling, as public opinion prefers to hold that they do, merely tend to vitiate taste at its source. To put forth such opinions against the tide demands, however, some little courage. It is certainly as much as the peace of mind of a man of letters is worth to intimate—be his reputation as firmly established as it may—that some of the books that have recently had their hundred thousand readers may not have been constructed with the finest literary art. The great public does not relish having its likes considered questionable. It has always shown this touchiness, but it has never shown it so resentfully as now, because it has never, with respect to subjects intellectual, assumed so much, been so assertively and peremptorily confident as now. Thus, instead of diffusion of education and of letters and the arts drawing the multitude and the initiates of the artistic and scholastic professions into closer sympathy, it can be said that there are points at which a new antagonism and irritation has been set up between them by the process. Those who have the real culture and have been willing to pay the full cost of it, and those who wish the culture but neither know the cost nor pay it, are not

Machinery
and the
Real Culture.

understanding each other very well just now. This is inevitable; yet one may take consolation in the thought that the misunderstanding cannot last indefinitely, when the conditions of the problem come to be more generally grasped. If we see the habit of reading spreading to cover an immense area we must perforce expect it to spread by a species of hypnotic contagion, rather than by the individual action of a fresh enthusiasm springing up in each separate breast. If to read, to study, to love art, becomes an imitative impulse, a badge of gentility, people will read, will learn, will admire, what the most of their neighbors do; they will not consult their own feeling, they will not exercise discrimination, develop the sense of distinctions. And real culture—the whole higher life of the mind—is all a matter of distinctions. Discrimination is the breath of it, and individual feeling—strong, passionate, individual feeling—is its very heart-beat. Without spontaneity of emotion before the familiar spectacle of the world, without the personal, new-found accent to translate that emotion, we should have no art, and the æsthetic existence would have no meaning.

The real culture is, then, to put the matter plainly, as rare now as it was before the desire for universal education; and it is likely to continue to be as rare. Machinery cannot bestow it; and you can't have universal education without machinery. Many think, now, that because the elements of culture (those of its elements, at least, that come from books) are given into their hands the consummate product is within their easy reach as well. It is a delusion natural in the first blind rush of ambition and aspiration; but it is one that, some time, must come to an end. The student and the artist know better. The great public, some day, will know better too.

THERE was a period during which Mr. Henry James stood, for certain reasons, alone amongst American writers, and one might say, perhaps, indeed amongst writers of English. He was, in all that period, engaged in the effort to do a difficult thing: namely, to use idiomatically his own tongue, and to treat of the sentiments, impulses, and interests that move, characteristically, English-speaking men and women, and yet at the same time to permeate his work with a certain atmosphere, a peculiar shade of distinction,

The "Artistic" Writers.

derived directly from a foreign inspiration; that of the French people and the French literature. Latterly, however, Mr. James has had followers. There exist amongst us at present a little group of writers who have the same ideal. They are, primarily, "artistic" writers, and in so far they are less in the tradition of the Anglo-Saxon literature than in that of France.

If it were not otherwise important, this fact would become so on account of the objections which it awakens in certain quarters. Mr. Henry James has always had what would be called a "special public." A portion of the reading world has found a peculiar delight in everything he did; another portion has taken exception to his entire literary development. There is a class of persons that has no liking for "artistic" writing, is impatient of it, and pronounces it insincere. It will tell you that Mr. Henry James's gifts have been spoiled by his "affectations"; by such things, for instance, as certain Gallisms of phrase (and it is to be feared that when these are met with they are affectations); and a too-conscious arrangement, too much "posing," of situations and characters. These things are said by the ignorant, but sometimes too by those who in the presence of the products of a very high culture have no sense of embarrassment or uneasiness, and who appreciate the beauty of a very refined literary manifestation. Such persons say them because they are so strongly imbued with the feeling of the independence and dignity of their race's literary traditions that to own the sway of an alien literary influence appears to them, for a serious writer, almost puerile. The feeling here is akin to that which has long since decided that there are no adequate translations. *Traduttore, traditore*—the Italians have it. The language, the life, and the methods of work of a people hang together. To every writer his appointed sphere, with its limitations; in which limitations lie, precisely, his richest opportunities. Clearly these are legitimate sentiments. But it should be obvious that it is pushing them too far to regard any writer who is strongly affected by foreign artistic forms as one who has disloyally and frivolously renounced his birthright to follow after strange gods.

That there is an inclination, and a widely diffused inclination, so to do need not be concealed. It finds a nationalistic literary

party to support it in every country. It finds opposition everywhere, also, in another party, which recognizes that singleness and sincerity for a writer reside in the purpose, the intention, of his work; and that, if these be right, he is at perfect liberty to adopt in his *faïve* whatever style, or mode, or vehicle of expression best suits and most stimulates him. A passing-on of working methods from the artists and writers of one country to those of another is continually taking place. It quickens invention as nothing else does, and produces some of the most extraordinarily successful artistic results. Few Germans, if any, ever wrote their language as the late Friedrich Nietzsche could write it. As a philosopher his pretensions might be aberrations, but he had a master hand in making the involved German phrase move with epigrammatic directness. It was a style, if not inspired by latter-day French writers, still essentially French in its aims and its effects. And to read it was to appreciate the full value of a Gallic graft on the ponderous richness of the Teuton sentence, and to perceive for the latter new possibilities. The work of the Italian d'Annunzio, in another order of interests, shows the worth of the French influence on the "shaping" of the novel, which, in Italy, in modern times, had become in the last degree poor and inartistic. The content of this author's books is indigenous enough; their æsthetic passion, notably, of a sort essentially Italian. But it is hard to see how, without the French pattern to go by, d'Annunzio, or the other important Italian novelists of the period, would have succeeded in lifting such a formless thing as the Italian romance had come to be into an object of art. Cases of this kind, of the enrichment of literature by transference of *procédés*, are so innumerable that it is a source of wonder that a view should still persist which considers any art that is in any sense "exotic" as a sterile hybrid, a thing not for fructification, but for ornament—for the "ivory tower." In that view such native art as that of Mr. Howells—or even of Mr. Hamlin Garland—would naturally do for American literature what the art of Mr. Henry James could never do. But, as a matter of fact, the germinal powers of the exotic forms (provided always they be accompanied by that necessary sincerity in the intention) are precisely as great as those of the soil-fed art.

Moreover, in this matter of the literary

influence of the French, the forces at play are, of course, not local and temporary, but wide and old as the race. The ideal of lightness, trimness, compression, of extreme subtlety of presentation and interpretation, we call French now because it has been more fully realized in the literary output of France than in that of any other nation of modern times. Nevertheless, it reaches backward into Athens, and all our civilization has been groping after it, and now finding and now losing it again, since Athens. There will always be writers who, whatever the main currents of their national literature, will forever seek it as an innate need of their nature. Edgar Allan Poe, pursuing that ideal in the America of 1830, is the consummate example. And it is just that—the "manner of doing"—that constitutes, practically, the whole of modern French influence. Ideas—the stuff with which we work—have come of late rather more from other countries. There have been few French men of letters in recent times who have given as much of the raw material of thought to the world as Ibsen or Tolstoy. Their—the Frenchmen's—appeal has been that of fashioners of the material. But that, exactly, is an eternal appeal. Ideas may have their seasons, but the striving for perfection in how to put a thing is never without its body, large or small, of worshipping votaries.

THAT some have in them the principle of growth and that others appear entirely to lack it is, undoubtedly, the great distinction that divides the sheep from the goats. But while the personality that grows and unfolds is obviously following the law of the higher life, there is perhaps nothing that the world at large seems, on the whole, to object to more keenly than the signs of this growing and unfolding as they make themselves manifest in the course of a life or the development of a talent. There never was a genius in statesmanship, a Burke or a Bismarck, who did not have to face, at some period, bitter reproaches for inconsistency. There have been few writers whose books showed the possession of a philosophy of life who have not been called upon to explain (to be sure, they have not usually taken the trouble to respond to the call) why principles enunciated by them at one time showed discrepancies with ideas put forth by them at another. In private intercourse one knows

Specialization
and the Growth
of Talent.

that it is extremely disconcerting to the average mortal to find that his friend or his blood-relation is "changing." The changing may be a phase of growth; but the average mortal does not care for such phases. They derange his habits. When he has once hit upon a companion, an author, a statesman, to his taste, he desires to go on liking him for the precise reasons that compelled the liking at first. He demands stability in a world of flux.

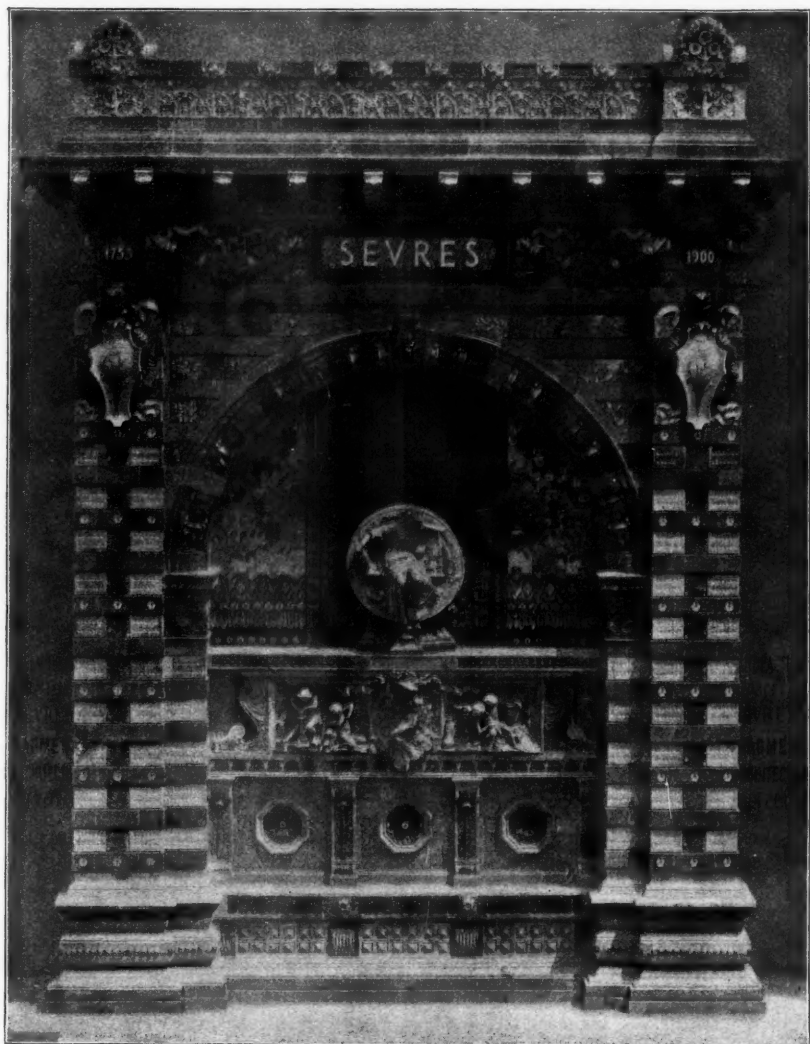
This demand is not wholly absurd. It has an element of pathos. It is an expression of the universal longing of mankind to fix itself, to catch at something that will stay; a longing always baffled, and, if one can but recognize it under some of its various foolish disguises, pitiful enough. Blocking up the path of a developing personality, however, it is undeniable that it is a terrible obstacle. And it is likewise undeniable that there is at this moment a greater danger to growing talent from this same cause than perhaps ever before. Specialization in every line of ability is becoming so increasingly characteristic of the day that there are departments of endeavor in which the worker has arrayed against him the entire weight of public influence whenever he is tempted to follow freely the inner promptings of his talent, and to try experiments, to feel his way along new openings. An actor who makes a success of one order of characterizations is debarred from essaying another, and a different, order. A writer who triumphs in one "field" must live in that field thenceforward. This is no unimportant thing, and it deserves to be considered more carefully than we are wont to do. It is not that specialization keeps contemporary men of first-rate powers from the all-round development which was possible to the great men of the Renaissance. A great painter to-day must be content to be a great painter only, he cannot be a sculptor and a poet as well. This may be accepted. The matter, rather, to be regretted is that modern specialism stands often in the way of the unfolding and perfecting of talent even within the limits of the one chosen calling.

There is no full life, in any craftsmanlike sense, without ceaseless, and, as nearly as possible, untrammelled experimentation; and by this same *tâtonnement*, by this grasping in new directions, the craftsman inevitably comes to be something different from what he was before, and frequently to wish to do somewhat different things. It is to be expected; and, if the mental life of a generation is to be

generous and splendid, it is above all things to be desired. Taine set excellently the standard of judgment in these matters in his criticism of Sainte-Beuve. No one more than Sainte-Beuve was disliked for passing through "phases" of development, for growing lukewarm to friends and causes at one time hotly espoused. But it was perfectly clear to Taine that these episodes, often deplorable in themselves, were but the variants of the man's mental life; the constant of it was his unswerving faithfulness to truth, as he came, at one time or another, to see it, and to the light as it flashed out upon him from hither or yon.

There must, in brief, be a certain fluidity in the movement onward of any genius, any talent. And it is to this that the present fashion of specialization within a specialty offers so many obstacles. If it had been known, before his last visit to America, that Paderewski's style of interpretation had—as was plainly the case—passed into a new stage, that it had a shade less of the emotional poetry that had come to be his accepted hue of specialization in piano-playing, the musical adepts might have been more than ever eager to hear him, that they might study and understand the causes and problems of the change, but the concert public perhaps would have been secretly inclined to stay away. For the public looks to every artist to give it the exact specialty that it has come to associate with his name. Granted that the specialty commonly represents the best of which the artist is capable, it is nevertheless a loss to him to be too rigidly held to the same. The æsthetic instinct, it need not be forgotten, is founded primarily on the love of play. A clever child, with expanding faculties, varies his play infinitely. An artist has the same impulses. Failure may thinkably attend some of his side ventures, but if those ventures spring from the honest and honorable desire to test his strength and his artistic weapons, and not from the wish merely to strike into a new path because popular favor blows that way, failure should not be accounted to him as a disgrace. Specialism has become a necessity of our scientific age; but in so far as it causes the multitude to erect barriers that arrest the light-hearted evolution of powerful gifts, it has indubitably the drawbacks of its advantages, at least where the arts are concerned. It is not easy to suggest a remedy, but the point is worth pondering.

THE FIELD OF ART



FRENCH ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION: THE SÈVRES MANUFACTORY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

THE Field of Art is fortunate in having in hand a long paper devoted to this subject and written especially for the purpose by Alexandre Sandier, *Directeur pour les Travaux d'Art* at Sèvres. The VOL. XXIX.—36

article is much too long for use in one number even without illustrations, and the photographs provided by Mr. Sandier seem necessary to a full understanding of the conditions. The subject will be pursued in a future number.

The Sèvres manufactory, originating at the

Château of Vincennes in 1745, was made the Royal Factory of Porcelain in 1753, and was moved to Sèvres in 1756. Until 1790, and usually on New Year's day of each year, its productions were exhibited in the apartments of the king at Versailles. There were brought together the most important productions of the year and the personages of the court contended with one another for the possession of these pieces, paying often exorbitant prices, in order to do pleasure to the sovereign as soon as he had made his own selection.

Until 1769 all the pieces turned out by the Sèvres workshop were in soft paste. In that year the chemist Macquer offered to the king the first pieces made in hard or kaolinic porcelain, the first that had been manufactured in France. 1783 is another important date for the manufactory. Up to that time there had been made only small pieces, mostly objects for table use, but in the course of that year there was made the great vase now in the Gallery of the Louvre Museum, two metres high, made from a model furnished by the sculptor Boizot, and mounted in wrought and gilded bronze by Thomire.

During the Revolution the Manufactory of Sèvres passed through a serious crisis. Money was lacking, and sales were organized in 1793 and again in 1797 without great pecuniary success; but in 1800 an auction was held at the Louvre which produced a larger sum, and at last in 1805 the existence of the manufactory was assured. At that time the sum of 264,000 francs, included in the civil list, was appropriated; in 1850 this credit was raised to 350,000 francs, and to-day it has reached the sum of 580,000 francs.

The principal materials made and used at Sèvres are: 1st, the celebrated soft paste (*pâte tendre*), called also French porcelain, rather an opaque glass than a porcelain in the proper sense of the word; 2d, hard porcelain of Sèvres whose composition was decided on by Brongniart in 1836. This is the hardest of all porcelains, and requires the greatest heat of the furnace: a temperature of about 1,400° centigrade (2,488° Fahrenheit); 3d, the new paste fixed upon by Lauth and Vogt, after experiments which terminated in 1882. This requires a less elevated temperature than No. 2 and approaches in character the Chinese and Japanese porcelains—like them it allows of a richer system of coloration; 4th, stone-ware, to the discussion of which our attention is now mainly turned.

From the point of view of artistic design the work done at Sèvres has always mirrored the French art of the time. During the eighteenth century the admirable soft paste preserved perfectly the style and the taste of Madame de Pompadour; and the beautiful pieces of hard porcelain, of the epoch of Louis XVI., repeated the comparative severity of design which we associate with that reign. In the nineteenth century, the pretentious designs of the Empire are followed by that absence of all taste which marked the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe. During this period porcelain, that white and translucent material, disappears completely under an opaque coat of chrome green, or of cobalt blue, and what little of the surface remains white is crowded with patterns in gold. This is also the epoch of pictures painted upon porcelain—portraits upon coffee pots and cups, and copies of pictures by Boucher on vases. Then comes the chaos of the Second Empire; but this epoch of uncertainty and experiment is too near our own time to be judged with impartiality.

The efforts now being made to find a ceramic material fit for decorative construction, capable of bearing a heat as great as that required for porcelain and capable of receiving the same glazes and enamels, have caused surprise. It is not true, however, that the Sèvres establishment has ever limited its work to the making of porcelain—there have been made at Sèvres ornamental glass for windows, enamels on copper, Cloisonné enamels, Faience, properly so-called, and enamelled mosaic, so that the investigations and experiments in these different branches include practically all the *arts du feu*—almost all the industrial arts depending upon the heat of the furnace. There still remained the important branch of stone-ware, which had not been taken up. The peculiar qualities of this material, its resistance to pressure and to blows, its unalterable quality and color recommended it for use in building. It is true that the present attempt grew out of a consultation held at the manufactory itself concerning the fabrication of porcelain bricks. Now, to employ a material as costly as porcelainous clay, and one whose known deposits are so limited in number and extent would have been necessarily very expensive and also very unwise. It was important not to allow this erroneous idea to go farther; important to show that the same results might be reached with a



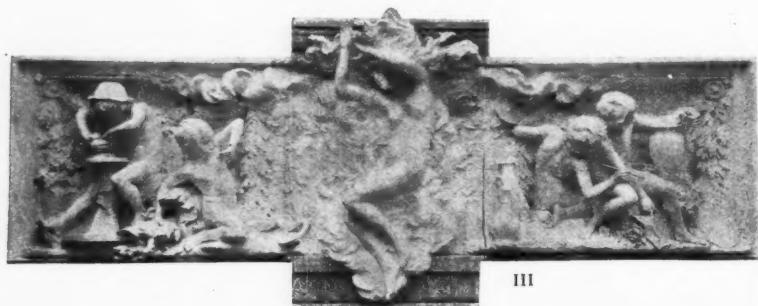
material of slight pecuniary value and one whose natural deposits were in a sense inexhaustible. To make this clear there was undertaken the study of a new paste for stone-ware which should be able to endure the heat of the porcelain furnace and which should possess the same coefficient of expansion as porcelain; one which could, therefore, receive the same glazes and the same enamels without danger of the cracking or the crazing of the surface. The stone-ware thus obtained might even be covered by a thin layer of porcelain, and this once thoroughly baked might have much of the decorative effect of porcelain itself.

It had been hoped that a pavilion might be erected, a building of some size, which might contain the Sèvres exposition for 1900. Unfortunately this plan had to be abandoned and a specimen—a single bay of the proposed façade—was erected in the Avenue des Invalides (Fig. I.): and even this had to be carried out with some modification in detail. Thus the great window which would have filled the arched head of the opening was replaced by decoration in stone-ware showing all the effects possible of the use of this material in the way of the coloring of smooth surfaces. The medallion made in a single piece, more than a metre in diameter, represents *Keramics*; and below it is a great bas-relief illustrating the work at Sèvres. In the centre of this there is a delicate figure representing *Flame*; on the left a little workman with a wheel turning a shallow vase and an attendant of the oven

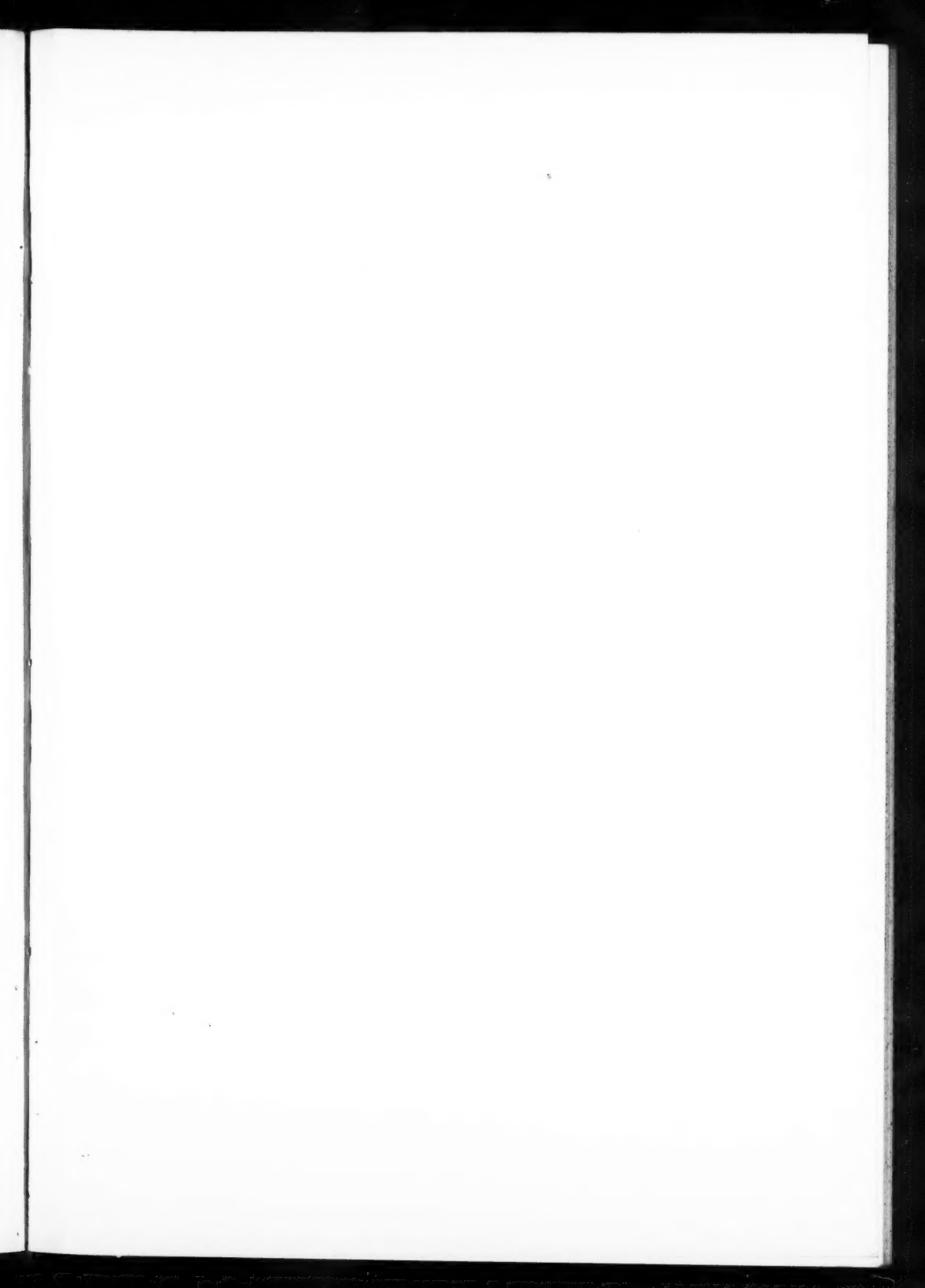
feeding the fire with wood, at the same time protecting himself from the scorching heat; on the right a sculptor and a painter are seen studying the form and the color decoration of the vase (Fig. III.). All this sculpture is the work of Mr. Coutan, whose recent election to the Institute of Fine Arts crowns worthily his artistic career. The panels below this bas-relief are filled with plaques of stone-ware crystallized on the surface, producing an agreeable effect. The large pilasters, the archivolt, and the entablature, are built of stone-ware bricks thirty centimetres high covered with *mat* or dull-surfaced enamel, in which red, yellow, and dark green are the controlling colors. As it stands this work is important enough to allow of an accurate judgment concerning the application on a large scale of stone-ware to the construction of buildings, and the proof that this material offers advantages to the architect so great as to give us hope of its speedy further development in this direction.

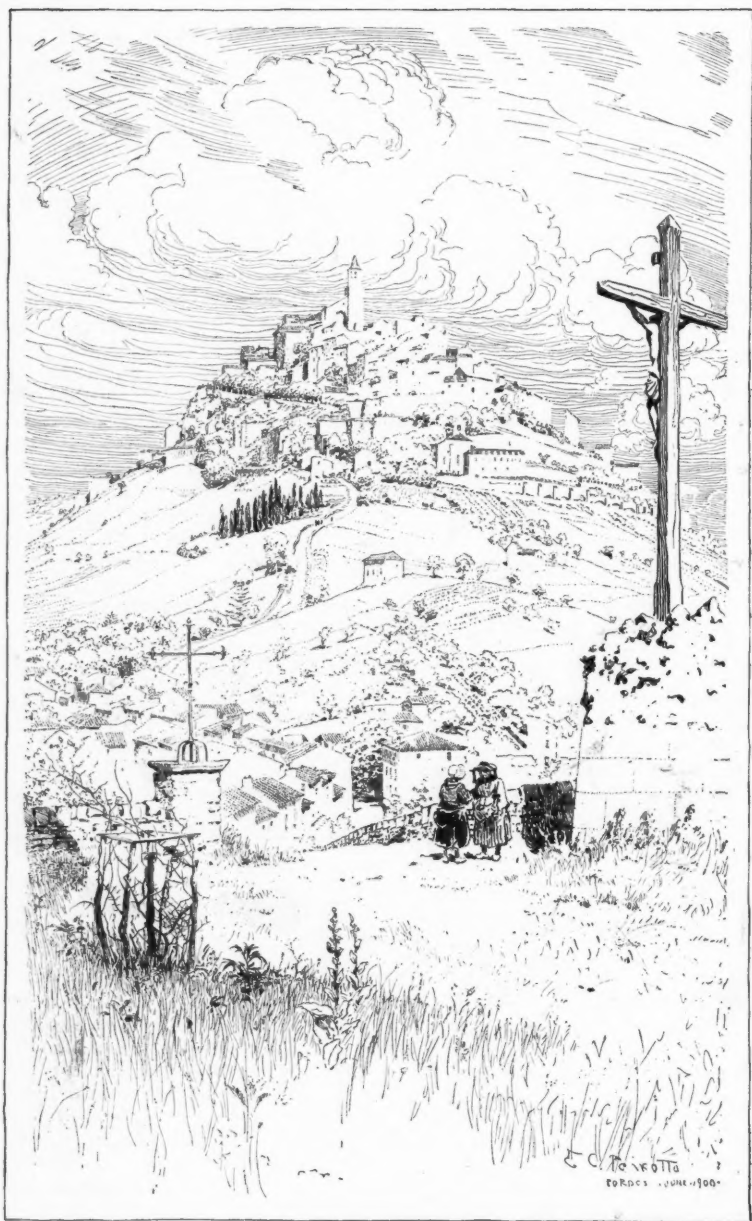
The monumental chimney-piece by Mr. Paul Sédille, the statue of the Republic by Mr. Boucher, and some vases of great dimensions must also be named. The chimney-piece named above (Fig. II.) is built of stone-ware in its natural gray color, adorned, however, by some colored enamels. Thus the vine-leaves, the grapes and the grape garland which surround the niche have the colors of nature. The figure in the niche personifies *Flame*: she is surrounded by smoke in which are seen playing salamanders and gnomes.

ALEXANDRE SANDIER.



III





Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

CORDES.

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